



Roman



Ralf Ettl



Z-Plan



Ein Kampf im Licht der Schwarzen Sonne.

Damböck-Verlag


Z-PLAN

A fight in the light of the black sun

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Life is always today;
Never yesterday, never tomorrow -
Always, today.

George Armstrong Custer

Note: The story of "Z-Plan" as a book is in preparation, stands by this However, time is not yet available. Therefore, this e-book version is based on the ten continuation books. In details, however, additions have already been made, such as The conclusion also corresponds to that of the book. This is completely free of typing gliders Certainly not intermediate solution, which is kind of reader may apologize.

3. X. 2001

Fine drizzle hit the face of the great blond man of well At the end of thirties, whose leather flying jacket looked somewhat shabby. The sign on which 'Düsseldorf Hbf' stood was from the same Schmuddeli gen coloring, as most station signs are. Ernst Lukowsky went Outside the roofing up and down. Here, in the open air, appeared his air pure, the view clearer, here, where the person not ended with the service that is not the case Intentions of depressed departure. But it stayed cold. The Late summer of this year 1972 already tended to fall. Lukowsky shivered. He raised his shoulders and spanned all the muscles against the cool wet activity. The weather was bad, and Lukowsky was tired, and that together If he had spoiled his mood, he would not have been remedied long ago Had to pay attention to such. In addition, the order came just right. Even because of the Moneten who were the operating material of this earth world. But He also got used to philosophizing. Nobody paid one Groschen for it. Ernst Lukowsky had to earn a few pennies. Next to him pushed the elevator for the train like an appearing submarine Fracht up. Two dark blue -clad men jumped out. They laughed Tired, threw a rough joke into the air and pulled two low Cart. Soon they disappeared into the dark. Lukowsky turned around and looked into the matt lit platform shafts. He be carefully, like the larger of the two black hands above the neonerhellten The clock dial between the scoreboards moved to the twelve. Empty the cold concrete strips next to the rails were. Small buildings stood As frozen: the railway supervision, a closed kiosk, telephone booths. Association Tents waiting around as beaten dogs or crouched tired Hard benches on their luggage as if they were maliciously living Damn here.

Lukowsky had stepped under the roof again. Cool wind blew him Rain veil after he reached the stairs that led to the station hall. He drilled his hands deeper into the jacket bags and went back to where the rail freight lift had appeared. A loudspeaker sounded: "... from Dortmund to Munich via Cologne, Mainz ..." Then an electrolocomotive shot over, dragged dirt crust Wagons in the tubular train station. Creepers of brakes followed, Calls out of hoarse throats, doors - the train stood.

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Now a door opened on the luggage car, like a wide yellowish rectangle. Lukowsky had no idea that there was a side outcome of the Hell was, who has just left death on galloping Rossen. Barely One suspected it. And those who knew ran bluntly towards him: 'Come here, Sensenmann, hack off my head!' Ernst Lukowsky was him Not running out, he ran to him from then on ... The blue -clad men took parcels and suitcases, stacked all of this their low carts. Lukowsky appeared more firmly than necessary, tried the cold to shake the limbs. He ran down the stairs and into the station hall. The main inputs were already closed. There was icy emptiness in that Great extensive space. Every step echoed and hollow. The tobacco and Newspaper shops, the SB market, the flower shop, the drugstore and the restaurants-everything else that was brightly lit for customers was as strangled in the nightly silence. A few rail policemen alone roamed them Bed, like the last survivors of a lost humanity. Lukowsky crossed the station hall. It was soon far behind him soon Murmuring voices and the steps of the few passengers of the train just arrived.

Lukowsky came to the Express Gutstelle past the expired magazine status and the blocked ticket switches. There was almost there too Darkness. There was only far behind in the branched, cellar -like building Individual light. A railway policeman with his gray German Shepherd on a leash Bored at the side output. Lukowsky entered the area of the expression handling. Nobody prevented him from doing so. He turned between boxes Suitcases and packages, bicycles, pipes, packaged crankshafts and the a wide variety of other objects, all of which like sleeping dalages and waiting to be expected by someone who Would bring life. Finally he came to a desk behind which a grayer Man in a butter bread bite. "Tomorrow," the man chewed and looked at Lukowsky through strong glasses: "Nothing is happening today. Tomorrow." - "I Expect a package," replied Lukowsky: "It would have to be done by train Dortmund arrived." - "Yes," the man thought with glasses: "There can I don't do anything now. Morning! Tomorrow morning." - "It can't be that way Be difficult," Lukowsky tried: "At least let's try it!" The official twitched with his shoulders and put his bread aside: "Then you have to

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Select yourself. " Lukowsky thankfully nodded and started searching. "No!" the man behind the desk called to him: "Only what on the left Page stands! And if you find it, you have to show me some legitimation afterwards! " - On the left there was a long chain blue and yellow Cars with small full rubber tires. Too heavy than that children with them could play, and yet they looked like this. These carts were loaded with a wide variety of luggage. Again and again Lukowsky pushed against a Elegant piece of iron or wood, packages were messed up and suitcases around. But Lukowsky felt too tired to get upset about it. One Three quarters of an hour passed with searching and rummaging. Finally he found in Low lamps and lamps are also an elongated, not very large but heavy package in green wrapping paper. So now he held it under his arm, this one Green package on which more blood stuck than on the hands of a central African dictator. But you didn't look at that of the inconspicuous thing - and it Was not enough, had a lot more red human blood to drink. For Ernst Lukowsky it was just any package that he was to Istanbul would fly - and basta. So he thought it at that moment. Ernst Lukowsky's steps echoed through the abandoned station building again. Soon he stood next to the tracks that the next train to Munich expected.

Thick raindrops clapped against the disc at irregular intervals of the tensile window with the rounded corners, crawled by the wind In more bizarre tracks over the glass. The train now drove in advance of Munich, over small train stations that are just at night. seemed to be there even though nobody needed it. Lukowsky looked through that Spotty windows: In the distance he saw around cars with blown up Headlights, scattered fluorescent clams on house walls or factory chimneys, gradually dense black -gray tangle, often only bleach, striving shade against the sky with a few yellow light spots in it. Behind each of these yellow light spots with an invisible from a distance Curtains now started a person's daily run, possibly also whole Families: regularity, order, calm normality. Ernst Lukowsky asked for half a minute, as it liked. It wasn't him possible to imagine it. But he knew that it had to be good, life In solid paths as it should be. At some point, a very long time ago, he also knew it. But the memory of it was like a

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Forgotten scraps of paper in the desert, blamed by the wind of life. This Parable felt cheesy and yet not wrong.

Wetter early haze was still over Munich and in the streets of the city. But The sun is already piercing the hazy layer of clouds in pale white yellow. There has long been a lot of traffic. Lukowsky reached it early in the morning That building near the Stiglmaierplatz, in addition to its entrance, the company sign 'Mahlberg, Gabler & Wenzl, GmbH. & Co kg 'glued. There was a Dilettant -looking characters attached from an aircraft propeller, railway rails, a truck tire and a ship's tax wheel. It looked like the result of the student competition of a Primary school class on the subject: How to confuse symbols of all means of transport as confusingly as possible.

Lukowsky crossed a musty hallway. A broad, freshly resident Wooden staircase led to the upper floors. There was no elevator. In The top floor was the Mahlberg, Gabler & Wenzl company. A Precise counterpart to the shield at the bottom of the housing front hung next to the door Above a white bell. Lukowsky pressed this button. There was no reaction. Throwing machine types could be typed through the brown door, Moving the voices of voices and general rumors. Lukowsky knocked. The Door remained. He reached for the jack and entered a narrow one without being asked Corridor, on the left side of which were the windows to the street, while right Four door frames without doors in individual, loud, loudly lively room meadows. Voices shouted in the streets of Cairo like on a bazaar. This sound structure complemented rattling typewriters, shrill phones and a rattling telephone. A slim man in a cuddly light suit crashed from the back room into the corridor, wagged excited with both arms: "A sloppiness is, gentlemen, an unforgivable sloppiness!" A second man, younger and larger than that in the light suit, came from the front room shirt - sleeved: "What can I do for it when the lazy sacks Strike again! " His voice overturned, he clenched his fist, which ruffled a light green paper thoroughly: "On such idiotic Way are not to be done! I have this pathetic After all, wiper not signed! Or? - Think about, Brünner ... " He took air: "Think about, I sleep here day and night!" A brunette girl with a clearly French accent

"Mr. Wenzl! Toulon is on the phone! Do you want to speak yourself?" "Yes!!" The great shirt -sleeved shirted the man in the light suit in the face, as if he asked. He took the tiny girl next to him at Arm and disappeared into one of the rooms. The other also returned back there where he came from. Instead of his, a tall young boy ran past Lukowsky through the hallway to one there Performed photocopier device of historical design and put it into operation. There was Noises that could remind a steam engine. Lukowsky followed the shirt -sleeved, who was on the phone behind a large light brown desk in a stubborn attitude and every two moments the girl listening to the list: "What did he say?! Well? What!?! " He Shouted into the phone: "Talk louder, man! Don't understand a word anyway !!" This was obviously Mr. Wenzl's generally common tone. The girl listened to the listener, who held Wenzl's strong hand, and Translated patiently. After this phone call was over, Wenzl let Watching into his executive chair, grapping a cold cigar stub from Rand of a bronze bag cup and released the girl with the battle cry: "Boil coffee!" - He bites the cigar stub and noticed Lukowsky: "Who are you?! What do you want !? how do you get in here?!" The girl Thrown a match box on the desk while passing. Wenzl Nodded thankfully and ensured smoke. Lukowsky said: "Felix Schäuer sends me. Has talked to them. I got in through the doorless hole there. " Wenzl's expression brightened: "Ah! Yes, yes, the plane, the ... what kind of one Do you fly a mill? - Oh, shit the dog on it, it's your thing! " The Man behind the desk ransacked without looking several drawers. He brought out a green plastic folder and leafed it in it. "Yeah right!" Wenzl suddenly cried: "I know now! Do you have this Green package? - Ah yes! See! Everything there! - Give it here. Wait. I'm back right away. " Wenzl grabbed the green package with more amazing Housiness and thus disappeared into an adjacent room. He seemed to want to be alone with the package, as if it contained immoral photos that he contained himself wanted to watch quickly. A cigarette length later came Wenzl Again and slammed the package on the table: "All clear. Do you want to get rid of?" Lukowsky replied: "I want." Wenzl pointed to a chair standing around by chance in the middle of the room and made a requesting gesture: "There is a chair. Grab the thing And sit down! "

The petite girl balanced a coffee cup. Wenzl pointed to Lukowsky: "He too!" The girl Wenzl then took the cup away again And handed her friendly smiling Lukowsky: "The guest always goes with us before!" Wenzl growled some of witches and purgatory until he too got and the girl retired. He remembered: "So good!" Wenzl Thrown the green plastic folder clapping on the table top: "Here are yours Documents in it. See the stuff through. " He looked at the clock: "They came unannounced. This is very bad in the shop here. I don't have much now Time, wars of the same important customer visit. You will get along alone. " Wenzl leaned forward and shouted towards the corridor: "Clarify !! Where is the woman! Miss Claire Furnier !! " The girl came. Fuch in the air with his right hand: "Give Lukowsky Two thousand five hundred marks. And let him acknowledge! " He Remaded: "Do well! We will surely come together." Lukowsky followed Claire Furnier in the neighboring room. Two typewriters rattled here and the telephone. Seven or eight People crowded in the narrow space. While the girl pushed five five hundred marks into an elongated envelope and the receipt block Lukowsky asked: "How do you keep it over there with the guy over there longer than ten minutes? " She pushed her eyes down and again: "O, It is basically very nice! - Do you sign? " Even when Lukowsky the business premises of Mahlberg, Gabler & Wenzl Had left and closed the door behind him, he heard Wenzl's voice thundering: "What, damn bitter, the second slab cup here should be on mine Desk!! Do you think I'm drinking with two hands at the same time !! " -

The cheap pictures or calendar illustrations, which mostly crooked at the Smutdling walls hung fourth -class hotels, they seemed everywhere to be like. There were two such decorative pieces in this room And six again in the hallway. In front of the window there was a yellowish roller blind Pull down, but do not durable. At night they emerged Colorful fluorescent signs of surrounding bars. At the latest after one The yellowish thing snapped for half an hour and disappeared into A fleeting lacquered wooden box above the window. Only the binding with Knots on which you had to pull this roller blind, always commuted in front of the cloudy panes. But that was the case with the accuracy of a metronome that Tact of life pretended - at least that kind of life that knew a cheap hotel room like this.

Lukowsky stretched out on the freshly covered bed and looked at The binding thread swinging in the air flow. But he didn't think of the past few years, at the provisional end station of which he is now found. He believed himself freed from that - finally. Very rarely came those Pictures from the past, snapshot: a face, a smile, a street that Entrance of a house - and then suddenly the feeling of full moments that he had lived through at some point, always fragments. - everything had been completely different - back then - at that time a hundred thousand years ago when the view darker Eyes of a young woman had not yet gone out when life was still too Smile understood and had a future. Every now and then there were mistrust of memory as mercenaries at the most abandoned ends in the world. That wasn't that long ago and was still far. But Ernst Lukowsky Dream of nothing. This inner emptiness had something of death. Maybe was serious Lukowsky already died and just didn't know? Life played always stand out in the present moment; Because this is the truth: that Life is always today, never yesterday or tomorrow - always just: today. A Plan didn't seem to know it and certainly had no sense. The clockwise stand reminded him of having to break up. Lukowsky lit a cigarette and stepped onto the window. This fog was above the City. Road traffic still remained low. One group of drunken strolls along the sidewalk, one of the others before the impending preserving. Lukowsky broke open.

The night had rained. The roller field, a Westphalian field, spread out in front of the former cattle stall, the Ernst Lukowsky and Felix People just left. The men sank almost ankle deep in the softened soil. That morning the sky remained cloudy. Dunst was above the horizon. Nevertheless, an aircraft started landing, an ancient transport machine of the Type C 47 with two booming star engines. It sprayed the meter highly about that The chassis when the machine put on in the horizontal. Then that lowered Tail. The spur wheel touched the earth, pulling a long dirt fountain behind the plane. Finally it stood. The engines went out. A few more times

the air screws hit. Silence was now over the haunted place again. To A tinny door was opened to the landed aircraft. Also one Tiny glass pane on the pilot's pilot was postponed. Lukowsky ran To the plane: "Not here! Where should the others stand! Go! Come on! " He waved to the pilot and conducted with his arms. boomed engine noise into the morning. Air vertebrae whipped the soft ground. Soon the engines were silent again. A corpulent man jumped out of the Open sheet metal door, fell into softened earth and curse: "Damn, damn Breed!" Lukowsky ran to the man who had already raised himself: "Start! Well! The next thing is growing in! Each of the men now ran under one of the beefy star engines and they moved the mighty three - leaf screws. The right engine jumped First. Immediately afterwards the left. - "About it!" again revealed Lukowsky's voice. Motor noise devoured the words. The thickness of the The plane had jumped, put his hands on the mouth: "Right, Eberhard, right ... next to Lukowsky's mill ... there! There! " Finally the machine took the place to be intended. The second Zwomotorer already floated. "Fuck laundry room!" the pilot of the First when Lukowsky came up with him: "Was pure Kamikazefliegen! How many still come? " - "Five," replied Lukowsky and handed the hand to the flying plane: "We are seven together ... what does we do Because the one there?! " The second machine now had the main chassis on the ground brought and rolled in the mud. But at the rear the spur wheel hopped up And down. The plane that has just arrived ran a few meters: "Not Brake, idiot, let it roll out! " - the aircraft onto him was quickly greater. Lukowsky and the obtained man constantly gave hand signals while the pilot of the first aircraft on Felix ran into the radio room. The large machine came closer and closer. The thickness next to Lukowsky curse excited: "A flying monument will - dirt damn - that makes us a headstand right away! " - Suddenly the bird tended to Air bolts piped deep holes in the soft floor, a crunch, Quarter rotation - the plane stopped on the bow. - "Malender Waldheini! " the thickness called the machine climbing out of the damaged machine Pilots towards: "At the back is the spur gear, boy! Back! - the guy

Blocks the whole runway! " - "Landenahn! The joke of the year!" called The crashed plane has been upset: "In addition, the Brakes in good regularity! " Lukowsky ran towards the truck parked next to the building and Worked around: "Raise and drag away! Quick, fast!" Six men jumped in and made themselves on the damaged machine to accomplish. - "Caution! The altitude!" heard Lukowsky called when that Airplane already turned over and the tin cladding of the truck deformed. - "Sit on human!" The corpulent man screamed: "Counter me Yes on the paws! " - "Then take away!" - The third machine already pulled bows over the square. - "Go to the FT," Lukowsky ordered the fat one: "The one up there should come in. That works. Until it is here, we have the train clear! " Then he turned to that Driver of the truck: "So accelerate, young, think it would be war!" - The third plane landed without any problems. Likewise the fourth. At the last show difficulties again. "Start, guy!" screamed Lukowsky ins Microphone: "Do you want to kill us? - Start!" - At the moment the moment the pilot managed to pull his machine up again and close to bring over the roof of the cattle stable. After a loop, he set again to land. This time it worked. All planes were in their seats in good time. The sun showed behavior in the sky. The men who had come with the aircraft crouched in one Furniture -free farmhouse on boxes and tons. They held plates on their knees And ate what a light blonde girl brought. In a narrow room of this House rang the bell. Lukowsky took a listener: "Yes? - Well! - - - Am I Jesus?! - So what! When can I expect you? " - On the second phone, Felix Schäuer spoke to his right index finger in the ear Including: "But when I say it! The 'n 8614 V' is for the time being. Both Latters in the bucket, engines ditto. That takes four weeks at least. - We will divide the load differently. - that has to go! " The blonde girl stuck her head through the half -open door: "You want What?" Felix put the listener out of his hand and asked back: "What? - Oh, so, Coffee! - coffee, serious? - Coffee!" Lukowsky nodded. At the same time, his hands searched in a breast pocket of the

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Blue -gray shirt, brought out a folded note: "According to my schedule, everything works until six." Felix stepped next to him: "Leave Let's see." He took a look at the clock: "Provided that are trucks on time. Since the N 8614 V fails, it still has to be reorganized ... "He Looked at the door: "Where's the child with the hook?" He tore up the door: "Where's the coffee? Kaff-Kaff!" - "Yeah!" Sounded it back: "Right!" - Another phone screamed. Lukowsky picked up the listener: "Führerbunker! - Yes! Well finally! Where are you? - Unna?! - Hopefully not in column?! Good. Otherwise everything is reasonably clear ... Ah, we'll get coffee - - Schlabb're Not, child! - - no, you are not meant. We'll be here with coffee spoiled. - Yes, until then! End." He dropped the listener on the fork. Time with the broth! Thanks! - o! Is very edible! " -

Seven trucks rattled onto the airfield. From the huge fender of the first A young man jumped and ran to Lukowsky: "Greetings! Cycle right away? " - They shook their hands briefly. Division of the load differently than provided, "said Lukowsky:" One of the Dakotas built a headstand when landing. Felix doesn't get it that way Fast again quickly. " The girl came across the square with fluttering hair in the running step, called From a distance: "There is something in radio communication!" Lukowsky ran into the misused cattle stall. The rounded man arrived with the first aircraft excitedly wave with his arms in the Air around: "Someone of ours must be in deep flight over radio fire 'Elac'. 'N a few sports pilots played air combat and it seen. Now the air traffic control is looking for! " Lukowsky waved off: "Subordly. You should look! We don't answer. "

At 5:00 p.m. 55, Lukowsky climbed into his machine. The engines boomed, he pushed the gas lever forward and loosened the brakes. Solvious rose The machine from the ground, almost as if it preferred for a while rested. But then she was in the air well, felt comfortable in the element of the Clouds.

For years he had known himself at this small makeshift airport near Istanbul. The large line machines stood far from here and were in better regions - provided that the yardstick of money was set for 'better'. Here On the other hand, there was the life of the outsiders, their hustle and bustle

at exclusive major airports did not mean anything or at least mean nothing could. A cumbersome serenity rested over this airfield. Objection, Sometimes scraped machines have been killed in the sun for a long time. Men played cards In the shade of the wings or drank beer and mocha in the restaurant corrugated sheet scales, in which fans in vain to create freshness. Turkish music led out of a radio that was on the boards, which at the same time represented the counter. "We can continue in round two hours - Inscha'allah! " said Felix Schäuer. Beer: "I'm now throwing my left engine cladding together again." Lukowsky Just nodded, and Felix left the shed with his beer can. The drought host promoted a black something with a clever hand movement On the boards, which after fleeting dust wiping with the shirt sleeves as Telephone was recognizable. Thanked Lukowsky. He took a folded note out of his pocket and chose a number. At the other end of the Head of a youthful girl voice reported: "Manday Limited!?" Lukowsky said in English: "I have a load for you flown in. Only one package. Why does nobody pick it up? " - - "What is it about please, Mr. Lukowsky? " - - "I just told you that! You me with Mr. Beekn. " The voice from the phone sounded very friendly: "I'm sorry, Mr. Beekn is currently not in the house. Would you like again in an hour call?" Lukowsky asked: "I also reach her boss in two Hours?" - "Yes," the answer came: "Throughout the entire afternoon!" - "Well. Then I'll come by afterwards." -

Weak wind had opened up, stroked over the barren earth, over the metal driver of the aircraft and the faces of the men who occasionally met this place - not out of appointments, but because it arose. She flew more or less legal companies in the service, deserved law and bad. Laughed one about any story thrown away Joke or an irrelevant joke, it sounded remarkably loud. As It was important to drown out any incident serious thoughts. Almost always there was a rough, daring style on which maybe not much Had been real and that had created a little independently real things over time. Even the air that was breathed here seemed overnightful to be; An air that breathed alone and suffocate on the outsiders

should. This was a world of men, straightforward, often hard-boiled Men who saw themselves as such and women, if they appeared, Were those who also wanted to be women. Of ideologies of equality thought here nobody. Anyone who possibly had other ideas kept it in this Circle less than half an hour. The zeitgeist of the modernist western Society had no chance here. Lukowsky turned to the one sitting under an airplane Men.: "I still have to go to the city. Does anyone want to go with?"

A blue taxi brought him to Kadiköy. The 'Manday Limited' resided Little comfortable in a narrow, poorly plastered building. The entrance door on the first floor was open. Behind it an old -fashioned desk, where the girl whose voice spoke on the phone about Lukowsky had to have, rummaged in paper bumps. A slim, red -blonde girl in a thin red dress. "What do you wish?" asked the girl. Lukowsky greeted and replied: "To Mister Beekn. - We spoke together earlier." The girl ignored: "I would have spoken to you by phone, Mister ..." - "Lukowsky! - Is your boss here somewhere?" He left his Circling right hand in the dry air. The girl eyed him suspiciously, but then got up from the desk and asked: "For a moment please!" It disappeared behind a rotten wooden door that either never or very much before long time had been painted very badly. Lukowsky remained alone for the time being in the room that in no way suggested a global business, but rather to a office in need of renovation reminded. In front of the two open windows, bright sculptures moved In the weak air stream that probably protect against incident sunlight should. Finally the girl returned and slowly said, almost dignified: "Please if you want to go in!" - The subsequent room turned out to be better furnished. The black Desk here was on a valuable carpet. Likewise freshly nailed Boxes who had to scatter wood wool here and there before they were closed. Coral claims hung on the walls, in gold on blue, and one ancient standard of the German Africa Corps. The man behind the desk rose and handed a ring -decorated hand, a thick, but not celebrated Hand. He might have reached the sixtiest year of life or already exceeded

have what Lukowsky didn't really know. Between paper mountains There was strong horn glasses on the desk, the beekn apparently alone Reading needed. He started: "Hello! Wenzl announced it to me." Beekn spoke German, he was German. "Are you traveling to Alexandria?" In doing so, he made an inviting hand to a black armchair with carving, which is diagonally opposite to the desk stand. Beekn waited until Lukowsky had sat down, then let himself be Down and offered cigarettes: "The Turkish are the best, believe me!" Lukowsky believed it, thanked and lit a cigarette on the present Fire. The man behind the desk cleared papers to the side to to receive heavy green package, which Lukowsky is still wore under the arm. Now he put it on the black table top: "I hope it is the right one. " He involuntarily watched the unwanted, noticeably greedy The package of the older man directed. His hands held it now firmly. "I hope that too," said Beekn calmly. But Lukowsky heard that Impatient in his voice and noticed the flare up one Strange crazy fire behind Beekn's eyes. During some moments Beekn concentrated entirely on the green package. Finally he pushed it A little to the side without leaving it. The strong fingers of his hand Had stuck in the green wrapping paper and did not seem to To be able to keep still. Beekn asked: "So you fly afterwards Alexandria?" - Lukowsky nodded: "And then over Palermo and a couple Intermediate stations back. " Beekn continued: "Would you still have room for this Three boxes? " He looked at the wooden boxes stacked on the room wall. Lukowsky looked around: "If I don't have any with the content at customs Get difficulties. " Beekn developed prepared papers: "It is is about a program for the company Rolland & Löw in Cologne. In Alexandria There would be two similar boxes. Of course I can't do it for that Pay air freight prices as you will understand. But since the corresponding Otherwise there would be space in your plane anyway ... isn't it?! " Lukowsky Researched: "What's in?" The man behind the desk smiled indulgently: "At least no drug or the like." Lukowsky pressed the Cigarette: "It will take a long time to find out what is in the Casten is located when you first list everything that is not in it. " He observed Beekn with his free hand without indiscriminately papers back and forth.

"Art objects! Or completely correct: artificial items," said Finally: "Some things are also a deregistered kitsch. The whole thing goes over Carnet because the customer has remission law. " Lukowsky nodded: "Nice. But Cologne is unfavorable for me. We land in Mönchengladbach. Should the goods will be forwarded by BahnXpress from there? " Beekn hesitated with the Answer. He leafed into an elongated schedule: "Wait Mr. Lukowsky ... Certainly you can temporarily in one accommodate dry storage space? " - "It depends on how long," replied Lukowsky. - "Around a week." Beekn let off from the schedule: "I have to do in Cologne anyway. Rolland & Löw is my main customer. Care, you know. In addition, you are happy to be at home again. Yes, On the occasion we could meet and I will take care of everything Necessary! " Lukowsky pointed to the boxes behind without turning around themselves: "You are quite sure that there is only art and kitsch in it? be the same! " He inserted the papers: "Well. Then we fork her boxes the way back. If you are just the reception of the package would confirm - a few words on a piece of paper are sufficient. " Beekn saw Lukowsky unfocused: "Right! Of course, yes ..." I am too Gladly ready to pay for this little thing right away. " - "It all goes over Wenzl. " Lukowsky said goodbye: "So, they report." Beekn nodded Confirming with the head. He still held the green package with one hand Fixed, he hadn't let it go throughout the time. "We make calls! In I will be traveling for the next few days, but my secretary is always here, " Beekn called when Lukowsky had almost left the room. Lukowsky turned again: "Well. Should I not reach in Düsseldorf please ask Mr. Schäser. " -

Above the Mediterranean, high above flashing wave combs and under the glowing sun, all the present lost their violence over the men in the aircraft. Silence seemed to be in the blunders of the machines. The One could no longer feel the monotonous hum of the engines. There were none either Time. Life has always been the moment.

Intermediate landing. - Two shots hit the silence of a desert -like landscape. One Blechbüchse jumped from a canister. "Today I win!" Laughed Felix Schäuer. Lukowsky turned on the drum of his old -fashioned Sauer & Sohn

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Western Revolvers, who had already participated, pushed the Ent Ladestab up and down, invited. They put their weapons back and lurked. A Travel alarm clock rattled, was drowned out by the blows of heavy caliber. Emptiness Cigarette boxes now danced through the air. On burned runs reflek Mittags sun.

Of the old metal plane was so hot that my might have been indirectly in front of the melting point. Lukowsky was the first to climb into the machine. All the embers seemed to have gathered in the pulpit that from the countless Cracks of the fragile ground. Leaving a huge tail of white -gray dust behind, the C rolled 47, slowly rose over half -crushed wooden fences and the skeletons of Dürrer Trees. Land and city crawled behind the heat of flickering air. Above the sky was pure and young.

The tiny two -dimensional miniature aircraft on the tap echoed in The horizontal. Lukowsky pressed the steering horn slightly forward, pulling a Little again, took the gas back and let the chassis come. A It attested clearly audible jerk. Then the wheels put on. Last The spur wheel. He had trouble rolling out the machine on a straight line let. That was due to the worn brakes. Finally the plane stood up the intended place. Lukowsky let the engines go out, wiped with the elbow over the side window and looked out. Nobody expected she. Only the 'terrier'; The officials of customs would appear immediately and ask idle questions. Lukowsky stepped over the lawn, stretched the limbs and blinked into the sun, which is still incomprehensibly not entirely Fancy had passed to shine this world.

In the evening, Ernst Lukowsky sat in the airport restaurant, that of Sport Aviation was numerous. They could be Schwadro at several tables Hear kidneys. From the balcony on which Lukowsky was sitting, there was a good view over the entire area. Lukowsky saw the men of the customs investigation worried on his machine. That was common. Soon started A pretty play of lights. The airport firing was tried. One Small Cessna still floated, most recently a morane. But nobody started more. The sports pilots loved nice weather, the bright day, and this place belonged to a private Aero club. Guests like Lukowsky met here-

rarely, but not reluctant to do, they offered their unusual ones Airplanes an interesting picture, perhaps even as a romantic picture. Some people who have the rough men from the 'wild transport flying' otherwise Get greeted here in a friendly manner, and that was even honestly meant. Because this formed a circle: the planes, flying, everything what was one of them. Namely the old hands, the war participants, had Sympathy for the last adventurers of the air. It was not uncommon for the evening Together with them, talked about adventure of once and about adventure From now until the morning rose over the horizon. But today was from the old ones Nobody there.

3

Finally the customs officials came to Lukowsky's table, with all the usual Papers. You already knew each other and didn't get annoyed without need.

The evening sun had not yet completely lost its strength. Lukowsky went under a temporary gorbaw, under to which the sign 'Wellmeyers 1a used car'. Lukowsky entered a large, uneven space between high row houses, that was littered with cars and car wrecks. In the most remote corner of this There was space for a weathered caravan. A not very big but stocky man in medium years soned in front of it. This man stretched out Stubborn in his folding chair and looked at Lukowsky: "Look at what I have been able to get in now! " One of his bulky hands showed An elegant coupé: "Crysler 300 built in 1954. Something like this today no longer!" Lukowsky stepped on the designated car and stroked the Left hand over the sheet: "Nice thing." - "We have to polish up tomorrow." The dealer breathed out as if so far he had stopped the air: "How You stay for a long time this time? " Lukowsky's view changed from the car to Wellmeyer: "Don't know yet. I have to talk to you." - "My sake," Wellmeyer spread his arms: "Talk! - What?" Lukowsky fought one Seating from the caravan and was left in addition to the company owner low. "I need a little loan from you. The banks will not give me any." Wellmeyer's eyes narrowed to visual slots, his chin stepped by one centimeter. He said softly: "How much?" Lukowsky showed About the square on an old Ford Mustang and said: "What the

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Rustlaube costs: "He leaned forward and leaning his hands on his knees: "Also your address so that I can register the car right here." The stubborn man, next to Lukowsky, deliberately plucked on the collar of his yellow Shirt. He lowered his head and scored out of the corner of the eye to Lukowsky: "What do you need a car for? I think you fly?" Lukowsky asked Long -concrete: "Do you do it, or don't you do it?" - "Yes, yes," defended Wellmeyer with a plumper gesture: "You can bring the few marks again a." Lukowsky said: "Thank you. I'll be a little one for a friend Try the air freight company. I'll get there with various people have talk and therefore have to cucumber around. And if car, then then One that I enjoy. I've had such a Mustang before. However No do 1, but a 65 Fastback than that was new. Just pretty long time. " Wellmeyer nodded him: "Well. I understand you. It's good!"

A large, impossible room. The balcony hung over one on the first floor Backyard. From there there was a gray house wall on the right, on the left Flat, roof covered with tar cardboard, straight a windowless, not very much High wall. Behind it, the glass tower of an office building pushed into the Heaven. Sun reflected on the countless windows of the row houses in the distance. In the courtyard, between the walls, a gooseberry shrub, its Nobody ate fruit. But the birds used joyfully, grateful for Gooseberries in the middle of the city of Düsseldorf. The sky took the color of a violet evening. It was something strange about this mood. Evening red and dawn - dying and born - so dense was both but together. Maybe there was no death at all, just one forever durable hike through evening red and dawn, from a world to one Other world? - The green color of the balcony railing broke under progressive rust. To Lukowsky's feet were several empty flower boxes made of green plastic. The The previous tenant of these rooms, an advertising agency, had not taken care of it.

Ernst Lukowsky entered the impossible room from the balcony. The balcony door remained open. Her glass showed a jump: from the middle right to the left lower corner. Lukowsky went through the narrow hallway. The walls ray there according to fresh color. Three doors led to the bathroom, to the toilet and the kitchen. A hallway joined the hallway. From here two high, width Doors in spacious empty rooms, the windows of which meadows on a busy street.

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The police headquarters were seen opposite. Lukowsky looked out of one of the Window, overlooked the double -lane street. There was a traffic island that was also a tram stop. Lukowsky settled on the windowsill. The evening step forward. The daylight was gradually disappearing. The Night came. Lukowsky went into the hallway. Here was the only piece of furniture of these premises: a couch. He pushed them into the back in front of him Room, in that with the balcony. He didn't sleep on the couch in the balcony room, although he tried to sleep motionless. The curtain - free windows fell cool bluish moonlight. Sharp, immobile Shadows were in the room. Lukowsky let the left arm slide from the couch, Grate over the bare floor until he was a cigarette box and matches found. He lit a cigarette, let the box and match boxes fall back to the ground. He watched the light blue cigarette smoke And again seemed to disappear in the shadow of the window cross. In this Space remote from the street was almost unnatural silence. Lukowsky thought he could hear the barely perceptible crackling of the cigarette glow. - Something was strange, something was in the air. Lukowsky felt it Without being able to assign it somehow: something was strange. He was ... as he hears the swinging of fate rustling.

The phone rang. He got up and ran through the color -smelling hallway in one of the front rooms. He took off the listener: "Yes?!" - Beekn reported. Lukowsky interrupted his first sentence: "No, tomorrow morning it doesn't work. - - afternoon ... - late afternoon! Let's say. 5 p.m. - - in the 'Mondial'. - Yes, I know that. - - yes, it's good! See again. " Beekn's voice had sounded strange, as if he had been amazed at the success of his call, as if he hadn't expected Lukowsky to to reach. Lukowsky put on and looked at the clock. Groundless unrest grabbed it. An inner one Restlessness for which there was no recognizable reason. A strange feeling Him, one that he had not known so far, an indefinite premonition similar: something would happen, something strange, fateful - very soon. He turns a fool in this thought - and thought it despite it.

He had visited Bernd Meißner in his apartment on the outskirts, Bernd Meißner, with whom a small air freight company is now being created

should. There was a lot to discuss. Bernd didn't feel too much about the to talk to serious sides of the matter. But they discussed what was necessary And what should happen. It was night and tomorrow.

A taxi brought Lukowsky back to the city center. Bernd Meißner had too had drunk a lot to be able to drive. Lukowsky was in drop off the old town and continued on foot. Somewhere was an unused piano. - Lukowsky crossed the market. Tents were built up, Placed isolated carts. The smell of freshly baked bread hovered over. Gradually, the sun rose to the still haven. On the Streets were the same in the morning as on the Rhine. A road return machine rolled over foaming, sprayed a lot of water. Lukowsky deviated the abundantly sprayed wet. Here and there he met sleepy faces, some of whom greeted without reason and others as well gave grumpy looks for a reason. A sausage booth started her business. There were also hot coffee from cardboard cups.

In the morning a truck came and brought furniture. Lukowsky let her on Your places - simple pieces, only the most necessary. Bernd Meißner appeared in the office between the furniture packers, and lively threw his jacket, which he had previously worn over his shoulder Round table, which two strong men discontinued in the hallway minutes earlier Had, and called through two open doors: "Day! How are you?" Lukowsky waited until Bernd Meißner was in the same room with him, said Then: "You see yes. The clothes roll on. We only create that at first The most common. " Lukowsky circled the smooth desk behind which he had stood and approached the younger man: "The clarity Half: I didn't talk to you! Not Felix either! You took up to us at the aero club, not the other way around! " - "I know I know!" Meißner immediately called: "You want to preach to me again! Can you save yourself! If it is should give a broke here, hit me the least! So leave the talk. " They sit next to each other on the edge of the table. Lukowsky reached behind, Fishing a paper and handed it over to the younger one: "Is that true?" Meißner flawed the letter. "Yes why?" - "Because it was pretty idiotic, such a Buy the machine so expensive on pump - in our situation. " Meißner did carefree: "It was an opportunity. The Air Force died out cheaply. It is still almost new. She will pay for itself. " - "Of course she can

Amortize yourself when everything runs accordingly. But The joke is: for a third of the money you would also have a suitable mill Get, and one in which there is several space! " He took that to the younger one Paper out of the hand: "See that you undo the matter if if possible." He put the letter back on the desk and pointed to that Möbel: "What about it? Also pumped? I am not concerned with anything, but Tell me anyway. " Meißner had the lower legs commuting. crumpled cigarette box from the pocket, noticed that it was empty, Pushed the soft cardboard together and threw it into a still untidy corner of the room: "Let this question! I am through in an emergency My family covered. And as for the new machine: when I mean Have a license, I would also like to fly myself without being happy need to break off on the way! " He made a disposable hand movement: "As with your pre -flood bombers!" "But that's our business," emphasized Lukowsky: "That we just cheaper and Working more easily than the big societies! " Meißner swung from the edge of the table, as if a powerful Wing: "Oh, don't worry about money, serious! - Until tomorrow then!" Gripping his jacket from the round table, Bernd moved away Meißner again.

For this day there was no more work in the newly furnished office. Lukowsky sat in a street café and beat the newspaper brought with him on. A pretty waitress with a dark ponytail and friendly Eyes accidentally brought him cocoa instead of coffee, and Lukowsky left it There because the waitress was so nice. The afternoon was sunny and warm. Children played on the lawn of the small park. Many Pedestrians spread holiday -like atmosphere, stayed in front of shop windows for a long time, talked. - Lukowsky flipped aimlessly in the Newspaper. He read that plans would be forged, with special devices after the Titanic wreck to mount their treasures. In ten years, maybe, it should be ready. It was visited for this project for investors. On the opposite newspaper page stood that scientists suspect that there could be water on the moon. Lukowsky didn't care about both. To read in a gloss next to the article about the moon, some spinners claimed that the famous flying saucers, the so -called UFOs,

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would not come from other planets, but were of German origin, a the last secret weapons of the Third Reich from World War II, which are not got into the hands of the Allies. Lukowsky broke open. He climbed into the freshly acquired Ford Mustang and drove to Cologne for his appointment with beekn.

The Mustang was neither new nor in a particularly representative state, but After all, a execution of the 'Mach 1' as 390 GT, quite quickly and thanks A heavy duty equipment even reasonably full throttle, which American cars generally could not exactly claim. He was Wine red and loud, the exhaust would occasionally tolerate a repair.

Pop music raged in the hotel 'Mondial'. The only light stirred of point certificates directed at a catwalk. Cameras flashed Overwhelmed mannequins hopsten or marched without any noteworthy female grace over the cloth -covered catwalk, posed in curious fabric structures of quite dubious taste and tried not to smile if possible.

Only one man in the Saale was obviously bored as well as Ernst Lukowsky, A stately gentleman in a custom suit that steadfastly smoked Turkish cigarettes. This gentleman entered the table where Lukowsky had settled, Sit and said: "Good evening, Mr. Lukowsky!" The hardly music too Noming noise took Beekn's voice the sound, also devoured Lukowskys Replacement of the greeting.

A light blond curved girl trudged over the catwalk in yellow and Red satin - like a Harlekin. Now it ran back, made another place. This had black hair that seemed colored and was dressed like an old Berliner boy. It also turned, cut a grimace and immediately disappeared behind a blue velor curtain. Six mannequins there was at this event and a commentary dwarf. One of the Mannequins liked Lukowsky. It even smiled, but the dark eyes silent. Lukowsky seemed like a slave of this being that the Affected dwarf from a Corsa star, who may have been, who again robbed - from Alexandria or Damascus. - Now it turned Morning countries at the head of the bridge. Her black hair hovered Then lowered his back again. - Two geese then entered

The stage, plus a young man who looked gay and it may also be was. Lukowsky was not interested in the fashion show. Meanwhile, there were other disinterested people in the hall filled with rock music, clapping and colored light. Their interest seemed Bekn to apply. Lukowsky asked: "Do you know people there?" Beekn saw himself Fleeping: "No. Despite the bike, let's try to discuss the most important things." He pinched his eyes together: "I left yesterday Collect my goods from the freight forwarder at noon. She is there again. " The music was raging with increased volume. Beekn repeated: "Me said the boxes are now back in the freight forwarder. Possibly my customer will not accept the goods. If this case occurs unpleasant for me, you could certainly fly back the goods quickly and bring new? " He pulled his eyebrows together and tilted into Lukowsky to To be better understood to be understood about the music and clapping: "Then would do However, hurry. " Lukowsky said: "If I specifically do a machine for it would have to get, that would be relatively expensive. If it's worth it? " "Probably already," replied Beekn with a defensive gesture: "The Costs can be kept within reasonable limits? " He didn't seem Answer to be expected: "First of all, Mr. Löw still has to decide personally," He continued: "Originally I wanted to speak something else - address something else ..." He interrupted: "This noise is really unbearable!" - The dazzling beam of a puncture was lost on the table during a quarter of a second at which Beekn and Lukowsky were sitting. Mechanically Park your eyes together. But the light cone united Already again with the other man sequin dressed on a clud. - Lukowsky asked: "What should happen to the boxes for now?" Beekn leaned closer to him: "Yes ... the boxes." - his eyes worked Suddenly unsteady, your hands loosened from the chair back: "Please apologize. I - I will contact you. Please ..." Obviously Beekn's voice changed nervousness: "Stay you sit as if we knew each other not. - Yes. " - He hesitated: "Because of the boxes ... oh, by the way - if I am should not reach within the next few days ... you have the address From Rolland & Löw. Note ... "He quickly looked around in between: "Yes, remember the editing sign 'Z', 'z' like the future or goal. So that you don't confuse anything at Rolland & Löw. " He turned to

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Go: "The best way to ask the men's bush or fishermen - yes. This Both gentlemen are known there. " His gaze quickly wandered around: "Goodbye, Mr. Lukowsky, goodbye." - This disappeared Beekn in the crowd. His right hand showed a greeting - like gesture, Before the background took it completely.

From the catwalk, a pagen -headed goose grinned in dazzling scraps. The Affected dwarf jumped back and forth, his speech with arms and legs background. As soon as he stopped speaking, the volume of the Music infernal proportions. A red -haired mannequin slipped under from the curtain, smiled. The dwarf had stopped talking and the Music raged louder again. Two girls marched over the catwalk. In addition to Lukowsky, a young woman had the place abandoned by Beekn taken. She made notes in a small, plastic booklet, probably a journalist. Her shoulders weighed in the rhythm of the wild Sounds. From moving mirrors down showered colored light over Your face. All suddenly, this face no longer smiled, the trains distorted. Slowly the woman began to sink. Blood overflowed one of theirs Face halves, washed make -up of cheeks, lips and chin. Then hit The head on the table top. Thick red splashed onto the white tablecloth. Still Once the head rose - the woman fell to the ground. Several voices shrilled. A poodle -headed mannequin ran screeching to the blue velor curtain Against, falling, getting up, screaming, falling again. - Lukowsky bent out from his chair, pushed aside by the way, tore his revolver from the waistband, stripped over with his left hand The rooster, a checkered jacket and pulled the trigger. In the bright Feuerchlag left the bullet, the weapon tore in Lukowsky's hand. The checkered jacket ruffled at the same moment. Smell of nitropules and Blue -gray swaths mingled into the stuffy air. On the fraction of a Second, the fireball of a second mouth was in the room. The The drums clinked and sang a .44 special since the first bang. Also Lukowsky's second shot captured a man armed with a pistol, hurled him backwards, whirled him around before collapsing. Nevertheless, two other balls scored in from an unknown direction. Lukowsky did not discover the opponent in chaotic tangle. - Body Rush - ran - rolled on the ground - remained motionless - reared have been kicked by screeching people - Wirres Hasten Hub,

Ruthless pushing and pushing - panic Riß at the helm. The poodle -headed Mannequin attacked his ankle, striped by a cross racket, Screamed, screamed - but there was no help during these moments, no response to calls for help. Everything pushed to the outputs, piled up on top of each other, Terred dresses and skin. Music played by tapes boomed unmoved Further from hidden speakers, broken through individual shots Large -calibrated weapons and the fear of many people.

Lukowsky squeezed through the hysterical mass. He talked to himself To wait for the cheapest moment and jumped onto the catwalk, pushed into the Blue velor, threw himself on the provisionally built boards and directed his revolver against the hall. Lukowsky was waiting for the man in Made of tails, waited in the inferno for beekn. Several fled behind his back Young men are even in a hurry than the girls were able to do. - Lukowskys The girls were able to look. - Lukowsky's look was still looking for .In vain to Beekn. - just one opponent shot. Lukowsky tried impatiently to make out its location based on the muzzle fire. But Now there was no more shot. - The mannequin on the catwalk screamed as if from Sinn. - First police uniforms appeared in the hall. Lukowsky looked around: A gray -painted metal door was invitingly open. Nevertheless, he stayed ..., But beekn never appeared. - the music was still roaring, raw, compassionate And loud.

Lukowsky came to his rented for this day in the 'Mondial' Room. He took a towel and wiped his face. He came with the cloth in your hand on the corridor: nothing. - he went into the room back. The blood jerky on the temples. Lukowsky invited the revolver after. The cartridges slipped into the chambers of the drum. The run on the The lettering 'J. P. Sauer & Sohn - .44 Magnum - Made in W.Germany 'Stand, Was warm. Lukowsky invited .44-special, a cartridge that was more practical in the fast battle than the Magnum. Lukowsky opened the door again - listening: silence. He turned over. Its location Was uncomfortable or could be uncomfortable. He stuck the Gun in the waistband and collected the empty cartridges from the carpet on. He involuntarily thought about her because of the lower price as always to let them be reduced, although his worries were now truly different. Beekn

he hadn't discovered anymore. Maybe he had been hit and crashed immediately. Lukowsky went to the window and looked out. Below, on the concrete square In front of the hotel, tumult ruled. Medical vehicles kept alongside police cars. Bahren were worn. Completely covered bodies on some layers. One The Beekns was probably of it. It would be in the newspaper tomorrow.

Lukowsky took the thoughts together. This was not a fourth -class hotel. Here his car was in a multi -storey parking garage, the upper platforms of which could be reached by elevator alone. On one of these upper Ford Mustang vine red stood floors. Lukowsky massaged with both Hands the face. Gradually, the ears of the ear declined. Quiet singing Pipes remained. He pulled the little suitcase off the table and grabbed freshness Things. He went into the bathroom and let water run in. There was a radio next to the bed. Lukowsky switched it on and right away again out of. He would have loved to clean up the situation in which he would wanted to leave, but that didn't work now. Stark tinted from the street Motor noises. A siren howled. - Lukowsky went back to the bathroom. Through He saw the open door of the tiny bathroom Bedtables. Nobody would call it now.

He lay on the bed, smoked cigarettes and looked at the blanket. The ears of the ears was over. But his brain was not a firm thought. Just a confidante Independence hovered from somewhere.

Ernst Lukowsky stood at the wide window of the hotel room and looked at the empty leader in the more and more reddent evening sky. The silhouettes The cathedral towers appeared gray -green and dark red. Gradually, one seized Far memory of Ernst Lukowsky property. His thoughts wander around Years back - he didn't know how many years it was. His memory of That time appeared to him like that of a stranger and yet, as it were, People. Summer vacation in ... where the same? - the old pictures swam Unclear in front of Lukowsky's inner eye. Train about train they became clearer. Very Slowly as if they should wall around the wall, Wall around Wall into the present Break through on a reluctantly tolerated path. Finally trees grew And shrubs from the gray of this memory, meadows, shine from falling evening sun, the rays of which felt down to a river bank due to dense leaves. Mosquito swarms danced over the water. Regularly flash

The small waves of the weak current in orange -red sunlight. And The humid air smelled of fresh hay. A tractor engine bubbled wide Removed, soon completely faded away. - Castle. No grass stirred. Only Few insects that were not yet too late, buzz over the dirt road and meadow ... All of this suddenly came so close, so immediate that Ernst Lukowsky said that it was completely accepted by this long gone moment. He breathed the warm summer air, and decades gone into the uninvents. He stood young and free in the middle of a landscape, which may no longer be in this form. And everything was Suddenly still possible, every long -broken hope of past years was big and upright in Ernst Lukowsky's consciousness. He rose from the banks of the narrow river, squeezed between bushes and ran along the dirt road. The freshly coated hay smelled from the meadows. There were corn fields further back, and above the horizon was deep, but still bright, the sun. Where the river fell into bend, high trees grew; Linden, chestnuts and maple, a single high fir. Between A young woman walked these trees. Your skirt was green and knows the blouse Under a red bolero. The brown hair of the young woman also seemed bright red under the rays of the evening bin, they reached to her hips. The brown eyes of this miracle system of the genus woman seemed the berries to count a elderberry shrub. Mild wind came up, played with the dresses of the woman and with her long open hair. He has never had anything like that Seen beautiful and wonderful as this young woman - unnoticed - up to she slowly went to the street and climbed into a black car that one Graulivrated chauffeur steered. - Lukowsky had memorized the car number, a Wiesbaden number. He later had this woman in another found and loved. She had hazelnut brown eyes and her beautiful long ones Hair were of the same color. They had known themselves barely for two months And had already been married. But death took off this woman of this world, before she could be 24 years old. After that he had the desire Lost in life, the joy of work - and for a long time the ability to dream. But if you no longer have any dreams, you are alive dead. His friend Georg from Vienna once said that, and Lukowsky had to often think about it. Sometimes dreams were out again Came, very tentative. But they had no existence.

Scratch or knock on the door tear Lukowsky from his brooding. But his

Thoughts were not completely in the present. Again that Strange throbbing on the door. - It took effort to immediately do the situation again fully grasp. 'Police!' He thought, 'or beekn's enemies?' - 'Only the booth waiter?' - he crossed his arms. In doing so, his right hand spanned Involuntarily the handle of the revolver on the left under the jacket, the thumb lay on the tap. Lukowsky wondered in a fraction of a second because he no tension felt. There was no feeling at all. The fading outlines of the memory, which he had just received from such an immense way. The door opened. Lukowsky's rights loosened the handle around steel and wood. The slim silhouette of a woman stood in the door frame. She approached greeting. Despite the dusk, her face became recognizable. A beautiful face of women, shaded by the brim of a hat and framed by dark brown hair, which in front of the left shoulder into a long, strong braid were braided, the tip of which touched the hip. Lukowsky stalled for one half the breath. This woman was very nice - fantastically beautiful. The Color of the evening red shimmered on her braided hair. The tip of the Long braids were decorated by three small cornflower flowers made of silk. To The neck and wrists flashed valuable jewelry. The woman wore an elegant one Light blue jacket dress, matching gloves and petite matt glossy Shoes with not too high paragraphs. Even the small rectangular handbag Was light blue. The woman's eyes looked out large and dark under long eyelashes and they reflected the violet of the evening sky. The visitor's appearance confused Lukowsky. The woman beamed something from the fact that he was scared - more fear than all weapons and armies of the Earth could have brought together. This woman was something special. He felt it immediately: here was one of those women who fully fallen into could. Nevertheless, he tried to give his voice a neutral sound: "You were wrong in the room." He turned his back on the woman and saw You inside. She might be in early twenties. Perhaps one-meter-healthy seventy size, clothing size between 36 and 38 in perfect forms. A grippingly beautiful face, a woman's face as he did it had only seen twice in his whole life. Incredible eyes, very Self -confident, and a wonderful mouth. Plus the beautiful hair - full Mene nature. But Ernst Lukowsky's gaze was directed out of the window. A

Strange pain burned in him, the pain failed; because Every moment when he did not look at this woman, the livelier was that he knew exactly. But it was not the time to fall in love - especially not In such a woman who deserved everything and would ask for everything that a could not give crooked planes. It hurt. He heard the door lock. But the visitor hadn't left the room. She spoke Lukowsky with her bright and wonderfully soft voice, in the behavioral Impatiently made up: "I am quite right, Mr. Weiß!" Lukowsky persisted. He saw the woman in front of him, this incredibly beautiful woman. A Thought said to him: 'Your name is: fate! You don't turn around, so it hurts, but you escape him. If you look at her, she will never let you again Come on. 'He turned and looked at the woman. He said, "My name is serious Lukowsky. " The woman came closer. From smooth grace. Lukowsky again turned the view out of the Window. A quiet pain twitched his body again: it was over, he Was no longer the man to think of such a woman. Because this was A woman for eternity, the woman who marry a man and never again wanted to let go. The sky pulled over purple, dark blue and violet. The voice of the Woman had a melodic sound: "Don't you want to sit down? Then it speaks much more comfortably. What names you choose is indifferent to me. The mine is Vera Jörgens! " She gave her name a very easy emphasis that had to mean nothing except for healthy self -confidence, but at the same time gave the impression that this name had a meaningful as if it would offer the key to understanding far -reaching relationships, who might have known a certain Hugo, of which seriously Lukowsky, however, didn't know anything. Lukowsky looked at the beautiful woman again. She had to feel what in him it was not possible. But certainly she was on her effect Get used to men. She radiated a natural pride that nothing Has to do arrogance. Vera Jörgens had on one of the two chairs taken the small table of the room. Now she took off her hat Doesn't she like him too much. Your hair was parted to the side and with Small light blue combing back. Vera Jörgens put on his hat The close bed and said benevolently: "Well? - Mr. Lukowsky!" He crossed his arms: "What can I do for you - if I do something for you

can?" - The young lady showed a lovable face. Slowly and friendly: "Maybe we first clarify what I can do for you: I can be useful to you. My possibilities are not extremely big, but Not entirely inconsiderable either. Incidentally: I have them during the silly Fashion show seen. Also how they shot. Of course, all people only paid attention to themselves during these insane minutes. I formed there An exception. You understand the right one in crucial moments to do. That is worth a lot. Decisiveness is one of those male properties that I appreciate - even if this may not always be compatible with the laws written on paper these days. " She looked at Lukowsky in the eye. Window bar and pointed to the door: "Why don't they get the police. That would have They can do it long ago. " Vera Jörgens got up, took a few steps in Room, then returned to the armchair by the window and sat down again. Her dark gray -blue eyes grew: "It is not my intention Preparing them. Some of the country nowadays Paper written laws that I mentioned did not correspond to what the Natural energy and knightly would be according to. The laws of nature are above that of people! A lot should be better in America, but that I can't judge. " Her gaze suddenly took on a melancholic expression, her words seemed wistful and determined at the same time: "Sometimes Something big happens in the last breakdown of a flame. There were artists who created a lot, but only one big work underneath - their last, already In the face of death. For example Tchaikovsky with his 6th Symphony, the Pathetique, especially in its last sentence, the lamentoso; or Offenbach With Hoffmann's stories. He came from Cologne, so he just falls a. - Maybe my forces are also geared towards a very specific goal? A very last? " Lukowsky recognized a quietly dogged pain on the beautiful women's face, which was so young and yet not free of seriousness probably worse Experiences. Her gaze, which had broadcast so much security, suddenly worked Almost fleeing, without she didn't want this. Lukowsky considered. He went To the bedside table and on the phone: "412. - Please bring coffee twice. Thanks." He hired and asked: "Is it right?" Vera Jörgens nodded slightly. She Put her handbag on the bed on the bed and settled down. Lukowsky Take room for her: "I can understand her - at least from a distance. So? What could I do for you! "

The young lady got on the chair as if he was uncomfortable with her. She won her remarkable sovereignty: "Since I initially confused her - I thought she was a friend of my father, which I personally unknown to a gentleman named Hugo knows I would like to ask for auxiliary services - now I would like to ask you who you are." She smiled bindingly: "If that doesn't seem too immensely!" She took off her gloves. Two precious rings sparkled on their Slim fingers with long pointed fingernails. "So well," he started: "I am a crashed existence, a man who once Was the professional officer of the Air Force, then once on better days Own Rockwell owned - this is a small plane - and today with rickety Mühlen transport flying plays or in an emergency even more rattled -more used cars. In between, I also acted a couple of mercenaries, in unnecessary wars that nobody knew why they were managed, but they must have been a business for someone. I was Naive, thought it would work against communism .- That can be a life. But at least: 'Gray is all theory and green of life golden tree,' how already knew how to say Goethe's age Faust; And with gray theory I have myself never submitted. " He spread his hands: "Satisfied?" Vera Jörgen's dark eyes immersed in his eyes and penetrated deep before: "You have experienced some things. It is good to experience a lot! Especially for one Man. But you weren't always lucky? Especially in recent times? " Lukowsky came together so as not to under the view of these women's eyes to lose the version. He succeeded halfway: "It could be worse. I do not expect Sterntaler from the sky from this life. " The Ms. said: "There is a lot to ourselves. With our imagination, we paint a picture of what we think is. But too often the picture does not match reality. " Lukowsky nodded: "May. Maybe there is the meaning of life too not. But now to them: what are you about? " His hand pointed to the Precious jewelry on your wrist: "Please don't tell me, please were among the very poor people and urgently needed help. " Vera Jörgen's response almost seemed sad: "These are just a few heirs. But you are right, I have no need financially, no, that is not My problem. " Her lips smiled again.

How forgotten in the dusk in front of the window. A minute passed silent. Vera Jörgens was a strange woman. All of a sudden she turned Lukowsky again. She now spoke fresh and unmarried: "I know Alfred Beekn. Through my father, who was known to him. There was there A few ideas that would speak too far now. If you I will tell you again later. " Her fingers interlocked playfully: "During that time - it is now for some years - I became by chance and through a little curiosity of a secret of a secret and a great hope that my father also believed and from the then he also told me. She was doomed to him. Now he lives no longer." She was silent for a few seconds. Like because of my father, not for the money, that's indifferent to me. In the the other, as they already stated: I have it for my requirements enough." She leaned forward, her big gray -blue eyes sparkled in the Dawn: "I wanted to tell you everything now ..." - shaking your head - "None Word would believe me! Her voice took a mysterious sound to: "It's all like that ..., so ..." Her hands pressed each other as if had to They form words with it: "So unbelievable! - and then again nothing! Understand: If you don't believe in it, everything is completely ... apparently! Apparently Nothing but a big brain -fitting! However, you know a little notification and Believe it, then ... "She breathed out sigh:" Then everything is confused and incomprehensible - and yet to reach! " Your eyes had a pleading Expression accepted. The beautiful hands dropped out of each other and stretched out. Long polished fingernails flashed in the evening red. The middle finger crops came together slightly: "I am currently alone in this matter, hardly half of what should be done can do what should be done." She tended her head: "I need someone who can and wants to help me Someone who knows how to fight back and has courage and also - imagination! Because All of this is necessary. " Her hands tilted against Lukowsky, she said: "I'm looking for a chivalrous helper. The Lord white, whom I first in I would also have hired against money. But they are different. She Were an officer, like my father, I would expect chivalry from them. But of course you should also receive a reward! I just want The death of the kite! The Nibelungenhort then belongs to the dragon slayer alone." She smiled: "That sounds quite confusing? A little crazy also And romantic? I admit to be romantic! For example

I can always read Homer with enthusiasm - even in Greek! " - Lukowsky only looked at her: she was nice like Helena in Troy. It knocked on the Door. Lukowsky called. "Come in 'In!' - The bunk waiter served the Ordered coffee, received a tip and withdrew discreetly. Lukowsky climbed the small floor lamp on the right of the table. He took again Place and put two sugar cubes in his cup: "I still understand Not what you really want. I'm more of Don Quijote than Siegfried or Paris. So help me understand! " Spoons moved into coffee and climbers on Sterassen. Now that the light was involved, Miss Jörgens made a factual and again very Lady impression. She angled her long slim legs without being it would have wanted. Her words now fell more soberly, as if switching on the artificial light had caused a change in its being: "As I said," - she drank a sip and put the cup off, "It would be futile to want to overhaul them with details at this hour. But I sit here and have a feeling of trust. Otherwise this is not absolutely my kind. I just want to know whether you are generally ready would be to support me in my efforts, which - so much is said in to a certain extent also have an idealistic component. All details would I will soon present them in peace. I didn't want to hide anything. I don't think anything of half -things. Either I trust a person or I don't trust him. This is primarily a matter of feeling for me. Most I don't trust people. " She tended her head again, her gaze was questioning. And the beauty of this woman's face lost nothing under the clear electrical light. This face didn't even need make -up. On vera Jörgens' hair was now a reddish shimmer. Lukowsky lit a cigarette. He looked at the beautiful woman and Finally said: "I can't judge what they are about. If they are Maybe need protection - of course I will help you. " He leaned back. Vera Jörgens raised the eyebrows and spoiled her lips: "How could I deal with the background so simply ... "Your gracefulness Hands circled over the edge of the table like help: "I set ahead ... well, You are certainly the plane who was in Mr. Beekn's order? I Close what they told me earlier. " "That's right," Lukowsky confirmed: "I flew for Beekn. Without something special." - Vera Jörgen's expression did not deny her doubts:

"But you brought him the green package?" Lukowsky nodded: "Me Got him a package - a green package. With a correct customs declaration, which, moreover, no interested parties. " Vera Jörgens indicated a shake of the head: "With this package it has one Quantity! I want to have it so that my mortal enemy doesn't get it - Not for the sake of material value. And I want the death of that enemy. This is a legacy of my father, so to speak - The package in particular is an important part of this legacy. And He in turn, he was a man with high ideals. It is about Things that go back to the time of the Second World War. You see, Lord Lukowsky, I put confidence in them, otherwise I will not speak In such a way to you. " Lukowsky asked: "Who is the dragon? Your death enemy? What's his name?" She just replied: "His name is Mark Valtine. The hostility between He and my father go back to events during the war. He later drove my father into ruin and suicide, and he raped me. I want his death! Simple and simple. " Vera Jörgens stroked her long braid with his right hand and threw A torn view of her narrow, brilliant wristwatch on the left wrist: "It is already late." Her voice now sounded scattered: "Want So you help me? Her eyes looked at him calmly, big gray -blue eyes Under the rays of long dark eyelashes. It was like Lukowsky from a warm shower would be whispered under the view of this incredible beautiful eyes. After endless seconds, Lukowsky said: "If you think you need me, get in touch. " He gave her a pressure of his new business card. You can reach me in the company. I live There too. " Vera Jörgens took the card, looked at it and stuck it Carefully in your handbag. Then she put on her hat and put on her gloves. She started to get up. Lukowsky pressed the cigarette out of. His voice rose: "Do you have difficulties now? Run before Anyone of it? " She just shook her head: "I will think about whether I call them. I may call them. " On her lips showed again The touch of a smile: "I am not in my best shape today." Then she looked at him fully and said: "I was hoping, Don Quijote would me protect from dragons and evil giants. Maybe he'll do that too! " She handed Lukowsky "goodbye, Mr. Lukowsky!"

They went to the door together. Lukowsky opened her and said: "Goodbye, Dulcinea!" She smiled weakly, apparently nodded. soon disappeared behind the first curvature of the corridor. Lukowsky saw her Even after when she was no longer visible.

Ernst Lukowsky was alone in the room. He stepped into the window and directed The view outside. It was now dark. And just was a dream in this room was, which the darkness could not continue: Dulcinea.

4

He had no reason to stand here on the banks of the Rhine this morning. A lot It was easy to let the thoughts of Dulcinea fly away. - - paper Snaps swam on the Rhine, drove accompanied, unknown destinations in contrast to. Soon they would sink, dissolve in the water - as well as Ernst Lukowsky's first dream for so many years. Lukowsky looked at the clock. He went back to his car and got in.

He entered the first of the two office space, whose furniture is already completely was. Even images hung on the walls. Pictures of aircraft. Submissions were below: Me 109 K, FW 190 D, do 335, Me 262, Macchi Folgore and Ki 84. Lukowsky was in the dark synthetic leather armchair behind the desk Down, ordered papers, picked up a new sheet and went back to the work that had been interrupted for half an hour while some furniture was brought again.

A red travel alarm on the table corner showed: nine o'clock. - The door opened. Felix stepped into the room: "You probably don't hear any doorbell today?!" He bowed over the desk and handed an elongated business card: "Outside Waits one. Looks like a real school teacher and is called Alexander Brünner. " Lukowsky took a look at the elongated card. 'Alexander G. Brünner '; stood on it in Versalia. Very noble, steel engraving. - Lukowsky waved the business card: "So and? - Let him go in!" "Do you know that?" Felix researched. Lukowsky considered: "Brünner ... I think At Wenzl I heard the name say. But no idea what he wants.

Let's wait and see. " - "Well. I'm going to go now. We'll meet afterwards Place." Felix made a greeting hand movement and left the room. For this, Mr. Alexander G. Brünner appeared. His dark gray flannel suit seemed freshly ironed. A red and white speckled to the tie Tuch stretched out of the breast pocket in perfect symmetry. Lukowsky Believed from his visit to Mahlberg, Gabler & Wenzl in this to remember a slim man. The stranger sat on the In addition to Lukowsky's desk placed chairs, betting his hands in the lap And greeted: "Good morning, Mr. Lukowsky!" Then Brünner asked politely, However, without a transition: "You recently flew from Istanbul to Cologne?" Since Lukowsky reacted neither with words nor a gesture or change in his facial expression, the other asked: "You transported machine tool parts? In the course of this flight, they supplied companies in Thessaloniki, Istanbul, Alexandria and Palermo? " Lukowsky looked at the man calmly, who is actually the traditional idea was justified by a teacher. Brünner opened his mouth, closed it again, rubbed around the chin briefly and started again: "They flew to Istanbul And Alexandria? You took the manday limited on board? " Lukowsky straightened up a little in the armchair. It was his first emotion since the stranger had started to speak. Now Lukowsky asked, and left it He an experimental balloon increases: "You come here from Munich, but Lord Wenzl doesn't know about it? " Brünner did amazed or was it actually: "Exactly So it is, yes! I ended my collaboration with Mr. Wenzl's company. For human reasons - so to speak. I am now working more freelance - so to speak. That's why I am now turning directly to you. " He lifted his spread fingers against each other and leaned out of the chair a few centimeters: "So I can accept ..." he cleared his throat and began again: "So I can Assume that they are reasonably oriented. There was an error Lukowsky, who has now been cleared. A confusion of the Goods that were entrusted to them for transport. Now this should be brought back and the correct goods should be transported to Cologne. Would you be on interested in such a order? " Brünner was looking for a paper from the inside pocket of his gray jackets, unfolded it cumbersome, pulled out a second one, also developed this. He smoothed both and handed them with a machine Lukowsky leaves described: "These two write may prove that I am authorized by the two companies in question." - While

Lukowsky climbed the papers, said Brünner: "The conscious boxes will be With a truck from Rolland and Löw to their plane be brought. - If you take over the order. " Lukowsky went back the documents. They seemed okay. Brünner folded them together - with a gesture, as if from then on he did not need to More - and made them disappear in his wallet. He leaned in the chair Back as if a major work was done: "Take care of your company, this little thing, Mr. Lukowsky?" Lukowsky replied: "Basically. But I can binding you that Not guarantee now. " - "Why not?" - A tiny uncertainty shrugged in Brünner's eyes. Lukowsky noticed it: "I'm not authorized. Here in the office I am currently only a kind of emergency service. The company is practically still in Arise. But above all: your order would not use a machine. For the A few boxes chasing a dakota into the sky - that was not profitable. " Brünner's tip of the tongue pushed to the upper lip and quickly returned: "It is one Question of the price, isn't it? " - Lukowsky's answer sounded indifferent: "Im Business is all a question of the price. " "And every goods justifies a certain price," added Brünner more lively: "But they wouldn't have to return with an empty machine." - "What would there be for the return flight?" - "Art of art from the Iran. Such things, you know, who lead carpet shops on the side - more about Decoration than to sell them. " - Strong sun rays now felt through the two high windows and fulfilled The room with warm light. - "So many circumstances?" Lukowsky doubted. "Certainly!" Brünner confirmed: "Such little things are extremely important for the business in question. They make a certain atmosphere, they understand, the stimulus that stimulates customers to buy. " "Well!" Lukowsky slightly put on the table with the flat hand: "Leave you where you can reach tomorrow." - "Parkhotel," hurried Brünner to say, and wrote it with a fountain pen on the back of one Business card. He blushed the ink dry and pushed the card over the Table Lukowsky too. Alexander G. Brünner left the room, office and house. Lukowsky bowed again about his paper work. He created a kind of cash book and Then calculated fuel -saving courses.

Barely twenty minutes after Brünner's progress, Lukowsky became again interrupted by clattering the unlocked office door. He looked up. And suddenly his heart rhythm took a permanently faster gait to. In the cream -colored summer dress and a band of the same color in the reddish Shimmering brown hair came Vera Jörgens. Immediately she stepped on the Desk and asked: "What did he want?" - it seemed a good mood be. Her lips tended to smile. She went to the window, looked out quickly, circle the desk and asked again: "What did he want?!" Her Lukowsky looked at big dark eyes expectantly .- Lukowsky stayed in Sit his armchair: "Who?" - "Who?" said the young woman: "Well, Brünner!" She showed a few impatiently understanding hand movements: "Brünner, this poor weak head!" - Lukowsky said: "I should get her from Greetings. " - Vera Jörgens gave him a teasing-bad look. Hand took the edge of the desk. She tilted, let Lukowsky in one Look at an appealing cleavage and said: "That is lied!?" - Lukowsky took the time with the answer: "Of course this is a lie. What do you expect if you just breed in here? Brünner wanted one Order. Very easy." - Lukowsky came together, it was achieved to appear reasonably normal. Vera Jörgens switched to the other side and took a seat in the chair, the Brünner had recently occupied. She stylishly angled her legs To take a closer look at every healthy man just had to irritate. And yet was It was a completely different kind of fascination that Vera Jörgens came out. She Asked: "Did he do it?" - "He did it." replied Lukowsky while he rocked in the airchair. Vera Jörgens crouched on the outermost edge of the Stools as if she did not intend to stay for a long time: "May I find out what For an order is it? It would be possible to give you advice add. " "False delivered goods back to Stambul and the right one," replied Lukowsky quickly and right now: "May I now find out why You are so interested in it? " She smiled at him friendly: "Of course!" She rose from Stool, took a few steps in the room. She stopped in front of one of the aircraft pictures Inne and noticed casually: "It is best to like the Me 109 - in from Aesthetic point of view. "Lukowsky was amazed:" You know about that What?" She nodded: "O, yes! My father was in Düsseldorf after the war

Aero club. He knew aviation personalities such as Adolf Galland, Walter Dahl and Hajo Hermann or Hans-Ulrich Rudel. I am often there. Also Hartmann and Steinhoff came once. " Their eyes also grazed the rest Pictures and then focused on Lukowsky: "From the package Brünner said nothing? Didn't he mention it? " - "No!" Lukowsky again had to do half a turn with the armchair, since the woman was now in front of the desk: "So if I do something can do it for you, say it. Otherwise it has no purpose that we continue talking. " Vera Jörgens nodded slightly and pulled the loose band Fainter that your hair was covered with a ponytail that extends to the buttocks related. Lukowsky spontaneously said: "Her long hair is very nice." She looked him in the eye and simply said: "I am also proud of her and have Not to change anything, although this is very unmodern today. And I am pleased that I like you! - But at the moment I want them Don't stop, Mr. Lukowsky. But I don't want to miss you to warn. Don't trust Brünner! Especially because it is from the green package no word said. There is something behind it. I don't know exactly what But - take care! " Lukowsky said: "I'll think about that. - You see Beautiful, Dulcinea! " She smiled: "Thank you very much and look good!" She waved to him with a little finger game and sent herself to the office to leave. In the door frame she turned again: "By the way: me Live for the time being in the Breidenbacher Hof! " - her pink lips smiled once. The graceful waving was also repeated. Then she was like through Magic disappeared. - "See you again!" Lukowsky called her. His gaze stayed on the now empty door frame for a minute. Finally he reached back to the calculation disc, but then got up and stepped onto the window: Traffic flowed every day. Children argued at the taxi rank. One The driver got out of his car and tried to settle the dispute. There the children ran away. - Vera Jörgens walked across the street with dancing steps. The ends of your Long brown hair tail and the fabric of her cream -colored dress fluttered cars in the driving wind. Dulcinea was a beautiful woman, The bodyy fate for those who thought too much of them. It was probably that The most clever, not thinking about them. She took a taxi and let herself towards Drive the prince wall. Lukowsky leaned against the window. A familiar feeling

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his. Unlust, a consciousness of the pointlessness of any do. Only one He now felt that he was: to stand by the window, to look out without To respect details without thinking without knowing that he was standing there and Looked out of the window - to dream of Dulcinea. But that was exactly what not. He remembered the calculator in his hand and slowly stepped on the Desk back. He gave himself an inner push and drove work forward.

Around noon he left the house and ran a few meters across the street His car and drove to the airport. The warm late summer air that is through Open windows hit him. He felt more freely than in the office.

A dented DC-3 has just been refueled. There was one not far away Almost new DO 28. Two small machines bored in the background. A 'Piperle' and a Bölkow. Snatted a caterpillar tractor nearby The area for a new hangar.

Lukowsky opened the door of a little scales, went in and opened Two tiny windows. In the shed there were similar aircraft pictures as in Office, but attached frameless. 'He 219' stood under and 'Ju 88.' these photographs and the plastic model dangling under the ceiling 'Kawasaki hien' showed the facility poorly: two chairs that one one eliminated kitchen might come from, a suitable table that does not Easy in front of the back of the two windows. On it a typewriter - from pre -war production - and a rectangular plastic basket White paper. In addition to these objects there was a doorless closet, whose right half powder coffee, sugar, cups, a single spoon, one Hunting knife, a sheet metal pot and a immersion -like structure housed, while the other side was reserved for dusty files. On An empty petrol bin was the phone so as not to reduce the few place on the table area. Abbey were also on this bin, Lineal, core knife, eraser, a circle and a slide. A buzzing radio apparatus enthroned high on the closet behind it. Lukowsky dropped the post with him and grabbed the phone. While he was already holding the listener in his left hand, his rights fought Brünner's business card out of his breast pocket: "Mr. Alexander Brünner please 182 - thanks! - Mr. Brünner? - Yes, good day. I asked.

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Your flight is okay if we make it clear with the price ... - well, good. - Yes, everything is already initiated. - - no, I can't get away at the moment. A colleague will fly. - Yes, yes. You can be uncovered. - Is good. See you again! " Lukowsky put on the listener. He has always sat down on the apparently shaky chair and opened the letters made from the mailbox. One of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry, another from Deutsche Bank, the A loan prospect of a loan without being asked, an invoice for fuel and A second from the telegraph office. In addition, the small, light green was bound Journal of the Junge Pilot Community. Lukowsky read in it. An orangeroter Volkswagen hopped over the grass. Felix got out, waved and stepped into the Dandruff: "What's going on?! Gondola for the few boxes for Constantinople?" He Put your hands in the belt. "However," Lukowsky confirmed: "Can take the '28'. I would you I like to hang on your neck and fly yourself! " "No, boy! Then rather on the go!" Felix was on the second Stool down and rocked back and forth: "When do I have to go?" "I don't care," Lukowsky replied: "As soon as you feel like. The main thing is that they get their stuff until Wednesday. And: Pay attention to any strangeness on this tour! You can never know." - Felix nodded satisfied. He stretched the Hand after the small magazine that Lukowsky just hit: "Leave Take a look. " - Now Felix leafed in it. From the chair and took the sheet metal vessel from the right half of the open Cabinet: "I'm just getting coffee water."

Lukowsky brought lunch. Twice sausages with fries fries, In addition, an orange gumper. Felix saw him come and climbed out the plane whose rowing function he had checked. The two kitchen chairs were now in front of the dandruff. The weather was friendly, warm. They ate lunch, talked about irrelevant Topics and then went to the manday boxes stacked nearby To wear Dornier. The plane has been waiting for two hours.

"It's a clever mill, what?" Felix patted the white -painted metal of the left engine cladding. The paint was fresh, underneath it was still hidden former camouflage of the Air Force: "Who would have thought that we would have something like that Got your fingers - almost new! "

"One more reason for you, no break!" Lukowsky laughed and laughed Felix handed his hand: "So! Pass" also what you are for the return flight Hold! I don't really trust the Brünner and Compagnon brothers. "Felix winked at him." 'A bomb they won't do me exactly Put the butt. And if customs complains here, we shouldn't care! Besides that I already have some Orient experience. " -

The two engines started. The machine slowly rolled to the runway. The air screw pressure flooded Lukowsky's shirt like a balloon. Felix Waved from the glass pulpter. Lukowsky heard the gas lever of the DO 28 resistant. The engines thundered and whipped the high grass of the nearby Meadow. Felix loosened the brakes. The plane started faster and faster Roles, lifted off the ground early and climbed into the sky. Soon it got smaller hardly to be recognized anymore. Nevertheless, Lukowsky looked into the Direction in which it was gone. Then he turned back to the Schup Pen too, moaned misjudged and went to answer the post.

Lukowsky seemed tremendously the office at this hour - and monster empty. Now this emptiness became aware of it for no reason. But it was a feeling that Generally ruled in it, not specifically related to these rooms. The fate had already entered these rooms, on light feet and With a cream -colored band in the long reddish shimmering brown hair - And had gone again. Plump sun penetrated through the windows. It wasn't early. Ernst Lukowsky lay on his provisional bed, looked at the ceiling, looked out of the windows. No He determined concrete thought. At some point the sun in the sky Venue, the day would have passed and the night had come. And after her one day, one like this, would come again, one night, one like The coming - day again ... Dulcinea! He took a cigarette and closed his eyes again. He thought of Dulcinea - Or actually: the thought of them came all by themselves, spread, Great and beautiful, like her dark eyes.

The phone rang. Particularly shrill, Lukowsky imagined himself. He raised Without having, barefoot ran through the hallway into the study and took it Hörer: "Yes?! - Lukowsky! - What?" - A cold sound from the phone listener, factual male voice: "A machine of her society is probably before

About four hours crashed into the Alps. However, the time is not yet Completely sure. The pilot ... a moment please ... a Mr. Felix Schäuer, had Before the accident, radio traffic with a private pilot known to him. Due to the exact time of the accident, however, as I said, there is still still unclear. However, various wreckage parts were found ... “ - "Moment!" Lukowsky interrupted violently: “Where do you want exactly Knowing that Felix Schäuer is the accident! Did you find the pilot? ” "No," it came back from the listener: "Not yet. But the wreckage parts View the identification D-Leb. Parts of a Dornier do 28. That was one Machine of your society? ” - "Yes," Lukowsky confirmed: "What do you know in individual? ” - “The D -Leb should be from Istanbul via Bari - more Intermediate stations - have come. Either the aircraft operator is against Flew a mountain or - due to the first parts found more likely - the machine exploded in the air. ” - "Both are nonsense!" Lukowsky said hard: “The man is an excellent one Aviation. Even with thickest soup, it would not fly against a mountain! And the machine was in the very best. ” The sober voice said again from the phone: “I regret, but The plane has most likely exploded at almost three thousand meters. However, this can only be determined later. A survival The pilot, according to things, unfortunately must be considered very unlikely become. - Do you think sabotage is conceivable, Mr. Lukowsky? ” - Lukowsky considered. - Lukowsky replied, and his voice sounded dry: “I know not. Perhaps. I want to see if I can do it. - Do you need im Moment still information from me? - - yes well. You reach me here or at the airport. You have to have number. Give me yours - - Mr. Braun. Thanks. - Yes, of course. I will get in touch. Listen again. ” -

Lukowsky walked through the corridor to the balcony room. He searched for Brünner's business card until he remembered her calmly in the barrack at the airport have. He pushed out a quiet curse, fleeting the woolen ceiling on the Couch and went to the bathroom.

He parked the Mustang right next to the entrance to the parking hotel between a Porsche and a Cadillac and ran the wide steps up to the portal.

A livraged greeted dignity in front of the glass door. Lukowsky didn't pay attention on it. It measured the pompous hall and asked at the reception: "Where can be found I Mr. Alexander Brünner? " A fashionably prepared girl asked back: "Shall this gentleman one Have rooms with us? " - Lukowsky replied: "No, a tent! " - The girl was a relocated smile. Immediately came a large, overlanker Man and asked, "Mr. Brünner wish you my Lord?" Lukowsky said: "That's how it is." - "For a moment," the over-slim asked, quickly flüserte with his colleague and then noticed courteous: "That does me sorrow. Mr. Brünner is currently not there. But you can expect it in one half an hour back. Maybe you want to wait? Or should something be made? " - "No thanks," Lukowsky replied: "I'll wait." He went to the next table in the hall and let himself be in a deep armchair low. He pulled up the ashtray, took a cigarette and moved the Completion to see the indoor entrance. - a round Lady hurried out in the duck step. Two white poodles followed her on gold-flickering linen. - A hotel server carried light suitcases over the threshold. A group of four men strolled quietly through the hall. - A pretty Indian in the national costume of her country spoke to the reception leader. - A boy stepped at Lukowsky's table: "Forgiveness, sir. Guest leaves questions if they may be an old friend of his - Lord Lukowsky? - The guest who questions is Mr. Friedrich Busch from Berlin. " Lukowsky Log: "Mr. Busch is not wrong." The boy indicated a bow And scurried away. Lukowsky remembered the name Busch. Beekn mentioned him: bush and fishermen. - At the entrance there was a young couple followed by Seven Japanese and two locals. - "Hello Mr. Lu-Kow-Sky!" spoke a stained voice in his back. A tall, not thick, but impressive man advanced age was benevolently smiling behind the armchair. The two-row Suit of the older gentleman - dark brown with pinstripes - looked a little old-fashioned, albeit of the best quality. The man was dressed extremely carefully. His bright eyes seemed clear, lively, almost youthful despite the Age. - "I can sit down with you?" asked the added in a friendly, almost familiar tone: "My name is Busch!" He spoke His name with a striking emphasis as if he said: Julius Caesar. "And so you are Mr. Lukowsky! Very good! I'm happy to meet you.

Really - I'm happy! " Busch sat comfortably in the armchair next to Lukowsky. Correctly, a leather cigar case dui pulled out of the brown jacket's side pocket. And made a gesture to offer the content. He changed this requesting Gesture turned into an apologetic man when he noticed the cigarette in Lukowsky's hand and repeated: "I am sincerely happy to meet them, mine Dear!" The smile on his face became even more friendly, while he carefully prepared a cigar for enjoyment and finally infected it. Expect Mr. Brünner? " - Lukowsky looked out of the big windows. Crossed there and luxurious cars. Busch noticed Jovial: "He won't come, the values Brünner! Your waiting for him should be a fruitless end take." Lukowsky looked at the man in the other armchair: "So?" "However, that's the case," said Busch: "Believe me confidently!" Lukowsky responded to the conversation: "I was said - if I understood it correctly - it was one of Brünner's habits to this time of day to appear. " - "Certainly, certainly," confirmed Busch. He leaned over to To strip ashes from the hardly burned cigar. After this thoroughly It had happened, he leaned back into his armchair and looked at the still irregular fire of his cigar. He made a humorously weighing head movement that apparently referred to the cigar, and Finally spoke to Lukowsky: "It applies to what they were told. Early lunch belonged to Brünner's habits. " - Slowly wounding. Has changed its habits - very fundamentally changed, I would like to say!" Busch's gaze scored Lukowsky's face: "He will never be come. Even tomorrow his appearance would be extremely unlikely - the day after tomorrow! Despite it! Your visit to these hospitable halls does not need To have been completely in vain ... I am rightly taught: You at the time led a little transport on behalf of my old friend Alfred Beekn through? I've known Beekn since the war, you know, we know us really well. Unfortunately he recently came through an assassination in Cologne around life. You may have read about it in the newspaper? Regrettable, Highly unfortunate! " Lukowsky expressed his cigarette: "They seem to be quite well taught in terms of certain matters, Mr. Busch." Busch moved his body a few more comfortable in the low armchair

Rightly: "I think so you could say without exaggeration." Lukowsky researched: "What was in the boxes from Stambul?" - "In the boxes? If it was boxes, you have to know! Has the customs not checked? Nice Kinkerlitzchen were in there, as far as I know. Beekn Now acted with such things - pretty to look at but otherwise worthless. " Busch temporarily deposited his cigar on the ash Miene did not reveal any more interest in the topic. Lukowsky asked: "And on the return flight?" Busch's face took a conscious uncomprehending Expression on: "Return flight?" - "Yes, return flight!" Lukowsky urged: "She Will know what all of this is about. Beekn at least claimed that they were in the picture. He gave me her name in the event that I can't reach him. " Busch assured cozy assured: "That honors me, but with my level of information it is not that far. Clarify? " The exaggerated friendliness of the older man disturbed Lukowsky. Bring manday boxes back because there is a confusion, and for that Create correct. Usually they would probably already be right here. " - "Normally?" Busch was amazed. "Our plane Exploded over the Alps, "explained Lukowsky:" Sabotage. " Busch bleached noticeably. His voice sounded hoarse as if suddenly he had A strong cold hit: "You mean - by loading - with the Right - did the plane crash? Breaked in the air? " He apparently took Discussed his cigar from the edge of the ashtray and suction of it. But the embers had already crawled behind the ashes and suffocated. Only after a ample minute Busch spoke again. His organ still sounded Always occupied: "Yes ..., then - if the goods were on the plane ..., the right ..., Then it could be impossible to sabotage. - - Nobody would have benefited from such an act. Also valtine not and Thanner and Co. least. " Lukowsky researched: "Who is Valtine? I am interested! And who Thanner?" But Busch waved resigned: "Unimportant. Everything became unimportant - now. No sabotage. So do not like revenge or punishment. There is Nothing - nothing! " - Within a few moments, the man had become a tired elderly to the Lukowsky's left. seemed to be so characteristic for him was gone. Lukowsky said: "I assume that they only mourn the lost goods.

Therefore, it is not concealed: the machine was not controlled remotely. Also A pilot was in it! " Busch turned his head up: "Only the goods? Only?!" He Reduced the tone and continued bitterly: "You don't know what you are talking about! - - Only the goods! - Personally, a life content was lost. In addition, however, the foundations for the most important technical miracle, that ever created human brain! Something that could move the world! Something that has been brought for indescribable victims ... they can do that Do not understand, because you cannot measure it! - And I should stop talking now. " He turned back and added a hard, reproachful 'Oh!'. Lukowsky insisted: "In any case, sabotage is clearly available. And they will be tell me why! " Busch shook his head neglected: "No sabotage." - Lukowsky became violent: "Don't talk! - an almost new machine, at least everyone Nailing parts of the standard, flown by an experienced man, suddenly bursts in the air. Just like that: puff - on its own! And they say stubbornly: none Sabotage. - that's ... it's smooth nonsense! " He did not pay attention to how the surrounding conversation with Listen, questioner Guarding looks and changing half words. In undiminished volume He said: "Something clear wasn't there yet! In the Charge on the return flight ticked a bomb! That's what it looks like! Tell me But not the opposite! Do you think I'm completely stupid?! " These words brought life back to the old man. He raised his head. Be BLICK - still by a non -physical tiredness - won in sharpness. Busch straightened up a straight line in the armchair and laid both Hands flat on the table top. His organ now sounded quiet, but hard and Various: "If you were right, that would mean ... we want us Forn! We should believe that everything is lost and over, we should give up! So are things! Yes indeed! That could be. " Busch had the last sentences Quiet, more about yourself than Lukowsky. Youthful zest for action Flashed again in the eyes of the old: "I have to thank you, dear Lukowsky! They helped me extremely. " Lukowsky also leaned forward. Reduced the voice: "Well. But now I want to know what's going on! Not Finally I am interested in the name Valtine. " Busch's Misenpiel expressed fraudulent friendliness: "What should I tell you? - You could have with

Nothing know that! " It made 'gossip!' When Lukowsky's left hand cut hand on the table top: "I am a different view! So please!" Busch's smile took on a forgiving train: "You really wouldn't do anything Win it, young friend. Believe that! But I want one one Like to know: Valtine is one of my oldest adversaries. That's enough back to the war. I was at the SD back then, and Valtine Worked for Allied secret services. Probably not always entirely loyal, which is why he occasionally had to tear out of his own people. Mark Valtine only thought of his private bag throughout his life. He is born in the American, too If you no longer notice that, he has been living in for so long Germany and probably also has German ancestors. Later we met in one another thing together again. We became opponents again. This time around more or less personal goals. And Mark Valtine is a dangerous opponent! That's the way it is. If your plane was sabotaged, Valtine would be one the most likely cause. I don't know where he is now, but if he has his stinking fingers in the game, he will soon be all over the Run away. " Lukowsky asked calmly but emphatically formulating: "And where is Brünner? I noticed that they spoke of him in the past. " Busch smiled: "You really noticed that. I don't know exactly, I'm But reasonably certain that the good Brünner recently left this current world. There are signs that speak for it. " With an uncle Gestäte Bat Busch: "But now stop! What questions do you ask me, mine Better what questions! " - Lukowsky was a new cigarette: "And I only started!" Busch fended off with both hands: "But no. None of this would have one Meaning for you! Wait what I have to tell you. " "Well," Lukowsky nodded: "I'm waiting and hearing!" "Beautiful, beautiful," Busch started: "Well - you can control an airplane. We, My friend Peter Fischer and I will soon need someone who can. Is at least most likely. About the end of the month? " Lukowsky Patience lost: "Do I have to be really rough?" Again was a soothing hand movement of the old man: "Let's leave unpleasant now. You see: Brünner probably left this earth. Maybe he was only thrown out of the hotel.

I don't know exactly, it is not important either. But we may be work a little together. That means: you could make a flight for us properly paid. And the rest would be without interest. I am also not sure whether there are not a few uninvited Lauscher in this place could. Our topic is not football. " Lukowsky saw the clock: "We're talking Here long enough around the hot porridge. " Busch reacted only with one Too conciliatory: "I ask you ...!" Lukowsky got up from the armchair and stuck his one on the table Cigarette box: "I call them here tonight. Then we arrange a quiet meeting point where you can tell me everything undisturbed and you Tell me everything I want to know! And should you no longer be here - I find her! "He nodded Busch slightly. Busch started another sentence, but Lukowsky no longer paid attention to it. He also did not turn around as a bush Also got out of his armchair and one more: "Goodbye!" followed. Lukowsky left the hotel on the straightthest path.

In the afternoon, Bernd Meißner appeared in the office. Traditionally, he threw His jacket to the next unsuitable area and called: "Day Lukowsky! - How are you?" He waved Lukowsky, who waved less stormy. quickly to the girl: "Go, honey, bore yourself for half an hour in the Pint. I'll pick you up again. " The girl trolled. Now Lukowsky answered the fleeting question 'How is it possible': "It is very bad for me! - You too!" Meißner thought the sentence was a joke: "Why? I feel dazzling!" He started from a bag brought with him Unpack fried chicken, as well as two cardboard bowls full of potato salad and four cans of beer. He put everything on the desk and asked: "Well? What's up?" - "Felix is most likely dead," said Lukowsky calmly. Meißner took two steps to him: "What?" - "The new DO is lubricated - Most likely sabotage. I don't know exactly yet. I get But soon 'out. " - "And Felix?" asked Meißner with a face more honest Vibration. Instead of an answer, Lukowsky only briefly raised his shoulders And sat on the wide windowsill. Meißner settled next to him And stared at the parquet floor. After a while he asked: "When experienced when we s?" - "What?" - "Because of Felix?" - Lukowsky twitched her shoulders again: "Should be a miracle if he had survived."

A longer break occurred. Finally, Bernd Meißner began: "I get that Still not! " He tilted himself and laid his hands on his knees: "Man Shouldn't think about it now, but ... the machine is also gone. " Lukowsky completed: "And the insurance will let us hang for so long Until the air runs out. " Meißner nodded silently. "Tell me: The bank the other day offered us a loan ..." Lukowsky laughed dry: "How the gentlemen will behave now is in the stars. With banks it is like with a umbrella rental; If the Sun shines, they push you up, and when it starts to rain, Do you want to get it back very quickly. " He waved: "Make yourself over Banks no illusions! Nevertheless, we'll talk to you because of my sake. " Bernd Meißner straightened up. He looked over his shoulder out of the window and On the street: "I don't think I can do something - I mean from home out of. I don't think so. - Does that mean we're done soon? " Lukowsky also looked out the window. The after -work traffic had used. Cars crawl along the four -lane road in dense chains. At the Tram stop was waiting for a small crowd. From the entrance of the large office house at an angle compared to quolves, many colorful points, loosened in small groups, then to individual blobs that come closer Heads, arms and legs grew.

"I don't know," replied Lukowsky when asked by the younger man: "We still have the Dakota by the end of the year. Maybe there is quickly decent order. " He pushed Meißner slightly with his fist into the side: "For The white flag is still too early! "

It was twenty minutes after six when the doorbell snapped. First thought Lukowsky, Bernd Meißner must be the other way around. Then he said it could Also give a message from the scene of the accident and finally thought about, Busch also could have come unexpectedly. Lukowsky opened the door. An approximately forty -year - old man in a black leather jacket stood in front of it: "Day! Are you gentleman Lukowsky? " He nodded. "I am there with the taxi," said the man in a leather jacket: He presented a envelope: "Dat Miss has Jesacht, she orders a greeting. The tour is .paid." Lukowsky took the envelope. 'Mr. Lukowsky', stood in large, steep script With small flourishes on the verse on it. The sender was missing. Only the Name 'Dulcinea' was painted on the back. - Lukowsky thanked and gave The man still ten marks.

He stepped on the window, hesitated a moment and then opened the letter. On There were only two lines of a large sheet of paper: 'Dear Don Quijote, I it cannot reach. Please call: Hotel Kaiserhof, Essen. Your dulcinea. ' As P.S. A phone number. Lukowsky put the sheet in the envelope Back and both in his wallet. He looked at the evening Remedy sun. His thoughts hurried again to Felix, that of that aircraft had flown that he should have flyed originally - and Dulcinea had warned this order! Lukowsky sat behind the desk and Langed after the phone. But he was rang by ringing and pounding on the door stopped by phone. He put in the envelope that his hand had mechanically pulled out again, went to the door and operated the Pawl.

Two men made institutions to enter uninvited. However, they remained Since Lukowsky didn't release the way. Their expressions indicated emphasized importance to. The greeting: "Good evening!," Which both gave almost at the same time, had an aggressive undertone. One of the men, a rounded, co -felled, red blonde with tired, overwhelmed eyes, a middle -aged man, asked: "Are you Ernst Lukowsky?" The man spoke as he apparently said Blade research, threatening and intimidating at the same time. Since Lukowsky on the The aggressive voice sounded: "You are a first question, you are Lukowsky?! " - The red -blond man reached into a pocket, his younger companion, who had apparently learned that this effective hand and arm movement to imitate his boss surprisingly precisely, followed the example, and both transported their brands in almost synchronous movement sequence Lukowsky's face. The rounded grumpy said: "Criminal police, Lord Lukowsky! We would have to judge a number of questions. " Since Lukowsky showed no tendency to open the door further and the two in The older official tried to let in the stairwell waiting for men: "My name is Cornelius, main commissioner - like Corneliusstraße, Hähä - and that is My colleague Fugg. " Only now greeted Lukowsky: "Good evening," and left the two men enter: "I assume that you will bring me message from my accident Comrades. - Sit down!" The officials nodded at the same time and were also on the bright, Plastic - related bank in the Diele. Lukowsky stayed at the end

Table leaning. Cornelius began: "Yes. - That means no. The pilot of the accident aircraft, not yet found. But ... "Cornelius pulled a filter cigarette out of the coat pocket, broke off the filter, let it in the In addition to the bench -standing style bag cups, the cigarette turned. He gave her between his lips and let himself be fired from his subordinated fire are sufficient. After the cigarette burned, he casually asked: "Do you allow? Well, but we would like to know from you who granted. " - "A representative of the Manday company, or Rolland & Löw, "Lukowsky replied:" He had the corresponding letter from both companies. I saw no reason to question their authenticity. " Cornelius made. "Hm! Can you tell us the name of the person in question?" - "Sure," said Lukowsky: "Brünner was called the guy. Do you want to have your business card? " Cornelius nodded interest: "If she have one. " Lukowsky rummaged in his pockets and finally found Brünners Elongated card. With a stretched arm, he handed it over to the criminal officer. "Thank you," said the one, examined the business card and asked in the meantime: "Do you mean that this Brünner blame for the accident can?" Lukowsky replied: "How do you get the idea?" Cornelius looked from the map on Lukowsky: "Because they call him 'guy' - among other things." Lukowsky leaned the table and leaned his hands on the thighs: "Stay with 'Among other things'. 'Kerl' I call everyone who is not my brother. neither. He certainly did not put the bright frog in the gear - If you want to go out. In any case, I can't imagine. " Since the older civil servant seemed to think about it, the younger said: "But it Is not yet out whether it is really a case of sabotage. " "Think yourself!" Lukowsky asked: "An almost new one Machine crashes so nothing to me. Funny, not?! " "Oh, you know," the older one began again: "We are not so precise taught. Is not our department either. In any case, they are convinced that there is Sabotage before? Hm! And make this Brünner responsible - Or maybe. We just think you have reason enough to do this Not to like Brünner. Let's say. Can you say that? "

He fingered a tobacco fiber from his tongue, looking at his cigarette and Spoke into the rising smoke: "By the way, Brünner is dead." Cornelius had thrown these words into the room as casually. Now he saw Lukowsky. Lukowsky tried to make an amazing facial expression: "So?" "Hm -Mh," Cornelius confirmed: "He was found in the Grafenberg Forest - found stabbed." "Destinuely?" Lukowsky wondered. "Quite right," nodded Cornelius, now again the shorter cigarette in Keep an eye: "Did you think you should have hanged it up or shoot it?" In the word 'shooting' he looked at Lukowsky. Since there was no reaction, He added: "I have the impression that the kind of Brünner's death amazes it More than his fact at all?" Lukowsky friendly replied: "It is always strange, from sudden death to hear a person who was recently seen still. Particularly when he was stabbed. This is not exactly a common one in Germany Death. " "They always said ', " apparently carefully researched Cornelius: " something more often? - I mean apart from the type of death. " "It happened," said Lukowsky Knapp. I was a soldier. The Officials made again: "Hm!" And then said: "You are also right. Brünner was not stabbed. He was shot! " Cornelius easily pinched that Left eye and tried a smile: "Did you probably know long ago?" Lukowsky hesitated for a moment before he laughed in an unabashedly: "You want me As a murderer, gentlemen! I find that original! Whoever comes first grinds First, what?! Search another one! " Cornelius rumbled something incomprehensible while Fugg called: "You misjudge your situation, Mr. Lukowsky! " The older one waved: "This morning they asked in the Parkhotel to Brünner. Is that correct?" - "True!" Lukowsky replied calmly again. "What did you want from him?" - "Talk to him." - "About what?" - "About the Airplane and the crash and its clients. " Cornelius streamlined back and forth in the plastic bench: "Should you speculate that we see this demand as proof of her innocence at a time when Brünner was already mouse dead, so we can be assured that we even know plumper tricks!" He grazed his coat

smooth and sat again: "Instead, your conversation offers with a certain one Mr. Busch, the real reason for your visit in the Parkhotel may have been, some indications. " He repeated with lowered Voice: "Some! You were with the Bundeswehr. Major of the air weapon? At that time you may have something of a certain project 'Fritz- Heard Ullrich '? F.U., how to favors nonsense or flying saucer? Possibly Do you also know a certain Peter Fischer, formerly Mad and today bosom Friend of the conscious Lord, whom they met in the park hotel? Or maybe be Did a young lady agree to you recently, beautiful and long -plated? Loud People who knew the conscious Mr. Brünner more or less and over predominantly not liked - like her? " Lukowsky felt anger ascending: "Now it's enough. I have to work. Get out with you! Come again when the body told you have been, but not before! " He had stepped closely in front of the officials who had raised from their seat. Cornelius tried to appease: "Be Farance reason, Lukowsky! After all, we know enough to not to let them throw out! " In the last five words he had struck an impending tone. Lukowsky went carelessly to the two Officials over and tore up the door: "Then they prove it - it is To speak civil servant. - and now out! " Cornelius looked him in the eye and said: "I'm not her enemy. But maybe we have common Enemies, they don't know yet? - Adios! " Lukowsky was a cigarette: "If I have enemies, I will ready with them. Adios! " Cornelius and Fugg trolled. Lukowsky threw the door behind them.

Lukowsky went to the phone. He pulled Dulcinea's message out of his pocket and called the Hotel Kaiserhof in Essen. Miss Vera Jörgens was not in the house. However, she had left the news of being available later in the evening. Lukowsky put on. A little disappointment was in the movement of his hand, But also an unusual nervousness. With the beautiful young lady, Which Cornelius described as long -plated could probably be vera alone Jörgens be meant. What danger could she be in? Lukowsky thought about a moment, called the information, let the number call the parking hotel and called there: "Give me Mr. Busch! - Yes, Mr. Busch from Berlin, yes - -. " Passed for several minutes until Mr. Busch

reported: "At dinner you interrupt me, young friend!" - "Eat You later, "Lukowsky advised: " Especially somewhere else. It is best to look for yourself, you are looking for yourself Quickly a new quarters, where bush on the registration slip stands! - - I can't tell on the phone. The police are currently with me Door out and probably on the way to you. - Where? - - yes, good. half Hour!" Lukowsky had the listener crack on the fork. He looked at the clock, went into Balcony room and got his jacket.

5

Lukowsky's Wine Roter Ford Mustang held the 'Roselani' nightclub. The restaurant was still closed. A taxi parked in front of it. Busch was sitting in it and waited. Lukowsky went towards it and opened the blow. He greeted fleetingly And said: "Come to my car." Busch paid the taxi driver while he apologized to Lukowsky: "I should have remembered that such restaurants only at nine o'clock with that Start operations. Too stupid of me! " Lukowsky admitted: "I could have thought of it too." They crossed the Street and climbed into the Mustang. "Where do you want to go with me?" The older man in the passenger seat asked himself politely, and Lukowsky replied: "In my office we would have rest - but who knows how long. So somewhere in the old town best." Busch just nodded before he asked: "And" And Why the hurry? You will understand that I have to assume a special occasion. " Lukowsky steered over the Berliner Allee: "There is a special occasion. I am already mentioned on the phone: the police were with me. " "So! - yes ..." Busch remembered and asked in a cozy chat: "What did you want from them?" - "I was told that I murdered Brünner," replied Lukowsky. bush Asked without any circumstances: "Do you have?" He laughed briefly and artificially: "A joke, My dear! Pardon! Of course only a joke! " Lukowsky turned the look: "I could imagine a more original one!" They crossed the Königsallee and drove past the park hotel into the old town. They stopped and got out at the first free parking lot. It went through The colorful streets and alleys, they mingled with the people who

Daily after work began to enjoy yourself with friends met, dance, listen to loud music or even to eat, To do what the majority of people understood by their lives. It was Not very much, nothing that Ernst Lukowsky could envy it. Through Open entrance doors quill more or less loud music, often wild Rhythms without solid form. Lukowsky once again thought out of the caves The Neanderthal couldn't have drilled it out much differently. Locally lined up here at the restaurant, bar at bar, discotheque at the discotheque and pub on the pub, In between any kind of food restaurants as well as shops and shops that are at Daylight of all possible and impossible tandbat. "Here?" Asked Busch and referred to an Italian restaurant inconspicuously with a vaulted hand. Lukowsky agreed. They entered the restaurant. Candles burned on the tables. With ancient Motifs edited copper plates served as wall decoration. The facility Was kept dark. - Busch asked again: "Here?" when they reached one of the back unoccupied tables. Lukowsky was right. They sat down. The restaurant was already well attended at this evening, although not overcrowded. Quiet music sounded unobtrusively from somewhere, Italian folk tunes. The baccarole of the Julietta was just sounded from 'Hoffmann's stories' In their Venetian original version. Lukowsky involuntarily had to go to Dulcinea think. As if that has a very special meaning that he has not yet knew and still suspected. Treeches flutter from different tables On the chosen by Busch and Lukowsky, masoned into a dull murmur, a laugh from time to time stand out or a subdued call. - A waiter came and pointed out on two leather -bound menus. One ordered to eat, also ordered wine, which earlier than the Courts were brought. Lukowsky pulled an ashtray to his half of the table and took a cigarette. As he lit her, he looked at his companion encouragingly: "Tell me!" Busch ordered a humorous, displaced smile in his expressions of the expression: "What, for Example, would you like to hear? " Lukowsky counted: "Everything about Brünner, everything about his fellow campaigners, about the Mr. Valtine and the boxes, about a certain fisherman - all what All in all! "Busch did Perplex:" What belongs to? " "To the Kladderadatsch in which I got Beekn through her boyfriend. So so Go! Let hear! "

"But I thought," Busch showed a hand movement, the total surprise Should express: "I thought they would tell me!" Lukowsky showed with an outstretched hand on the other breast: "They will be Now give me clarity! I have a good reason to insist! " Busch lifted a hand defensive and the other emphasized: "But really! You indicated that I wanted to tell me something - not the other way around! " The music became little louder. Because of the increasing twilight You switched on weak, electrical additional lighting. Lukowsky typed With a stretched finger against the dark table top: "Leave it Stupid Rederei, Mr. Busch! So: I hear! " After a decent gesture that was not very good at the man, Busch finally began: "Well, dear friend, you would be very disappointed with the ... of all of this ... where should I start there at all?" Lukowsky blows a cigarette smoke: "I am warmly indifferent. In the middle because of my sake. The main thing is that everything comes together in the end." Busch clapped her hands weakly. His facial expression again took an unclectic expression: "What should I do with you! You! You Give me up really puzzles! " Lukowsky did not react. Busch hesitated. Finally he started in an undecided tone: "Yes ... Well, you know ..." He sat down a little more comfortably: "Let me start like this - that will probably be the most sensible - let me put it like this: There are things that do not value own. Either because they are not good or because nobody is worth the value can estimate. " He leaned: "Do you understand me?" Lukowsky said: "So about. But please continue less cryptically." "Well!" Busch leaned back: "Something from the latter category, Something very specific is particularly important to me. Well I had justified reason to assume that that determined - we will remain for the time being in this name - had been transported by you and your plane; or some things that could have been an essential part of this - Maybe the decisive key to the whole. Hence our stimulated conversation in the Parkhotel. But all of this turned out to be a mistake! " He apparently nodded himself. Lukowsky waited until Busch in him Eyes saw and then deliberately asked and expressed: "Who tells them that they Narrow? " He distracted: "But basically I don't care. Just want to know who is responsible for the plane crash. And if you

I don't want to tell me, I have to ask others. " Busch put his head wrong. His eyes flash attentively: "For example, venerated friend?" Lukowsky answered lucky: "Maybe Mr. Valtine." A quarter of minute passed in silence. Busch drank from his wine. Obviously he made a decision. "Well! His voice won another, a more certain one, sounded." Good, I'm considering hiring them! That said I already. You would get a decent fee, possibly profit sharing. " Lukowsky slowly shook his head. Bleed out the smoke. His gaze became tough: "I just want to know who mine Comrades missed the bomb. Whoever it was, he won't get old anymore become." Busch did not lose his peace: "We don't behave childish, Mr. Lukowsky! Since I heard about the plane crash, I assumed, My opponent - one of my opponents - now has our target object. Perhaps Indeed, it has one of them. I don't know at the moment - unfortunately not! " He lowered his voice, his eyes narrowed: "If you have it or know something about the whereabouts ... "He did not speak, but expected an answer. Lukowsky's eyes do not gave way to the older man's gaze out of. Seconds passed under sudden tension. Busch's organ was Even more urgently: "I offer you the opportunity to participate in my project because a man with plane and good nerves will be very useful to us can. Such an opportunity does not repeat itself, Mr. Lukowsky! " He raised the Right hand: "And if I can definitely tell you something, this: My opponents are also theirs if they are looking for the guilty of the plane crash! " He let his hand sink to the edge of the table: "You could alone Don't do anything about it anyway. Even if the piece now in yours Ownership would not be! But I don't assume that, they are too straightforward Michel. " The food was brought. Lukowsky wished: "Bon appetite!" bush also thanked and offered a good meal. However, he did not seem particularly well to feel. Lukowsky put the ashtray at the side: "By the way: I don't have her 'target object' and I can't tell you who has it." Busch closed her eyes. For a moment it seemed as if he wanted to fall asleep. But then his full vitality returned jerkily: "But you could It gets! " He restricted: "Maybe! Maybe you can essentially

contribute to procurement. Let's put it that way. " His whole body moved in Piece before: "The current situation does not allow hesitation, Mr. Lukowsky! This Racing has lasted too long, half a human lives. I finally want to win it! And should you be useful to me ..., "he leaned Upper body back. His right pointed out on Lukowsky: "Then I will They honestly tension them in front of my car. Not to your disadvantage! I think something of loyalty! " - a break was created. of his pizza. Busch's face looked serious and energetic. His words came Slowly and emphasizes clearly without being loud: "I know from yours Shooting iron that you drag around and use it in a wild west. " He shook his head: "But I don't tend to anxiety. It's about too much!" Lukowsky said: "A good shot at the right time, creates peace and quiet and Comfort. " He looked at bush, looked at him so that he was a threat could interpret but didn't have to. Busch laughed artificially and then emphasized: "I don't ask anything from them, which does not fetch to their advantage." His right middle finger showed the movement of a clock pendulum: "Very crucial to your advantage, very much!" Lukowsky watched the commuting finger: "Don't want to tell me What is the hunting actually about? " "I don't want to - do not forgive -" Busch replied in a friendly manner, Now again in his own cozy way: "You have to forgive. They also thought I was an unavailable liar. But if Success should be approved, they will soon become a millionaire. " Lukowsky waved without unfriendliness: "Where it is about millions, Mr. Busch, I am skeptical, I've already got that behind me. " And added: "To correct your opinion about me on this occasion: crooked Basically, I don't do things - not even if you bring millions. - You probably think that is stupid! " "But, but!" The old gentleman soothed: "You will not vie a chance that - if at all - offers only once in life! For people like you and me, who are bored on normal life paths, this project means that a big challenge! Of course, they distrust me!" Lukowsky confirmed: "Of course! What do you expect?" Busch put a index finger on the chin: "Let us discuss everything in peace, not now. I have a partner with whom I have to talk first. His and my interests are when it comes to the way, the same, ours

However, goals are different. Each of us wants something else that the other Not Will - an ideal constellation, don't you find it? "Busch showed a Complex smile: "Let's meet ... let's say: next week. There I probably also have additional information - and you will learn Peter Know fishermen. Come to Gerresheim. " He grabbed a beer lid: "Here, I record the meeting point for you ..."

Lukowsky drove Busch to Parkhotel without asking beforehand whether that it wishes. But Mr. Busch no longer lived there. He thanked him Nevertheless: "Just leave it, I can still get out here and take a taxi." - "If you tell me where, I bring you," Lukowsky offered himself: "But decide, I don't have endlessly." Busch put two fingers to the chin and considered: "I stayed with acquaintances. want to accompany me on a jump, still drink a little something? " "No thanks," said Lukowsky: "Not now." Busch jerked in the seat in order to be able to watch his next man better. The light of street lamps, illuminated clams, illuminated shop windows and Temporary cars mixed inside the car. Busch spread the Arms out, insofar as the space in a Ford Mustang allowed this: "As you think." Lukowsky asked: "Where's it?" Busch stopped: "What? - Oh So, yes: in Oberkassel. " At a large, brightly lit villa in the Oberkassel district of Düsseldorf Lukowsky said goodbye to Mr. Busch for this day.

Lukowsky climbed the light in the office and threw the door too. He went through the Large, almost empty rooms, took off the jacket and looked at the clock: still relatively early. He thought of the news of Vera Jörgens, looking for the note and called. She wasn't in the hotel. Lukowsky took it later to try again. He switched on Meißner's portable TV. A School championship preaching guy with thin glasses explained under Use of numerous unnecessary foreign words his personal opinion on only and solely blessed. Lukowsky turned another program that didn't offer much better and switched off. He got out of the The next room an unread newspaper, dropped onto the desk

and sat down in the artificial leather -related armchair. He leaf through the newspaper. In An article was reported by what is happening in the hotel 'Montial'. Mr. Alfred Beekn had caught it and a police -known underworlder. Another criminal was seriously wounded, but said nothing usable. The police are investigating ... Two roughly scanned photos included. That's it. Lukowsky didn't think much about that event anymore. He just had himself defended, himself and bekn, and his weapon was legally acquired. ARGE difficulties would not be able to grow up. But there would be anger and circumstances it certainly if you should get out of it, and that didn't have to be be. Lukowsky threw the printed product into the trash, which was overcrowded with it, and lit a cigarette. Then he reached to the phone and chose the number that Vera Jörgens had written down. The telephony of the hotel reception continued. Vera Jörgens said with her beautiful melodic voice: "You have - Good evening! - Did you forget my message? "Lukowsky supported one The elbow on the table top. Even telephoning with this woman meant tension, palpitations, Ernst Lukowsky was in love like an eighteen -year -old. He replied: "I had already called. You weren't there." "That's right," she said: "I have been to the city again. But now I am I here. I wanted to ask - you were in the park hotel? I didn't live far And when I walked a little along the Heinrich-Heine-Allee, saw I you. " - "I was there," confirmed Lukowsky: "Why are you asking?" - "To Telling would go too far on the phone, "the woman replied, and after one Tiny thought break: "Don't you want to visit me? Hotel Kaiserhof in Essen. It's not far. We could then speak properly. " Lukowsky said: "I'll come, I'll go straight away." - He felt relieved when he put on the phone listener and after his jacket handle; And a feeling of romantic expectation spread in him, so that he had to be amazed at himself. It was something very special, Dulcinea to meet!

He turned the car radio. A sloping male voice sang Street of the night. Lukowsky steered on the highway and accelerated. The car was quick. The tachometer needle climbed higher and higher as desired. Colorful

Lights showered on both sides. A rough now sang from the radio Voice: 'When a man Loves a Woman ...' What that meant was needed to sing Ernst Lukowsky right now, he knew that way. He turned the radio out of.

The approaching city soon appeared like a single big bright complex. Only gradually were individual buildings peeled out. Lukowsky drove in The center, passed past the train station and to the Hotel Kaiserhof. Sparkling clean Cleaned cars stood in front of the portal, on the paint of which reflected the Luminous letters of the hotel name above the entrance.

Lukowsky step over soft carpet. Latin American music sounded out of non - recognizable speakers. Miss Vera Jörgens was waiting at a window table of the hotel restaurant. This time she was wearing a dress in old pink. It emerged from the ivory - colored curtain in front of which she was sitting. Jewelry glittered on her slim neck, on the large, pointed and deeply running Collar, on the right wrist and on a horny clip in brown hair, that had tied them together loosely in front of the left shoulder. Your mouth smiled and their big gray -blue eyes beamed between the curved Eyelashes - Dulcinea! It was incredibly beautiful! Lukowsky stepped on her Table. "Good evening!" Wish Vera Jörgens and handed her hand: "You have to have flown! - Which would also be according to your job! " Lukowsky replied the greeting and added: "The route was pretty free." He Set: "You are beautiful, Dulcinea!" Miss Jörgens knew very well herself, she smiled: "That is nice that she That's what Don Quijote! " A polite upper. Lukowsky wanted to order coffee, but Vera Jörgens Improved: "No! Please bring us a bottle of champagne!" The waiter removed. Lukowsky said: "I don't know if they have something to celebrate. At least I'm Not, I just lost a friend. " Vera Jörgens indicated a gesture gesture with her beautiful narrow hands, long lace fingernails flashed without colored nail polish. "The I'm sorry, "said the woman:" I couldn't guess that. - You know from I don't hold religion. But maybe there is an afterlife - I know not. My way is to wish the dead all the best. Just like humans,

that go on adventure in a distant country. I look at death on mine own way. Maybe he's nothing. Then he doesn't hurt. Or Is there a great adventure behind death - 'over there' in another world? " She smiled: "I'm a bit crazy. Forgive me! But this one The topic has already been very busy. " Lukowsky was amazed at this miraculous woman in silence. He said: "Years ago I tried to find similar thoughts. But I didn't get any further. " Vera Jörgens let her look wander. She seemed far for a few seconds to be away. Then she looked at Lukowsky again. He felt this look like a warm ray. The woman said: "It seems conclusive to me that also, How nothing can come out of nothing, nothing becomes nothing. Richard Wagner lets his 'flying Dutch' sing: 'If all the dead rise, then I will not melt.' But the story of the story shows that the 'Dutch is wrong because it is impossible that a little too nothing melted - as nothing can be seen out of nowhere. That was one early work of Wagner. Later, especially in Tristan and even more conscious in the Parsifal, he became much clearer. As for Tristan - my favorite work, for me The biggest thing ever created: the conclusion, Isolde's love death, flows into a single long tone, which, in the end, then wonderful again swell. This symbolizes the path of the two lovers into the hereafter And their eternal association there! The end of the valkyrie also points to this Direction. The key to this secret cannot be found in the Bible Not even with Homer - in the Edda you can look for him! " Vera Jörgens showed a small graceful gesture with both hands and indicated a shaking of the head: "Please excuse, Mr. Lukowsky! There are a few points, which can easily seduce me to the most far -lifting considerations. I Don't want to bore it! " She put her hands together and tended A little bit: "Let us talk about profane things: you are with Fritz Busch met? " Lukowsky first had to adjust to this jump in thought. He asked: "Do you know Mr. Busch too?" Vera Jörgens took his hands apart and showed an interestingness Explored gesture: "Not too good, but I know him." Your gaze became more attentive: "What did he offer you? Well? Do you reveal it to me, what did he have said?" - "He spoke of millions," Lukowsky replied: "It is worth it Probably not to leave it out. "

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The upper came with the champagne. Vera Jörgens rose from her seat And gave the waiter a hand signal: "Please on my apartment, 112/113!" Before Lukowsky was able to object, she turned to him: "Here are here Too many people! You just can't find inner peace. " She went ahead without leaving him the opportunity to go to the counter -speech.

The apartment 112/113 on the first floor was Lindgrün with light gray Arabic pattern wallpapered. The ceilings were also Lindgrün, but brighter. To the right and left of a gray -green sofa sucked medium -sized lamps With yellowish-green umbrellas on small pedestals. In front of it there was an elliptical table with a dark marble slab and a top cake on which A vase stored with white and pink cloves. Besides the sofa offered Two for this suitable armchair as a seat. Green curtains the two tall windows of the room covered two doors into one Bedroom and led to a small bathroom. The door to the bathroom stood open. Vera Jörgens closed her quickly and made herself comfortable on the sofa. The two floor lamps spread a cloudy yellow light, whose appearance hardly two meters extended, but the sofa and the immediate area of the Table was well -groomed and created an atmosphere of cosiness. Vera Jörgens moved a little diagonally on the sofa, bent his legs and put the feet up and grazed the shoes without this So had worked as if she wanted to provoke. She also pulled the loose - down Achor clasp from her hair and dissolved them. She also did this in a way which had the desire for personal comfort accepted than targeted ones Control intention to seduce, although a corresponding effect on a man could be impossible. The woman explained with sovereign to a matter of course: "I feel barefoot and with open hair most comfortable. It is most comfortable. Doesn't she mind? " Lukowsky put a cigarette in the mouth: "Quite And not at all. Does it bother you when I smoke? " She replied: "Not either!" She Shaked her hair loosely and explained: "They don't hold up. You don't hold. Are pretty thick and too heavy with the length for plug in. I have everything Possible tried and then abandoned. After a quarter of an hour, every hairstyle dissolves. "She played with her hair and tilted in Little the head: "Don't ask me why I don't just A little cutting edge? "Her eyes saw him on a reserved lurk Wise. Lukowsky felt that this question was an examination and

His answer would once and once ever decide whether they could get closer or not. He replied honestly and without hesitation: "I Found that bad, Miss Jörgens. It would destroy Dulcinea's dream. Please stay exactly as you are! "The woman watched for a A few long seconds his eyes and stated: "You can sure that be! Maybe it would be more sensible to cut my hair once Not too much, but a bit shorter so that I could put them up. "She emphasized: "Not for convenience or for fashionable reasons, but To be less conspicuous if someone with my description of the person Home. "Lukowsky remembered how the criminal officer Cornelius asked him about a long -placed young lady. "However," the To speak to woman, "I'm not the only one in the area of things that Such a description fits. That's actually the case. "Vera Jörgens leaned slightly before, a noticeable tension captured her body and her voice raised about a shade: "But above all: I want to keep my hair so long, I don't want to cut them! I do not want that! I don't want to, I don't want to! I would rather die! "After a tiny break, she leaned away back and noticed: "Only the tips sometimes have to be a little bit, so that they stay nice and tight. I do it myself. It is an agony every time. But no ten horses ever brought me to a hairdresser! " She played with The floods of her hair and looked at Lukowsky with her big eyes: "Mine Hair means a lot to me! And not out of pure vanity! If you want to understand me, you need to know. For me this also has one Cultural philosophical side. Can you are Isolde or Brünhilde, Helena or Introduce dido differently? This is important to me! I have a very intimate Relationship to the heroines of antiquity, especially too Brünhild. "She saw A serious look at him: "I am not religious and also think little of Esotericism. But it is my firm conviction that the myths of our ancestors, as they still shimmer through the songs of the Edda, not without one are true core. For example, I believe that the wivoids real beings goods - and are. There is a deeply hidden meaning behind the meaning in the Transfers of our ancestors! I am very aware of my roots. What count a thousand or two thousand years? "She continued to play with her Hair and quoted from Edda: "I look out for the other time the earth and green again. The floods sink, it circles Aar ... "Vera Jörgen's smiled quietly, her gaze was in an invisible

Far away: "This is how the seer said, the Wöluspa. Isn't that nice?" Your question did not expect an answer, she added: "And it announces the start of a new time, for people like me with longing and after Fight forces to prepare her way. "Vera Jörgens' thoughts returned to the present, there was a serious smile on her lips: "The The seer was definitely not able to cut her hair, because the long ones Hair is the dignity of the woman. who is aware of themselves! "Vera Jörgens' Smile strengthened, however, remained serious: "Do you find nothing crazy that that a woman would rather die rather than have her hair cut? Because that's My seriousness! Rather I would die! " Lukowsky could understand her very well, because the beautiful Vera - Dulcinea - would have been different from that inconceivable. He said, "I think it's wonderful. So a real woman feels one who has proud! " He read in her eyes that his words approached her - and that they have their own to die Had ratio. Her gaze penetrated deep into him. Lukowsky said more soulful When it should sound: "I think it's beautiful that they are as they are." A touch of joy, very deep from the inside, suddenly stepped on the beautiful Face of the young woman, hardly recognizable and yet clearly perceived - like a mild ray. After half a minute of silence she started To tell: "You cannot imagine how much I am around as a girl My hair had to fight! I was afraid as a child Besides that my hair could be cut, I thought it would Then my blood flow out and I would have to die. The mother wanted her to me can be cut often. Not short, but in the middle of the back. She said then could I wear them openly, and above all, care would be easier. Then I have Every time I clamped me behind my father, and he always saved me reliably. He said: The classic image of women needs hip length Hair! Those mine were still much longer at the time, they reached to the Thigh. There were real negotiations. Finally became decided that I should keep a good hip length, but no longer. With it I agreed because my father said this was the ideal measure. But there My father died. That was very bad for me. Only I really had him Love, and he was the only person who really loved me. The mother was forced me to have my hair cut. But she promised, only a piece, to the hips, that would also agree with the father be. He even wrote to his will, his daughter Vera Heidrun

Jörgens - I - should always have hip -length hair. It was so important to him! At that time my mane was actually a lot longer, so trusted I don't. The mother dragged me to her hairdresser. The atmosphere There was hideous there. I had to open my braid and just stand up. A hairdresser combed my hair smoothly and then took it with it a comb wet. The mother stood next to me. Later I remembered hers Hand movement in the mirror seen but not to have understood. I trusted her. She had shown on my back and gave me almost half Cut my hair. They didn't even reach the waist anymore. My heart raced how I felt the grinding of the scissors in my hair. I trembled all over the body. And then - I screamed in an indescribable Pain. I had the feeling that there were huge amounts of invisible blood floss me out: soul blood! It was terrible. Then I saw so much of mine Hair on the floor - so much of me! I panicked. I redeign The hairdresser the scissors and stabbed her that it was bleeding everywhere. I raced I knew nothing more, just: pain! Pain! Pain! A horror, from which I have never completely recovered again. " Her eyes glowed from a frenzied anger, her voice lifted without lifting: "I hated mine Mother for it, I never forgiven her. She didn't just do that against me, but also against the late father, who never wanted that would have. I know that it didn't look bad at all. My hair still reached the elbows, and I was able to take an open mane go. Many liked that. But I am determined, my hair Always having long to my hips, just as my father liked it! - And the way it corresponds to the image of the Valkyrie! " Vera Jörgens was silent little moment. When she continued to speak, her voice won another one Sound, became quiet, almost toneless, she was like an icy touch: "As mine Hair was cut, that was my first death. At that time I lost the blood My soul and got a stone heart. I am two more deaths died later, death of a different kind. And every time the stone, which now Instead of a heart, more hardened. Finally he won the Ability to glow ice cold. " Vera Jörgens' eyes sparkled under her half Reduced lids - like fire and ice in one. It was a look that Lukowsky moved and yet had shivered at the same time. It was a beautiful look Gray -blue eyes under gentle dark eyelashes - and yet hard as crystal, Not the look of a human being at that moment. It was as a strike

che an icy north wind through the Space. After this tiny break, which Lukowsky occurred endlessly, Vera Jörgens spoke Continue, her gaze came out, her voice won the course again melodic sound that was characteristic of her: "This is how it came, dear Don Quijote that I don't have a heart to love. " She lowered her eyelids And when she opened her again, the eyes were damp and on the curved eyelashes, small tears glittered. The woman noticed that Lukowsky wanted to start a word, but she shook her head defensively. She pushed her beautiful reddish-brown shimmering hair on one side behind the Shoulder, leaned onto the sofa tendon with a elbow and looked at Lukowsky with a tentative smile: "I didn't want to do all of that tell! I don't know exactly why I did it. Maybe because they have a are straight, old -fashioned knights, because I think that, and because it is good for me deed. You already know a lot from me in this way. I ashamed not me because it is true. " It was something like a deep shock, the Lukowsky during a couple Had to overcome seconds. Then he said: "You have character. That likes that me very much. And they are very nice. I know why this is so: because one Special strength lives in them that the exterior leads to perfection. I am not a special compliment to you, you know yourself that you are a very exceptionally beautiful woman - a woman who is definitely one Has to love! " Vera Jörgens interpreted a barely noticeable shaking head to. She raised a index finger, stretched out her arm and put Lukowsky Gently on the mouth. Half a minute passed in silence, one half a minute in which the eyes of a young woman and that of a man became a single look. Then Vera Jörgens said: "At first I thought she was a upright meadow. But there is a lot more in them. I think it is good that we are good are encountered, Don Quijote, yes, it's good. Maybe it was even a coincidence The nameless providence that may be available in any way. " She lowered her eyes. Lukowsky did the same, he nodded embarrassed his cigarette and said: "Yes, maybe, Dulcinea." - Moments of silence spread between them as if it were just Now made a fateful decision. They both felt it. And that Fate decided that they should return to the point that before that

The moment was when two glances had become one - at least for the time being. Then the woman said suddenly: "There is only one god who means fate and does not know his name. This is my whole religion I believe in that. We are lonely and alone delivered an infinite providence that knows nothing of itself and therefore seems senseless - at least in this earthly world. Maybe it is also the case that some things are entirely Together alone? According to a principle of the affinity of vibrations? " Again, she indicated a shake of the head and pushed back with both hands pre - gliding hair wogue: "It is not important!" Your expression showed that she at the moment no further philosophizing. Vera Jörgens sat up And pointed the bottle with a gesture of her right hand. Lukowsky opened She gave in and handed the wife of one of the two glasses. She took it and Waited until he also had raised his. She said in a firm voice: "Let's drink a sip for her late friend - and on his big one Adventure, over there in the other world! " - Lukowsky raised his glass and said: "Felix!" - The woman also said: "Felix!" Then she spoke to one strange determination in the sound of her voice: "Take care over there, Felix! And greet me my father, please. " Vera Jörgens put her glass on the Table and pondered: "Felix, that means: The lucky one." Lukowsky could not have a strange mood of emotion defend; His voice sounded a little when he said: "And Vera, that Means: the real. " "Yes," she nodded: "Vera who may have many mistakes, but always truly too stands yourself. And Ernst Lukowsky - the seriousness of life? " - now smiled You: "Let's talk about the green package and about a few earthly things that are concerned with both." She became factual: "Since now almost I know about history for three years. Exactly: I knew some of the stripes before, but at that time they did not give a connection for me and I also had no reason to be interested in it. I still want to talk about those first patrols. The Was when my father was still alive. " She interrupted and saw Lukowsky about their big dark eyes: "I will now give them some personal ones tell how it is otherwise not my way. I trust them. I am surprised by myself. Otherwise I would not show you that How I do it. But I listen to my feeling that I really do it, really you to be able to trust. I think that's very rare. " -

Lukowsky threw in: "You can trust me!" - Your look still lowered deeper in his: "I know!" Her eyes were pondered in the Lukowskys, and her gaze penetrated deep into him, into his heart, his blood, into his Soul, took possession of everything that Ernst Lukowsky was. The woman repeated Slowly and emphasizing her words: "Yes, I know!" Silence followed - only for a few seconds, and yet: a holy silence. As if a quiet pact was closed, a pact at all times, In this life and beyond death: Don Quijote would serve Dulcinea. She loved her eyes from his eyes; She smiled again. Without a transition without a transition To tell you: "I come from a so -called good family, large merchants for generations. We come from southern Sweden on his father's side, maternal from Westphalian. We were quite wealthy, I am still. My father was a naval officer during the war. Until the beginning In 1944 he drove to sea, temporarily on a auxiliary cruiser and finally on one Destroyer. Then he was called to the SD and from there Admiral got him Canaris. I don't know exactly what connections existed. It was probably mainly because my father perfectly Swedish and Danish spoke. He took over some secret orders in Scandinavia, about which I have nothing More details. In mid -1944 my father returned to Germany. He was commanded to a special department, which with mysterious Wonder weapons had to do, but especially with special safety precautions for the distant future. At that time there was hard to think about a happy war outcome. I know that among other things, it was about to build underground systems that should be unnecessary for everyone, If necessary, also over long periods. Admiral Canaris feared that we would Lose war, which is increasingly for everyone with an insight was recognizable. Canaris was of course not allowed to talk about his worries, otherwise If he had been placed on the wall. My father has probably one of the few whom he at least had a little trust. There must have also been discussions in the leadership headquarters about these matters, that My father mentioned once. In the event of a military defeat, wanted to take Canaris and some close followers. It is often said that Canaris has become a traitor. But that's true not. His arrest in early 1944 is probably just a maneuver Being camouflaged, because Canaris was able to pursue his plans from custody, even with Himmler's special support. But exactly knows exactly

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Nobody how it really was back then. My father often spoke about these events and relationships from back then, because the past did not let go of him. And he knew quite well. Canaris has been a cultivated man and certainly not a glowing National Socialist, although He appreciated Adolf Hitler and this is undisputed. But admiral Canaris also saw the mistakes of the leadership. He wanted to contribute something to prevent the fall of the empire. He would never have betrayed Coated, never. He also knew that our enemies the German people As a whole, not just National Socialism, as is often obscured today. A political overthrow would have only donated confusion, but did not bring peace. Canaris was of the opinion that the Fight must be held out under all circumstances until a clear dumping between the western powers and Russia Dignity alone can save us from extermination plans à la Kaufman and Morgenthau. As the head of our secret service, he had excellent information from all over the world and therefore knew how things stood. The possibility of closing a separate peace with the western powers, like Himmler Canaris didn't believe that still wanted to try, but probably helped after Building contacts, especially with the American General George Patton. But these were dreams. Canaris expected us to Losing war, very bad times are imminent and even in the cheapest Case decades should take before Germany get a new chance could be raised again. His plans were therefore unusually long -term, partly in interaction with axle -loyal Italian Idealists. Among other things, valuables, especially gold, platinum and Diamonds are deposited in hidden systems. But in particular It was probably about bringing new techniques to safety, especially a very specific secret weapon. This weapon should have been advanced, but without prospect, finished in good time to be able to act on the acute war events. It should this is a real miracle weapon, the superiority of which It is enormous that it would still be effective even after decades. To do this had to But they can still be completed in all secretance after the military defeat - and it must be ensured that this new Technology nothing fell in enemy, not the slightest, not even a trace From her. So an upcoming generation should get the opportunity to

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to give new free Germany the respect of the world again. 1944 Came from circles of the resistors of betrayal debt against Canaris. He himself assumed that he had a revenge for having her spotted. There was No evidence either, they still don't exist. After the war, many have them Total guys took up and all possible suspects made claims that are not correct in the back and front. The one in April 1945 executed canaris could no longer defend themselves, and only a few stayed Faithful to him, like my father. To the alleged alleged To prove the betrayal of Canaris, it has been subsequently claimed that He found treacherous diaries. But that's Nonsense, there are no such diaries. But who asks today the truth! My father assumed that Canaris had in the allegations and Arrested an opportunity to camouflage his secret perfectly. Because If the enemy thought he was a traitor, his plans would be completely ignored. It was probably like that. "Vera Jörgens took her glass, drank A tiny sip and explained: "This topic touches me because it is about The honor of a man goes, a German officer who is his fatherland wanted to serve. At that time there was such patriotism. My father was still so. That probably infected me a little, although I am not particularly interested in politics, politics is currently unable to do anything in this country - Probably not elsewhere. " She put the glass back on the table And continued: "To realize his goals, Canaris planned one Strictly secret chain of knowledge carriers put into the factory, which over several Generations would have to keep. That was his idea. Of course she had to Stay completely secret, to the enemy and friend. He drove her ahead And preferred to go to death than to reveal this legacy. While he Himmler has been taught to be detained for over a year firmly. It is uncertain whether he was inaugurated, he and thus also Adolf Hitler. Dönitz probably knew about it, at least knew the basic idea. " Vera Jörgens raised her glass, said: "On the secret of Admiral Canaris!" She once again took a tiny sip and continued to tell: "My father Had a heroic vein. He never has completely that we lost the war wound. He was not a big friend of those who ruled at the time, care But quote the English proverb: 'Right or Wrong - My Country!' And He dreamed of the recurrence of the Greater German Empire. He is his time of his Life was a romantic! For reasons of honor, he also has himself Shot five years ago. " -

She closed her eyes, sighed and then spoke in the same factual tone As before:
“There are people who are convinced that my father is one the scientist of that secret chain. I know if that is true Not, but it could be. The same people also believe that now I am his heiress And would have known. That is not true. I tell you before They get told by others. But this rumor was Inspired by the fact that my mother immediately after my father's death some of his very personal papers burned. Of course not the will, that was with Dr. Delböck, our lawyer. However, he knew that there was something else in the secret subject of my father's secretary, and It is true that I should get that. The mother finally confessed this to have destroyed. She claimed that it was only very private and in the rest of the irrelevant. Dr. Delböck doubted that it was only Had acted insignificance. He said the assumption that it could have been explosive papers that my mother just wanted to get rid of so that it was not about to get into difficulties. Such a concern was not unfounded at the time been. The police came into the house several times, and I don't think they are just ordinary criminal officers. I too was interrogated - by the way too Already when my father still lived. Secrets from the third era of the third Rich were always searched for with us. Anyway - now is In this regard, nothing more to do in this regard. What nature the destroyed Nobody will find out anymore, because my mother also lives yes no more now. I only know the big bow of the whole. Whether Canaris realize his idea until the last consequence I couldn't know exactly. My father apparently went out and he I had to know. But of course that could also have been wishful thinking be.” - she took her glass again, but put it back without drinking: “Fritz Busch, whom they met, was at the SD - as well as bekn. So not In the defense, the office of Canaris, like my father. But there was sure Touch points. Busch is an obsessed one. He is concerned with the valuables hidden somewhere. It is also Valtine to do these treasures, at least First place. He was born in the American, was agent on the other side. When the English and Americans realized that Valtine pursued private goals, gave him the passport. Later he will probably be back with his old ones Employers came to business. At Busch it behaved as much as me white, similar. So the two already know each other from the war. ”

Vera Jörgens stretched comfortably on the sofa, but stayed in her speech factual: "I know from hearsay that Busch, Beekn and Valtine after The war initially gathered to come to the treasures hidden by the Canaris people. They also connected to mine Father and played idealism. They said he could details know about the secret underground systems. He even knew a lot. But he took that to his death. Busch particularly moved the patriotic Drum, as if he and his cronies are concerned with high goals. That worked unfortunately." She lowered her head: "Let's leave this aspect; it no longer belongs Immediately to the matter. " She closed her eyes for a second and was silent. Then she reported in Sober tone on: "Busch; Beekn and Valtine soon quarreled. Everyone went their own way from there. Valtine hired people, Busch stayed in contact with beekn and also dealt with a certain Peter Fischer together. It had been released by his office: MAD - military shielding service. Germans and NATO positions also seem to be To be on the trail of canaris heritage. They should be about the fabulous secret weapon. This suggests that they really exist. Fischer was because of Deleted illoyalty, I know that much. He should withhold from the Western powers and even destroy the corresponding documents have. He probably didn't quite do that on his own. There are rumors in the Bundeswehr and into the Ministry of Defense there would be circles, the national sole approaches tried. Fischer was therefore interrogated several times by the Americans, but shouldn't have said anything if there is something to say. He is in his mid -thirties and a strange owl, but Patriotically attached and certainly intelligent. Busch and he keep hanging together. The two are not violent criminals, not like Valtine and Co., but no less fanatic, and fanatics are always dangerous. In this respect, this duo can also become uncomfortable. Not lasting also poking various secret service officers of different strings in this matter around. The madmen on the track of Admiral Canaris' legacy. " - Vera Jörgens closed his eyes for a moment and put his head in the Neck, as if it had to overcome a seizure of sudden tiredness. Lukowsky admired the big slim woman there on the sofa, saw her Long outstretched legs that are not quite sufficient from the fabric of the altrosa

Rocks were covered, the breathtakingly narrow waist, the magnificent Breasts that clearly emerged under the top of the dress, the graceful curved neck, the beautiful head with a woman's face, like it No second gave, revealed by the abundance of her long brown hair. Tedious he forced his imagination into the proper barriers. Vera Jörgens massaged the fingertips of one of her graceful hands Right temples before she opened her eyes and looked at Lukowsky. Her BLICK was calm, sovereign, the look of a woman who is the mistress above everything - in This moment on Ernst Lukowsky. And he knew that they were his rightly sure was. She had over him, a downright magical power. He felt it, he knew; and there was a strange one to him Happiness. Vera Jörgens said: "I have had exhausting days behind me. Please excuse me that I make it so comfortable!" Then she said: "Now ask yourself, what does Vera have to do with all of this?" She smiled - as Looking forward to the answer to this question she raised himself give: "I already mentioned one aspect: there are people who suspect a wearer of secret knowledge in me. But that doesn't touch me on that than that I am in front of those people. " Her face was serious again: "Two It is points that interest me. First, the secret to his My father counted, must not get into the wrong hands. He has on it swore an oath. He firmly believed in this secret and its meaning. I owe my father to do what I do. - second: I want The head of Mark Valtine. I have very personal reasons for that. " Vera Jörgens looked at Lukowsky, behind her eyes suddenly blazed wild Fire: "Please understand me right: I mean that literally: I want a Knight kills the kite and puts his head off! I want, if possible Mark Valtine's head in a basket or cardboard and in green wrapping paper. Due to a green package, the dragon put the mischief into the world when he was Wrong package brought the dummy that should all run after and it Also acts so that he could find the real green package undisturbed. In one I therefore wish the Green Package his cut - off head! Would be satisfied However, I also if this head thoroughly through a well - targeted shot would be smashed. In any case, I want Mark Valtine's death! " - their eyes sparkled, their cheeks glowed. She put her head back and spoke With an expression of pride: "Remember what I told you: I tra-

ge in my chest instead of a beating heart a cladding stone! I am Wotan's last valkyrie, fair and merciless. You have to decide - in this hour - whether you want to stand by my side or not!" The beautiful woman looked at Ernst Lukowsky, with her big eyes, the color of the North Atlantic. Ferred fire seemed in her whole body Burning from her gaze beamed. Ernst Lukowsky became hot. There was no second woman like this. He spoke and the sound of his Voice seemed unusual for him as if tones come from afar: "I have it No sooner said than you can trust me! " - She nodded him and just said: "Good!" Several moments passed in a vibrant tension, from the Nothing to see, but everything was felt. The woman's eyes remained firmly in the The man directed, calmly, testing, as if she wanted to give herself complete security inside again to have made the right choice. She seemed To be satisfied. The tension loosened. Vera Jörgens raised part of her hair pushed behind her shoulders and played with the tips. She smiled: "I'm happy! It will be Get good! And the Nibelungenhort will be your prey! That is also not bad! I am anything but a materialist, but we live in A world in which money is necessary you want to do something. " Lukowsky asked: "How should it go on?" Vera Jörgens said: "First, keep in mind: We have it with insane to do with possessed people who are driven by a fever. That hits At least to Valtine and Busch. These two are the main actors, all Others group more or less around them. Be unbustained The foreign services too. " The woman's eyes glowed. Hands accompanied each word with one tiny supportive gesture: "A fascination is based on these things, a force, maybe the strength an idea ...! Very strange - even for me. " Vera Jörgens returned to the form of general entertainment: "This wrong Green package that you have brought Beekn has a curious story that You should know now: Valtine brought it into circulation as a deception. I already mentioned that. At least I think that this dummy is still Guide around. In a green package there were once jewels of the SD could no longer be brought to safety before the end of the war, especially But an important instrument from Canaris' Organization 'the chain'. While

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The final phase of the war worked in hand all patriotic forces. I don't know what this is in the package in the package, but it has to be very significant. My father said that. In addition, this package should plans with indications on one of the most secret of the 'v' or 'Z systems'- 'z', that stands for 'future' or 'goal'; There was probably the name 'S', like victory. - I don't know exactly whether that ominous green package - The real one - ever. But some things speak for it. Then it would be worth many millions of marks. Valtine, Busch and Fischer are convinced. You are completely out of your own package. The obscure wise dives During the dummy again and again, and Valtine is now chasing his own bluff after. Nobody has seen the right green package as far as I know. What is more important is what is behind all of this. - We'll be one of it Talk to each other again! " She smiled tired, but her voice became emphatic again: "Now must First of all, I make sure that bush does not find me and bushes. " Lukowsky asked: "Are you out in front of him? I mean, in front of Busch?" Vera Jörgen's gaze became very serious. Also her voice: "You remember Our first encounter. They asked me if I was afraid of someone. " - "Bush?" Asked Lukowsky again: "He made the most peaceful impression." Vera Jörgens' expression indicated that she had no desire to continue talking about this topic: "I lived in the 'Breidenbacher Hof'. A couple Steps further off Busch in the 'Parkhotel'. As you notice, I pulled it then to temporarily leave the city, because where Busch appears, will soon follow Valtine. I can't dare to deal with him and his rackets. I am a woman. Valtine also has a bizarre way Fear of me. He is mentally disturbed to a certain degree, considers me to be an angel of the apocalypse or the like nonsense. But that doesn't make him less dangerous. He sends his pack. " Lukowsky asked: "Busch saw her?" Vera Jörgens nodded: "I accept it. Maybe I may only form it a. But it is almost to be assumed that Busch doesn't overlook me. " Lukowsky said: "I should meet him again at the end of next week. He claimed to want to hire me as a plane - for whatever. He called a meeting point near Gerresheim. " Lukowsky added: "I didn't go to the 'Parkhotel' to meet with Busch, but to confront Brünner." His right hand made a demand

Dernde movement towards the sofa: "As for Brünner, you could maybe give advice. The order he gave ended with the crash of our aircraft. The pilot, Felix, is dead. You have to assume that too, too If he and the aircraft wreck have not yet been found. I am convinced of sabotage. And I know they warned me. " The woman nodded interest and listened carefully Lukowsky's other words: "When I ins Came 'Parkhotel', Brünner was unnecessary. Instead of his, Busch spoke to me. Talked only opaque stuff. Back in the office, I got a visit from Two police officers who didn't want to subordinate anything except a murder - the murder of Brünner. Someone shot him. " Lukowsky observed Miss Jörgens' reaction, which only from a light People of the lips existed. He just asked: "Who could have killed Brünner? Do you know that or do you have a guess?" She hesitated for a moment, but then said: "I have at most one idea. Behind all bad I always suspect Valtine, and mostly have I right. But I'm not completely sure here. I know about Brünner too little. If I find out something, I'll let you know. " "Well." Lukowsky pissed off weakly on the petite chairlbar: "As long as I Can keep the police off my neck, I don't care. " Vera Jörgens looked at the cloves in the vase on the table. She C about the sofa again and raised the view. Your face showed none Fear, but it reflected the eventuality of the necessary caution. Every Her words came slowly and carefully: "You can't do much of all of this introduce - not yet. I tried to explain it to them: we Talking of madmen, of possessed people who are literally capable of everything, Even things that you don't know anything about yet. It's crazy, very Dangerous crazy, with quite cool brains. It is important that to assess properly. " Her eyes were looking for the flower vase again. She put her hands on the upper arms, as if she were shivering at once. Lukowsky interpreted this as a sign for this that the woman now wanted to be left alone. He looked at the clock with a gesture gesture and noticed: "It is already late." Vera Jörgens nodded the flower vase: "So?" - a suddenly emerged Fatigue seemed to break through it. She lowered her head. Your heavy shiny hair slipped out of the crown, so that almost from her face nothing was to be seen. She lifted her head and pushed her hair on one side

back. Her voice sounded quiet and very soft: "I would be happy if At the end of that day we said 'you', Don Quijote. That should be the Lord of Apply lady, but today it's exceptionally the other way around. " Lukowsky got up from his armchair and crouched next to the sofa so that Her faces were now at the same height: "I would also look forward to dulcinea. " He stroked her head slightly and noticed how she twitched together. Eyes, something strange: reluctance to physical touch. The Woman held her right hand to him: "Do you get in touch again tomorrow? Probably I'm here. Maybe I will also take a little trip. Then there is no reason to worry. So if I shouldn't be available for a while, please don't think of anything. We'll meet Again!" He took her hand and felt a barely noticeable but noticeable pressure of her fingers. He promised: "I'm reporting. Goodbye and Good night, dear vera! " -

Ernst Lukowsky rose. Vera Jörgens stayed on the sofa. She pushed A hand and forearm on the neck and raised the floods of her brown -up hair over one shoulder. She stretched the other arm after one of the lamp platforms and from there it was visibly already old Book. Lukowsky saw that it was Homers Ilias and Odyssey in one band. Vera smiled. Even the most successful painting of the greatest master could not Be half as beautiful as the living picture of this woman. A feeling of saint Ernst Lukowsky shyly grabbed her sight - as if she was a being that was that about humans. He felt it without understanding it. But he saw im Mirror of her eyes that she understood it.

The elevator was occupied. Lukowsky went over the stairs to the restaurant to to pay the bill, but the champagne was already running over Veras Room bill. -

He drove to Düsseldorf back. This is not because of the little alcohol he had drunk Was only a few sips, but because his thoughts were only half with in the car. The other half had remained with Vera, with this woman, whose Eyes had the color of the North Atlantic and whose long hair her body Wogged like a Redich brown sea. Any luminary of psychology,

Maybe Dr. med. Sigmund Freud Höchstlabt had once claimed that In love, people only fall in love until the age of twenty -five. Ernst Lukowsky could easily prove that it Several years later went very well. At first it was like that Been when Vera Jörgens had entered the Cologne hotel room in the evening red. And yet there was something different from the simple falling in love of the earthly Demand, something incomprehensible, puzzling, maybe a little like that Minne of the Middle Ages, the goal of which was not primarily the physical. Now Lukowsky almost seemed as if it had between this woman and him Something like a quiet, incomprehensible recognition took place - inevitable, fateful. And he thought: fate, your name is Vera! But real Men's fates probably always had women's names.

7

When he parked the old Mustang at the office, morning sun glittered on the Cool hood of the car. Weight country music sounded out of the radio. Under Matt blue sky crowded white bunch clouds. Lukowsky went up, washed, put on another shirt, drank a lukewarm coffee from the thermos from the previous day and immediately opened again.

An hour later he drove through the outskirts of a small Westphalian City, motorway exit Hagen, not far from Iserlohn. It prevailed Hardly any traffic. Only individual pedestrians revitalized the picture. Lukowsky stayed on the station forecourt, got out and no longer entered New station building. There was a musty pub in the left wing of this brick building. Passing a music box and two slot machines, you got To the counter. It smelled unpleasant of beer. - Lukowsky ordered a breakfast. Schnulzen led from the music box; The landlady on the phone continuously. Two half -female fiddled around the slot machines; Train worker Sounded at the counter. Served a girl that was too strongly made up.

Lukowsky strolled past other old brick houses. Children played on the street. From time to time someone stretched their head out of a window And called something. On the right there was an undeveloped property. There were three Car wrecks and several bicycles. Somewhere in between a toy

Wagons made of blue and yellow plastic. A dirty red rubber ball with White cringles rolled over the wavy asphalt.

There was one on the edge of the alley, just a few hundred meters from the train station. In each other nested tangle made of garages, scales and on raw wooden pillar, tar cardboard flight roofs shaped around a medium-sized house made of dirty-red bricks. Motors docked everywhere. Automotors as well. Like aircraft engines and machines from diesel locomotives. Two navigated trucks lung around, plus several large passenger cars, partly With downloaded window panes and open radiator hoods. In The house led a wide garage gate, whose wing was nested on the wall leaned. Lukowsky went to the goal. The bluish light of a working welding machine resigned from the dark background. Lukowsky Stumbled over one of the countless iron parts lying around, from rusted engine block or gear to complete truck chassis without Wheels. - "dirt damn one!" Save Lukowsky: "Where you step, rust and Wagen smear! - Heinz !! " - There was no answer from the inside of the house. Lukowsky went inside. Heinz Kufner leaned over to his workpiece, pushed the Welding glasses on the forehead and checked some certain with the thumb Place on the iron. "Day Heinz!" called Lukowsky. The man in the smeared overall turned and switched off the welding machine: "Day!" He looked at Lukowsky from below for a moment: "What are you doing here?" - "I already had you in the station pub wanted." Kufner put the welding machine out of his hand, rubbed over his gray Stepstart and straightened up: "Your watch is probably broken, what?" He wiped your hands turn off on a twist ball: "What's up?" Lukowsky asked: "Has anyone called from Wenzl & Co.?" - "Oh, yes," Kufner replied: "I thought you were already on the road to Stuttgart. In any case, things are long ago. Anything else? - Come over. "

The older man shook ahead into a small subsequent room. There stood a dusty desk with a phone in front of a square window. A laundry basket full of papers on the ground: correspondence, specialist magazines, Invoice copies. Here, too, it smelled like in the workshop of oil and drilling milk. "Sit down!" Kufner asked Lukowsky: "Let's drink first a!" He reached for a cognac bottle, which on the narrow windowsill

Stand, and brought two glasses out of the desk with the other hand. He looked into the glasses. "Clean!" he decided and put them on the table top. Cognac chuckled out of the bottle. Kufner sat on one of the two Existing chairs: "Horrido! - So: what is there?" Lukowsky asked: "Do you have a few liters of petrol? I had unforeseen expenses yesterday. If I come back, I pay." With the flat hand, Kufner stroked the messy, gray hair: "Yes, yes, take yourself!" He looked at Lukowsky: "Do I have to pump a few hundreds of them?" - "No, thanks," Lukowsky replied: "When the tank is full, I come Already, it should be enough. I get money in Stuttgart. There is a right ordinary tour. " Kufner's wrinkled face looked phlegmatic: "As you want." He worked Ciseled lid of a golden pocket watch: "I still have to do something. Do we still meet in the pub afterwards, or do you go straight away? " "I want to be reasonably fresh tomorrow," replied Lukowsky: "near I know Stuttgart a really cheap motel. I stayed overnight. " He got up. They said goodbye.

During this day he called no less than eight times in the Hotel Kaiserhof in Eat on. Vera was not there. Her room was still occupied, but she was unless House. Lukowsky had greetings aligned. In the evening he would call again. He did not reach her in the evening, neither in the early nor late. She Had announced that it might not be available. But the torture him. He tried to find other thoughts. But if fate is one Accepts women's names, it cannot be pushed aside.

The following morning he had breakfast. Through large, elongated windows the hustle and bustle at the nearby petrol station and in the background of the Fast flowing traffic. Long -distance drivers prepared for the parking lots Departure before. Soft early music played from a radio. A sliding Singer claimed that tears would not lie. A waitress and two Above distributed food and drinks to the tables. A loud greeting Man brought Bündel printing daily newspapers. Lukowsky drank his Coffee and looked at the clock. He wanted to be at the airport around eight. He Thought to call Dulcinea. But it was too early, she would probably still be Slide cute.

The two -engine Dakota was on the edge of the airfield. Against blank

Cleaned modern machines looked like a neglected step-child. Lukowsky parked his car in front of the handling building for the Air freight. Then he went to the plane that nobody cared about. The large star engines were imposed with gray tarpaulins. Lukowsky Step Around the plane and stroked the coolness, wet of the morning damp Metal of the height rudder. Wenzl's representative appeared on time at eight. A medium -sized, stronger Man in a canvas jacket and with tired, grumpy facial expression. He stretched Lukowsky towards his callus: "Tomorrow!" - "Morning!" Lukowsky also said: "Are you Mr. Gabler?" - "Yes," the man grumbled, and More clearly: "Then we want to! The cargo has been in it since last week. Except the two diesel. They only came yesterday. Let yourself be from Do not stop customs. " He opened a briefcase he had brought with him: "They would be here Papers. They transport ball bearings. Bug bearing and roller bearing. Fob. Only The two engines are to be declined. " Lukowsky took the documents and asked: "It is clear to them that machines always have to be flown by two men? " Gabler waved: "Paperlapap! No taps' after!" He saw Lukowsky Angry in the face: "Or does that don't fit you? How? About ice ice? " - Lukowsky raised and lowered the shoulders: "I don't care. I also fly an old Condor alone when I get it." "Then it's good!" Grumper Gabler: "By the way, you get someone with you." He grunted in a mistake: ". Boy must be here right away. " He became unexpectedly loud: "But let the Just don't fly! He only pretends that he could! Do you understand? " Lukowsky nodded: "Sure." "In between you can do where you enjoy," took Gabler his Faden again: "But not unnecessary! Because of the airport fees, fuel And so on ... you can find everything in there. " He typed the papers in Lukowsky's Hand: "Depreciation checks. Advice is also there. Well, like Mr. Wenzl with Has agreed to you ... otherwise? " His voice revived again: "Ah, Right: If you have delivered the freight for Cairo, meet A guy ... don't know what it called. Wenzl wrote it down. He wants to photograph any archaeological excavation site from the air or a compatriot AH, right, means Wegener! Professor Doctor And so, I think. Maybe he also wants an extended round

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flight. Apparently a friend of Mr. Löw. Doesn't matter. You can price yourself make up, from us is customer service. " He considered: "That would be." He Keep his hand: "So then!" They said goodbye frosty. Gabler stamped to the handling building back.

Lukowsky needed a full one and a half hours to plan the motors to pull and make the machine clear. The engines jumped laboriously finally. The view from the side windows of the pulpit appeared Lukowsky like The view from a general hill. The front windows looked like width, in blunt slots together. Lukowsky checked all important functions. All fittings glasses were dirty, like the entire interior of the aircraft. Lukowsky took to clean it at first occasion. He left the Warm up engines and adjusted cards. The announced 'Co' came, stumbled towards the Dakota, climbed, climbed and crumbled somewhere in the aircraft fuselage where you sleep could. Lukowsky pushed the throttle further forward. The engines roar. He took the gas back and loosened the brakes. The plane rolled towards the runway. Half an hour passed before the train was released. Lukowsky swiveled the machine, slowed down, pushed the Gas lever at full throttle and cleared the brakes again. The Dakota did one Small sentence and started rolling at increasing speed. The rear raised, the machine went into the horizontal, then slowly rose in the blunt angle .-

Despite its age, the machine was in the air. It obeyed everyone Rowing pressure, it was not cumbersome in the air. Lukowsky pulled higher and higher and crushed cloudy veil. Soon came Sun on - and a feeling of limitless loneliness. - Lukowsky looked into the clouds and thought: vera - dulcinea ... -

Everything went entirely to routine. Only the archaeologist in Cairo did not come. Dr. Kurt Wegener had been the name - or something like that. Lukowsky waited half a day - for free. There was no message from the man either. No messenger Came to send a message, nowhere was a piece of paper deposited. Lukowsky finally gave up the wait and started the return flight.

The tour had taken four days. Despite all the attempts, Vera was unavailable. She hadn't stayed in the Kaiserhof again, was not at all. More has been seen there. Worry in Lukowsky's soul. During the Night to the fifth day he was from Stuttgart, where he had the plane again have to deliver, traveled with the car. He had a detour. Made about food, went to the Kaiserhof. None of Vera. But it was found that she had received his first greeting. At least she knew that he had reported, as promised. But Vera was not there. Where could she be? How was she ..? - It circled Lukowsky in his head, impossible not to think about it again and again. How A boy in love fared, who was constantly sees in front of them. He couldn't change anything. Lukowsky has been back in the Düsseldorf office for two hours. He had im Drive past the mailbox emptied. The mail was on the desk in front of him. There was nothing special, neither unpleasant nor gratifying - none Letter from Vera. The sun shone through the two highs with full force Window into the room. Lukowsky didn't feel good. The uncertainty Turning him to Vera. He didn't get rid of this feeling. He would never Don't get rid of the end of his life. There was a voice that clearly said. The most recent order had brought in several thousand marks Best earnings for over a year. Lukowsky felt satisfied in this respect. He fought after the phone and called the 'Kaiserhof' again. - it was hopeless.

Lukowsky turned at the last motorway exit Hagen to Heinz Kufner to visit and ask the opportunity to ask how it caused the two Motors of the recent Havarized C 47 Go. This time he met him in the Bahnhof pub. From the music box a quoll of a guitar and organ Whine. The restaurant was full and complaint and smelled gross of alcohol. Kufner's crumpled face became less grumpy by some shades than he saw Lukowsky. He separated from a group of palaver men and went to Lukowsky: "Do you want to settle here?" Lukowsky pressed Kufner's hand: "No. Pay the fuel first and then Ask the engines, you already know. " Kufner made an dissatisfied one Face: "Oh ever! Both have no hurry!" He leaned against the counter: "But do you know what happened to me after you were gone?" He knocked

Lukowsky on the shoulder: "Come on! First of all to the meat! - Woman Landlady!" Lukowsky defended: "Listen, I'm there by car!" Cuber Pointed my eyes mischievously: "Oh! I don't want your car either invite!" He took a full beer glass from the landlady and pushed it Lukowsky on: "First this one! Horrido and Waidmannsbrüll!" She Drank, and Kufner pushed Lukowsky slightly with his fist in front of his chest: "Pass on what happened to me: like me that evening when you didn't have time, From the pub came back to the workshop, there was someone to dig! " He emphasized again: "Was there someone to dig! Imagine that! A very stupid face when I held my '08' under my nose and asked him, he Maybe cross the paws in the neck. The bird saw Not as if he needed to steal with me. What do you say to that?" - "What can I say," said Lukowsky: "You caught him!" "However," Kufner confirmed: "And do you know what he left off the stack?" -

"You will tell me." - "I'm there! - He said at first that he just had up Waited. Of course I didn't buy that from him. Finally he started with to move out of what he called the truth. He would have been looking for something, what You...!" - He emphasized with the finger raised: "You! For storing or something. Of course I didn't take it away from him and of course said that he spins. But he didn't want to believe, started me something there Want to sink, offered me money. So I allowed him generously, everything to turn around. Without money. He did that too. Suddenly he discovered a Ollen gas mask containers and was completely out of the house. I told him that is just old oil. But he didn't believe it and the whole Clothes messed up. Then he pulled off. I guided him politely as I am his golden Mercedes - so that he does not accidentally pass on and Maybe he would be looking for him at night. " Lukowsky took the glass and asked: "What kind of man was that?" - "Not even unappealing," replied Kufner: "Would say: noble, around the thirty. Don't start right away, that Get knee cheeks when he looked into the maid of pistols. " - Kufner raised His schnapps glass, whereupon the content floated: "Again! With Horrido And Waidmannsbripl! " Lukowsky pulled out a few banknotes and Kufner pushed her hand: "Thank you very much, Heinz. - see you soon!" "Hey, hey!" Kufner called him: "I don't find out what the strange bird can have searched for me? " Lukowsky turned: "I have no idea. But if I should advise you I would say after a green package! - So Tschüs! " -

In the office, Cornelius, Fugg and a third criminal officer awaited him in the Pose bored relatives of a crew's power just arrived. Lukowsky asked roughly in the door frame: "What do you want here?! I Let the door open right away so that you can disappear! " The officials remained in their places. Cornelius, who had settled on the edge of the round table in the hallway, pulled a large black pistol Out of his jacket pocket and held her in front of her chest: "Is that yours?" Lukowsky took three steps closer and twitched his shoulders without a word. Fugg called up indignantly: "You will recognize your company's own buzz, so to speak, right?" Lukowsky leaned against the wall and made a meaningless hand movement: "P-38 are available to millions." - "Then take a closer look," Cormelius demanded with a better controlled anger. Lukowsky opened To get him, took away the pistol he had held up and put them in the bag without having taken a look at it: "It belongs to ours Company. And that's completely right. " Cornelius said annoying: "Give them Gun out again! " Since Lukowsky only silently shook his head and himself Cornelius called loudly again: "You don't know that one did not know Is a murder weapon?! " Lukowsky laughed unashamedly. The head and replied: "With such meanness you may be able to Harmless gun collectors come to steal the good pieces, Because this supposedly democratic state apparently has a shit in front of its citizens And therefore she wants to see without weapons - because the criminals get their creaks Yes anyway. But it doesn't pull for me. " Cornelius rose and stepped on to Lukowsky with an extended hand. His eyes became tight, his voice snarling of oppressed anger: "Give me the gun immediately!" Lukowsky reacted calmly: "Because of I show her trespass anyway. - With you! - should even be more powerful Attack added? - Something like that means? You should have the thing Namely get! " The officials now put themselves in a row. Lukowsky drove in a stricter Ton continues: "How did you actually get in .here? Do you have one of yours Customers fished out of the box so that he cracks the door here? Or do you have herself with 'a dietrich' and happened to be lucky when they were Didn't want to create? " "Lukowsky!" Cornelius came out without taking his teeth from each other: "They are wrong in us! And they don't know what they are in!"

Lukowsky stepped next to the door: "The fact that you don't have a house search order sees But a greater lighthouse keeper without a telescope! Otherwise I would have long ago Waved around with the thing under the nose! " - Cornelius said: "The caretaker let us in." - "Then I also sued it," Lukowsky replied in an indifferent response. Cornelius attached a more compatible string: "Take reason! Well, I can't use violence to take the weapon now. But get I'll be. It is easier for you to move the thing out right away. " Lukowsky shook his head again before answering: "They didn't have tries to sell myself for stupid and even these crooked tours be calm. - but not. The company's pistol also belongs, and there I am not the main owner. But the thing is lawfully acquired how You probably also know exactly. And the times when I let myself be intimidated by the authorities are long over. " Cornelius gave his employees a meaningful look before he Again to Lukowsky turned: "On tomorrow, Lukowsky! We'll be one more Keep a few surprises ready! " Lukowsky raised and lowered his shoulders. His facial expression seemed uninvolved. The officials left the office without further words. The door remained open. Lukowsky struck her. He pulled out his jacket, symbolically ripped off the table, at the edge of which Cornelius had been sitting, and took behind the desk space. Lukowsky grabbed the phone and routinely called in Eating at the Kaiserhof. Vera was not there, just her things.

The wine -red Mustang was on the edge of a dusty country road. Few Kilometer away, parallel to this, a different, wide, clean road, About the chain -plastered car of weekend excursions pushed. But that could not be seen from here. Lukowsky knew the main street and avoided it because of the heavy traffic. The weather had again Heat brought this year. Lukowsky's right hand wiped sweat from The forehead and immersed together with the left into the cool trickle Lower edge of a narrow street grave flow. He shook water drops From the fingers and slowly went back to the car. Nothing pushed him to Hurry. The two doors of the car were open with down -driven windows. Lukowsky sat behind the steering wheel and blinked into the Sun. He enjoyed the calm above the summer landscape. All

Possible constricted thoughts floated to him, thoughts of vera, Buschs Wirre's project, to planes, to Felix - and then everything ended again At Vera. Their big gray -blue eyes were under dark eyelash rays always there, called or unaffected. As was released into his youth Ernst Lukowsky advocated when he was hot during the summer vacation Heart in love with the woman he saw only once and then never again, but always searched in others. There had to be something like an incomprehensible, a mysterious ancestor between man and woman. One might be closer and clearer than the other: a predestined one Picture. It was probably added to everyone. And with those who clear the picture recognized, it became fate, it determined the whole life. So it had to be well. Lukowsky lit a cigarette and continued. The Pictures of the thoughts became big and beautiful - and yet not free of one Bitter idea. - Lukowsky continued.

Where the gravel stones of the railway embankment rolled out and only occasionally layers, grew grasses and small flowers with yellow flowers; Dandelion.

A car rattled over the unrestricted level crossing, swept powerful Dust clouds, finally disappeared behind a barren little one A house. The first train came. Lukowsky let him get past himself. He went to Wagen that parked at an angle on the edge of the meadow and was looking for a bottle of lemonade out. Their content tasted lukewarm. In a new cloud of dust, another car rolled over the tracks. Also this one Car drove past.

Lukowsky had settled on the Railway embankment on the warm earth. Now he got up and crossed the rails to overlook the street to be able to. A light BMW sedan approached with relatively high Speed, was quick and slowed down. The tires screamed Above the asphalt and left black stripes. A door opened. Busch got out. Sweat pearly on his forehead. He waved with both hands And shouted: "Drive us up!" - without waiting for an answer, he rose again. The car door struck. The bright BMW roared away. - Lukowsky jumped off the railway embankment and ran to his car. He ranked hastily and steered over the rails. Busch's limousine was already far ahead. Lukowsky followed. From the first intersection, the path led over the busy, Width main street.

Lukowsky opened the bright car on a traffic light. A man To the forty with curled dark hair and soft facial features sat next to bush at the wheel. Lukowsky cranked the side window. The Windows in Busch's limousine opened electrically. Busch held the right Arm out and pointed forward: "We drive to the Hotel 'Corona'. If you are should lose sight of us ... " - the traffic light switched to green. The hotel's parking spaces were fully occupied. Lukowsky squeezed his Mustang between a Bentley and a Mercedes. Where Busch had parked, he didn't know. He hadn't taken care of it while maneuvering. They met in front of the hotel entrance. The younger man's bush was Medium -sized, his clothes very elegant, his movements sometimes a little bit Ped. "Mr. Fischer - Mr. Lukowsky," made Busch known without my mind, Before they entered the hotel hall. Fischer was enough for a not very large, soft Hand. Lukowsky had the feeling of not being allowed to take a firm time as if had to Fischer's hand otherwise melt like pudding. But the eyes of this man did not seem soft. Busch step forward, towards the reception, and turned to Fischer: "Go already before. We'll follow. " Fischer nodded with his head. Lukowsky and started with thin, very clearly articulated voice: "We will wait in the conference room of the first floor. It should be for be reserved. " He nodded himself again and pressed on the Button that an elevator made. Arrived on the first floor, asked Fischer more whispering than speaking: "I can go ahead?!" and opened Immediately afterwards a double door padded with olive green leather. They stepped into that Conference room. It was elongated and housed an also elongated Table. This included ten chairs. Four on each wide page and two the slightly oval -running tip. Two large, width illuminated the room Window. All walls were equipped with woodenes and the floor with rust - brown carpet tiles. A elongated neon light hung under the ceiling, their downward glass designed in the form of an adjustable grid was. On the wall to the right of the entrance there was a table for attaching Cards or tables as well as a flip chart stand. Fischer placed a flat crocodilled case on the polished wooden table plate and let the delicate brass locks open playfully. He Carefully provided various leaves and a folded, large -scale -printed card.

The upholstery door opened. Busch entered. He was followed by a very large, dark blond man, when he appeared Lukowsky involuntarily one straight Current cigarette advertising reminded that depicted a man of this type. The man looked good and looked as if he had just spent months under subtropical sun. The man's light blue eyes looked friendly as if he were used to saying something nice at any time. He might be a good fifty years old or some about it. But already at ten He had to assess the meter away as a forty -year -old, although he Rather on the sixty. His movements were elastic as one one Competitive athletes and radiated undisturbed self - confidence. He spoke With a deep voice and in the style of the forwarding director of a large corporation: "Hello, gentlemen!" Busch presented: "Mr. Lukowsky - Mr. Stephan." He moved the chair on Use the window: "Let's sit down!" - Stephan settled next to Busch, Fischer and Lukowsky. The Chairs at the head end of the table remained free. Fischer handed Mr. Busch die Prepared papers and placed the empty briefcase on the chair next to you. Busch took the papers, put the card separately, pushed the papers On the table top so that they rested evenly in his hands, and struggled. His gaze initially focused on Stephan and then switched between those present: "Well, I already pressed Mr. Stephan my regret for the delay and therefore do not need to use another word. Certain circumstances forced this minor time difference. " He took a short break. Ton and atmosphere seemed entirely to the to want to develop a board meeting. Busch flogged the papers in his hand before he continued: "As the first I would like to clarify the presence of our friend Ernst Lukowsky. He Is with us - I would like to say: come to us - especially one conscious us to create all moving uncertainty out of the world. Mr. Lukowsky is from Profession Aviation, exactly said, transport aircraft pilot, formerly the air force officer. In the next few days he will be our friend Domenico Alotti in Meet the Toulon. I was able to ensure that he was through a proof order of the Company Rolland & Löw to Mahlberg, Gabler & Wenzl GMH this Travel with a plane that will be useful there. There a Such flight for Mr. Lukowsky is everyday life and he is not in itself in itself Connection to us is not to assume that the opposite side of it

could draw any conclusions. It will be very inconspicuous. " He raised the Right hand into an underline gesture: "In Toulon, Mr. Lukowsky becomes the Take the stencils and other things ready by Mr. Alotti to take over the to make out the original location of our target object, or the necessary intermediate member. I therefore, dear Mr. Stephan, then ask you to follow Our little conversation in your opinion is correct in this To enter the card. " Busch put the flat hand on the folded paper: "It is Here around a piece in the measuring table sheet manner. " - Now he turned Lukowsky to: "Due to the stencils, they themselves become the smallest from the plane can recognize and determine topographical details. " He tended in his Confidential nature: "A child's play! Our friend Alotti will be you explain everything. Maybe you should know quickly: Mr. Stephan was in 1944 and in 1945 initially leading engineer and then commander on a submarine, on U-812. Contrary to official information, this boat was by no means destroyed, rather it fulfilled its mission. " Busch smiled mischievously: "It In a way, he still fulfills it. "His speech no longer applied Lukowsky specifically, but aimed at the whole meeting: "Nobody We can say with certainty that the documents are not More on the boat. " - "Sorry, I have to interrupt you," Stephan's bass baritone merged: "When we met for the first time, they said, all decisive - So they expressed themselves - it was in their possessions and they only needed the confirmation that it was not all of this. Soon afterwards they claimed that the material had been stolen - and today Explain that it may still be on the boat. " Stephan dwelled dissatisfied The mouth: "What else do you ask for what to believe you?" Busch replied unimpressed: "I ask no one from anyone!" Bush Flat hand showed a emphatic gesture: "Basically not!" He put a tiny break, then in his own cozy way with his Continue to continue: "Basically, you are right, dear Stephan. Because Even before our connection, I tried to ensure that Valtine Completely felt like the winner and let me work undisturbed. " He paused, pulled out a cigar, lit it slowly and said: "With one Dummy! Yes, with a dummy! And exactly with one and the same Dumming that Valtine had brought into circulation once in order to

. " He pinched his eyes together, his gaze flashed awake: "Valtine Grabbed this bait - and it was poisoned - so to speak. " Busch winked with one eye, but immediately became sober again: "Maybe that has Poison not quite worked. Soon I had doubts whether Valtine hadn't long ago Could have original - due to its old connections to the Allies Place. I managed to chase him off at short notice what I may have thought for the original. But before I got to look at the content, lost I again the package. I am not sure if I am not my own dummy had chased! It sounds strange, but I almost accept that. " bush smiled in an artificial self -irony. Then he suddenly straightened up in Armchair on. The hand with the cigar circling over the table top. His organ swelled: "I'm not even sure whether we are not up to the hour In general, rush this nonsensical dummy! None of us can do today With certainty, say whether the original still exists! I never have it seen! And she, Stephan, saw it for the last time 1945! Who guarantees us that it has ever been brought ashore? Who wants to say it is lying no longer in the submarine?! " Busch briefly closed his eyes as if he had to recover from physical exertion. He leaned back and sucked of his cigar. Stephan made a abundant hand movement against the smoke and began: "Your former colleagues from the SD wanted to clear up U-812, but had that Canaris followers before the defense. I know that bindingly. I was squeezed afterwards, first my own people And then the enemy. And I have remained stubborn that we are flooded. The entire crew played the same lyre, as far as People have been taken up by her. I can't say more about that. Still Two years after the end of the war, they have us at irregular intervals Pissed! " Stephan now also refused: "So don't talk anyone Bock manure! There are exactly seven torpedoes on the boat, two of them destroyer crackers, and a few boxes of 3.7 flakmunition. Nothing else. Nothing about V, S or Z systems and definitely no flight circular plans- to do that at to clarify this opportunity again. " Busch opened his eyes jerkily: "So!" He leaned forward and worked Fresh as if after extensive sleep: "But they forgot the unmistakable small stuff. I don't talk about the plans, they are uninteresting for me. I talk about rifles and cans and what else is ..."

His index finger lifted against Stephan before Busch continued: "Could You take it on your oath that these inconspicuous objects and papers Not in between because nobody knew what to do with it? There were not enough visible valuables on board The attention to .. let's say, for example, a cheap sheet cover should fall?! " Stephan replied stretched after a moment of thinking: "Heaven again! You know yourself how organizes what is going on! Exact inventory lists and so on! " He wiped his hand over the bare table top with his hand, as if she were full of dust: "This is simply nonsense, which we are here talk. I'm sorry to have to say it so clearly, but it's my opinion. " Stephan looked at the clock and did not fall back into his informal expression: "So please, Mr. Busch! Convince yourself - or let yourself be convinced. I consider this to be a time loss. Mister Valtine is ahead, even if that is not a pleasant idea is." - "I expect that!" Busch instructed: "And if Mr. Lukowsky certainly gives us this tiresome point, that does not mean that we put the other hands in the lap during that time should! " Stephan narrowly noticed: "Agree." A break was taken. Busch sorted his leaves and gave Fischer a requesting look. Fischer then rose as if it were a presentation. He pushed the spread fingers into each other and quietly let the joints crack. He stepped into the window, opened it a gap - with the remark: "Bad air" - went back to his place and said standing: "The surprising death of our former employee Alfred Beekn confirms in a way the fear expressed by Mr. Stephan. could at least be a confirmation for this. " Fischer's face took one hypocritical train: "Mr. Lukowsky had handed over a package to Alfred Beekn, as is known. Then ..." - Busch interrupted: "Mr. Stephan's time is measured, dear fisherman. Let's stay with acute things, please. " "Please!" Whispered Fischer, nested on his egg-colored tie and continued to speak: "Still remains unclear which source the package handed over by Mr. Lukowsky. Speaks for the fact that Beekn sent it itself - or let it be sent. Nevertheless, this cannot be seriously accepted, of course. Although lord Beekn taught us with no word of the existence of that package that

possibly that was real. The theoretical consideration must be allowed to what extent Mr. Beekn received the original documents - wherever - And intended to evaluate them personally. This would be those present known plane crash, or the blasting of the aircraft, explain how the impression should be given that this conscious package is destroyed and thus further research. " Fischer looked Stephan in the Eyes:

"Incidentally, I would like to notice that certain construction plans for I would be very important! It is a matter of the highest national interest! You all know, I was still recently entrusted in my former office with corresponding surveys. That is a very serious thing! " Busch threw in: "But not our matter. At least not primarily." Fischer took a deep breath, cracked again with the finger joints And said: "In any case, the killing of Beekn should mean the opponent - One of our opponents - is currently in possession of important original documents. We can't help ... "Fischer's look was wrong while one A few seconds through the room, as if he reflected again, do not ward off to be allowed. He quickly gnawed at the lower lip and picked up his thread: "... not about to act quickly! And this on two levels: first to Clear to see, Alotti and Lukowsky are doing what was discussed beforehand. At the same time we, Busch and I, we, us, Valtine and his entourage to keep it under control as possible, that is, at the moment: in the eye. " Fischer looked out of the window as if he was looking for suggestion for a conclusion His lecture: "Yes! Thank you." He finally said, sat down, crossed his legs and crossed his arms. Several moments passed silent. Fischer moved up a few centimeters in the chair, Busch looked at Apparently bored the grid of the neon lamp under the ceiling, Stephan drummed onto the table top with his fingers, Lukowsky sat quietly a cigarette smoking on his chair. Finally Stephan pulled a checkbook from the inside pocket of his light brown Leather jacket. The checkbook clapped on the polished table top. Busch got A quiet glow in the eyes. Stephan screwed up a black fountain pen and exhibited a check. He put the checkbook back in. The completed appearance remained on the table. Stephan rose and Asked: "So where is the card?" Busch pushed the card to Fischer. Fischer folded her apart and put her

Stephan before. This leaned over it, supported an elbow and studied the paper: "Let's see!" He turned the card over, noticed casually: "I have to imagine the matter from the sea," and deepened Again in the measuring table. He seemed to puzzle for two minutes, pulled out finally his pen holder and painted an approximately three centimeter extensive Quadrat: "Here!" he said with a deeper, firm voice: "If it is not here, it is nowhere!" He clipped onto the wood with his hand ankles: "So, after work!" He pushed his chair to the table, raised his right hand in a way, which was no longer common for some time, and stepped without stopping Leave the door: "So, goodbye gentlemen and good luck!" He Nodded the men again at the table and left the conference room. At first it seemed as if the room with Stephan had lost its most important life. Busch, Fischer and Lukowsky Still quietly at the table. Fischer folded the card together and put it in his Feature case. Busch reached over the table and fought after the check. He held He was pleasant to himself and nodded thoughtfully: "Yes, yes ..." Fischer seemed Hard to be impressed. Busch, on the other hand, put an complacent one Smile up and turned Lukowsky: "So, dear Lukowsky, now too Them! Talking about all the details would still have no sense. We will do this if it is time. " He was his now Reduced cigar again and spread the arms: "As soon as we do everything I inform you, Mr. Lukowsky. That is, if the Appointment with Alotti is clear, the order from Löw and thus the aircraft ... and So on ... "he stroked ashes. His words were irrelevant: "And some Other little things. " He pulled his eyebrows up and at the same time interpreted with the hand with the hand holding the cigar: "By the way, they are from Get us a modest but regular salary. Offset later this with your profit on the matter. Fast and uncomplicated. " He looked at Fischer and clapped his hands: "Well, that would be for today!" Fischer nodded silently with his head.

They went through the busy hall, where there was a special hustle and bustle. Because of any mass. Confusion of different languages and colors moved everywhere. Gesticulating men and mostly strikingly dressed Women divided the place in the hall among themselves. Busch handed Lukowsky his hand: "You can reach us here if something un-

what happened should happen. " Fischer also handed her hand. Again like a damp sponge. "There would still be a little something," said Lukowsky: "You have forgotten me To ask if I want to play at all! " Busch showed a blasting expression and confidentially put a hand on Lukowsky's forearm: "But you want, right?" He emphasized his head and Beamed confidently: "Let us show lack of trust in them, dear Lukowsky? " Lukowsky said: "You will know what you are looking for. If you are namely not knowing, it has no purpose that I get involved. So? " Busch pulled his hand back and replied good -natured: "I already see, I see already! We will understand each other better than I thought at the beginning! " They strolled to the exit and Busch continued in the chat: "So believe You confidently that I know what I do! We strive for this phase an object that I cannot and does not want to call. If you Remember our first detailed conversation ... you would not believe me if I said the truth! That's the problem! " He stopped and Smiling to be smiling: "Would you prefer it, I table one credible lie? " He said further approval: "Seeing You, our target object - the whole complex at all - blend it, so to speak, The framework of the ordinary very extraordinary! Perhaps for the time being, the hint is sufficient for the time being that it is valuable scope, that don't even have to be stolen because they don't anyone anymore, so to speak, belong. So we don't do anything criminal! " Fischer cleared his throat as a wool he discreetly indicate a different view, without bush opposite To expose Lukowsky. Busch noticed it. He hesitated to further pronounce, did But then it: "Let us try together, dear Lukowsky!" Lukowsky asked: "When do I hear from you?" - "In the course of the next Days, "Busch replied, he repeated it:" In the course of the next few days! We will contact us by phone or personally. " -

A strange mood seemed to circle all over the city - strange, unreal. Lukowsky knew that the couple had to do that looked inside. Vera's concern could use what he was doing now and alone That's why he would do it. Don Quijote now rode out to go for Dulcinea Fighting giants and dragons - maybe also against windmill wings. -

He slowly steered through the streets, nobody rushed to yellow. Authority after. His eyes grazed people, many strangers, he saw them Passers -by on the sidewalks such as colorful blobs, which blurred into an obvious picture - because they had no fate.

Lukowsky ran across the wide rooms of the office. But he thought about nothing. It was only the unrest because of Vera. There was no sign of her, no trace. At the same time, a shadow of the Everyday life. Bernd Meißner's just call. It was very embarrassing to him Lukowsky had felt that from every word. He has to make So Meißner said that the father insisted on it. A stupid child adventure Be this whole air freight company, a nonsense that you should no longer tolerate. Yes, that's how it is with it. He was very suffering, emphasized Bernd Meißner, and That was honest, but there is no other way. The office space should also be will be canceled for the next quarter - he would be very sorry, said Meißner - But the father insists ... But it was precisely this announcement that Lukowsky occurred, was a sign for it that Don Quijote should ride. That did not have to mean that he would give up so easily here. There may have been a few chances, the company alone to save. He leaned on the balcony door and looked down into the courtyard. Almost native he already felt in these rooms, from whose windows he looks at the Houses had and even a green little bit in the courtyard. - His thoughts returned to Busch's incomplete history. In conjunction with what Vera Jörgens had told, some things could be smiled together: a legacy of the Second World War, things of very high value, Perhaps a secret weapon construction - the name Canaris was also named. What Vera had described seemed to have a hand and foot. So Then it was probably real giants that had to be competed against, not just Windmills. Ernst Lukowsky was not interested in the meaning of all this in the end Wanted - now he was not interested. There was enough space For an illusion that created the feeling that may not have hope, but But the thought of hope was - inseparable from Vera, Dulcinea; Because this was aware of him well enough: he did what he did for your sake Now did what he would do - whatever it might go out.

The day continued to move forward in his time, with minutes and hours - Filled with many thoughts that extended beyond the edge of this time. It had to turn around, the present demanded her right.

He had eaten around the corner at the fries frites. Now sat He behind the desk and played with a pencil. It was still early. Hardly seven o'clock. Bernd Meißner had originally registered his visit for six o'clock, but hadn't come. Lukowsky could imagine why. He flipped on the table in the elongated schedule. Only There were phone numbers in it. But the one he wanted to vote now knew he now memorized. He reached the phone and called for countless times the Kaiserhof in Essen. Miss Jörgens still lived there, but was not there. The well -known song. Lukowsky put on - disappointed, every time New disappointed. Then Bernd Meißner called. Meißner was in Wuppertal, somewhere with friends, had nothing special to say. Lukowsky no longer calculated anyway with him.

It just started to dawn when Lukowsky turned away from the highway to To visit Heinz Kufner. The matter with the engines had to be clarified. Now that the company was more than critical, it had become a hurry. Several cars stood in front of the station pub. Light and Music penetrated through the door and windows. Lukowsky entered the smoky pub And looked around. He didn't discover Heinz Kufner anywhere. - Groschen clacked from a slot machine. Joyful Johlen scolded from several men's throats. Lukowsky went on foot to the workshop. The small square window of the account was enlightened. The workshop and the area all around was in Dark. Varately Lukowsky pushed his foot or knee against Iron parts. He was already used to that. He called: "Heinz!" - As usual there was no answer. Lukowsky tapped at increasing twilight Further forward: "Heinz!" - Lukowsky came to the open workshop. Inside there was darkness. He stumbled in and bumped into anything. He groped After the light switch. When the wall slippery from the countless mature

The switch was found. After a short, bluish flicker, Flammed four neon tubes. - - next to the lathe on the right of the gate Kufner on the ground. Lukowsky's call: "Heinz!" became a cry. - Lukowsky hurried to the man on the stone floor, knelt next to him and took him With the shoulder. - Heinz Kufner was dead. - Only gradually lukowsky. - Two medium caliber shots gaped in the chest of the gray man. The blood was already over, the body was cold and rigid. - Lukowsky left the Shoulder go. He stayed next to the dead for a while and looked at him. Kufner had closed his eyes. Very strange. His face looked quiet And peaceful. "Felix and Heinz ..." Lukowsky slowly spoke without to be aware of the words. - he stroked slightly over Kufner's right hand and Then got up. Lukowsky raised the middle drawer of the desk in the account. There was a parabellum pistol and a full replacement magazine via crumpled papers. The Tiny metal part, which lay like a pointed -angular triangle above the pistol cartridge camp, testified that it was loaded and ready to shoot. Lukowsky pushed the drawer back on, reached to the phone and called the police: "Hello? - - - Yes, what serious. - in the workshop of Mr. Kufner ... Söllenweg means that means Here, I think - - know you anyway! Then please come here. " -

Less than five minutes until a patrol car arrived. The car was Pretty big, the white inscription 'police' and silver -made stars on the two front doors. Two officers in uniform got out. They behave Clearly and determined. After gaining a first impression They called a medical car and colleagues in civilian Benegant not remembered by Mr. Cornelius. A Medical vehicle came. There was also a doctor. Heinz Kufner needed it no longer. The ambula's doors closed behind him.

It had now become completely dark. The illuminated station clock ten o'clock. Lukowsky entered the slanted only hotel of the Place. A daring thick woman behind the counter of the hotel Obeaning locals provided a block with light red paper: "Fill the registration slip! " She considered and added: "Please!" In addition. Lukowsky wrote his name and address, paid in advance and received one Key: "On the first floor," the thick woman grumbled, and panted a glass of red wine full.

On the key, a mark -sized badge clamped with the imprinted Section 4. Lukowsky found the right door and turned the key in Lock. The badge of the badge again. The white porcelain lamp under the Ceiling of the bare hallway switched off automatically. Lukowsky snaps that Light in the room. The room was relatively large and neatly furnished. The window pointed to the Bahnhofsplatz. Lukowsky deleted the light And looked out of the window. His car stood in front of the station pub. Lukowsky went up and down in the room. He thought of Heinz Kufner, he thought Felix Schäuer. Again he stayed at the window. The restlessness remained.

He went down to the station place. A cyclist drove past. The pedals of the bike. The night gradually became cool. The cold light of the Street lighting strengthened this impression. Lukowsky stepped slowly his Mustang. He opened up, sat in and put his hands around that Tax. It felt ice cold. Lukowsky's hands also got cold. He felt It when he stroked his face. - After half an hour he returned to the hotel back. He ordered a cup of coffee and took it to his room.

Lukowsky was sitting in the dark on the brown armchair of this hotel room opposite the train station. He held the outstretched legs crossed on the windowsill. From this angle he only saw roof tiles and sky. Heiz Kufner was his old friend was murdered. First Felix, now Heinz. - rattled in the hallway A door. Already for the third or fourth time in almost regular distance Of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Slight steps apparently gripped to the landfill and back again. - Lukowsky closed his eyes. He thought of Vera, Dulcinea. Where could she be? - Brüchiger half sleep Covered him. Again the door clatter! - He rubbed his eyes and drank the last one Sip of the now cold coffee. The strange steps back and forth in the hallway. 'Strange,' thought Lukowsky. And it Jumped through his thoughts in quick succession: 'Strange! Stairs To the window towards the Bahnhofsplatz! Strange! Unnatural! Crazy! For what reason?' The armchair rushed around. Lukowsky hooked the door and tore the handle. His right hand shouted on the left hip. The rooster cracked, Lukowskys Black revolver focused on a fleeing shape in the pale -illuminated corridor. Lukowsky said: "Stop!" The shape stopped. First

horror and then amazement stood on the beautiful women's face: Vera!

Vera Jörgens wore a red skirt with a wide belt and a red Blouse. The fabric was probably silk, it played around this wonderful smooth female body. The long brown hair was in front of the left shoulder to a braid and its tip with a red loop tied. Vera stopped and said nothing. Lukowsky Step To the woman. He relaxed the cock of the revolver and put the gun away. The woman's posture loose. Lukowsky now stood tight opposite. She moved her lips: "I hadn't recognized you right away!" She Broken out deeply as if she had stopped the air all the time before: "It could have been someone else and I'm unarmed." Lukowsky looked at the door at the end of the hall, which she was on: "Is that Your room? " She nodded. A bedside cup burned. A nightgown was ready on the bed. At A table was a counterpart to the armchair in Lukowsky's room. Lukowsky turned the armchair and said to Vera: "Sit down!" It obeyed. He sat on the wooden bed boundary and looked at the woman in the amazed eyes, in the eyes he loved and who were now torturing him. His voice sounded as impersonal as possible: "What are you doing here?" Vera Jörgens quickly won her superior self -confidence, The uncertainty gave way. She quickly said: "I am someone followed. My old enemy Mark Valtine. " Lukowsky asked: "Hitchhiking?" - "No!" The woman defied defiantly: "With a rental car, it was A light brown BMW. I know it was awkward. Women think and act differently than men, sometimes not logical. That's why I would like to transfer my concerns to a man. " Obviously, she felt completely as the mistress of the situation. Your smile came With disarming naturalness. Then her expression became serious: "You have me cannot reach. That had reasons. But I have a lot about yours Greetings. I'm also looking forward to seeing you now, as much as I do yours Current behavior. " Lukowsky said nothing. Wanted to talk and he left her. If he had spoken, she would also be every one Words noted how happy he was to have found them healthy. And yet now distrust gnawed in him, a mistrust that hurt very much. Vera Jörgens plucked around the red loop that the brick ending together:

"He had tracked me down. I apparently pulled myself back. But the best defense is known to be the attack. So I prayed myself on his heels. He drove to Cologne, met with Löw. That was remarkable Because Löw is traditionally Busch party. There seems to be something. A Valtine did not have his two rackets with him. That was probably with an order on the go; But I don't know what kind of one. Finally Fore Valtine here. I followed him and hid in this inn. From the window of the dining room I could see where Valtine went. Then drove His car from it. I went where Valtine had gone. I Wanted to know what he had done. " Vera fully looked at Lukowsky: "That saw Then I. I closed his eyes to the old man he had murdered and went again. " She tied the red loop more firmly around that Jump end: "I brought the rental car away because I drive on by train wanted. I now know where Valtine has set up. This is useful. To I saw my horror at the train station. He had to have come back in the meantime. I scurried into that unseen here Inn. As I said, I don't have a weapon with me. Otherwise I trust myself to defend myself with a Valtine and bats. " She interpreted one Hand movement on: "Now he's gone." Lukowsky asked: "A dark blue Pontiac?" Vera nodded: "An American Dare, badly tasteless. " Lukowsky remembered this car in front of the To have seen the train station. He lit a cigarette: "The old one Man who was murdered - he was a friend of mine. " Vera simply said: "I'm sorry. Sometimes life is very hard. I know that." They were silent. One minute, two minutes, three minutes. Lukowsky smoked his cigarette. Vera jerked more comfortably and loosened with Nervous fingers up to half of their braid. She broke the silence: "Me knew about it. " Lukowsky looked at her questioningly: "What?" - "From the old gentleman In the workshop, your friend. As I read the sign at the workshop, I remembered a lettering sheet with the large names 'H. Kufner 'saw on your desk when I came to to ask about Brünner. I immediately thought you had to be here And Valtine said you might have deposited the green package. However, it is unclear to me how Valtine could get on it. " Lukowsky told: "It was therefore a man with Heinz Kufner. That fits together. One of whom Heinz says that he had worked as a result, in the thirties, with a golden Mercedes ...?"

Vera said: "Ferdinand Löw! A financier of Busch who is now obviously with Valtine collaborates. Then bush must have watched you, or his Adlatus Fischer without noticing it. You are now in the middle of the vortex of the Insane. I told you that! And if you are allied with me now, remember. I lead a private war - to a certain extent. " Lukowsky got up, pressed out the cigarette on a flower coating, Massified the face and sat on the edge of the bed. He looked at the woman. The Soft fabric of her dress painted the shapes of her flexible body. Lukowsky asked: "You don't quite trust me?" She smiled weakly: "I think - as best I can. I like you very much Really very much! But I forgot someone to do it entirely trust. I would have to learn that again. " A bitter train stepped on her face: "I couldn't even trust my mother who behind me had my hair cut halfway long, even though it had firmly promised, Only the tips below. You know what that means to me. "Vera started her To fully braid again. "And then ..." she looked up: "Mine I couldn't trust my own brother who is older and stronger than me and me ... afterwards ... I just learned to distrust! And everyone too Distrust. That was my school of life. " Two tears suddenly glittered in their eyes and rolled over their cheeks, without sobbing. Lukowsky felt that the woman from her deepest Interior spoke the truth. He would have loved to take her in his arms And pressed itself. He said: "I think I didn't have such experiences, but others who were not too much better. I can Understand you. And I would like to tell you, I old slaughterhouse that you I can trust me. I tell you so honestly from the feeling of how you just spoke: You can trust me - perfectly. " And in my mind he continued: 'If you needed my blood, I would Give you my blood, if you needed my eyes, I would mean you Give eyes when you needed my heart, I would give you my heart I would give my life for you without hesitation And it would be wonderful to be able to give everything for you. So I stand by you Vera, and more is not to be said, Vera - Dulcinea. But he did not express these words. Nevertheless, he was like the woman every Individuals would have heard directly from his thoughts. Two more Tears ran out of their gray blue eyes, which are now even bigger and more beautiful

appeared when they were anyway. She said, apparently suddenly: "Nothing I love as much as 'Tristan and Isolde' - love death. I already said about it. Do you like Wagner?" - Ernst Lukowsky knew this music well and also that Feelings in her. He nodded. Vera's restless hands dissolved the braid. After a couple of moments she began without a way: "I don't have a pistol with me. a dagger. An heirloom from my father. With this dagger I will Kill Mark Valtine if nobody else does it. " She wrapped the red ribbon with to which her braid had been tied up in persistent nervousness The index finger of her left hand. She pulled the tape off the finger and caught it To her loose hair. Lukowsky asked: "You have already told me a lot. Now you should be me tell whole story. It doesn't have to be today. I have bush now and fishermen hit. I'll tell you about that. When we the kite We have to know all of his caves. " Vera nodded. "Yes." She suddenly looked at him from my eyes: "I want to Now like to lie down. You will be nearby, right?" - Lukowsky promised: "Quite sure!" She got up. Lukowsky also got up. They were close to each other. For the second time, both of them became a glance. Lukowsky grabbed Gently and carefully their upper arms. Immediately he felt the defensive one again Schauer who went through the woman's body. Vera's corners of the mouth trembled. But yours Look remained calm and clear. He tenderly stroked her forehead with two fingers. The fear of touching in her body subsided, her nerves relaxed. She breathed Lukowsky the hint of a kiss on the Mouth and smiled: "See you tomorrow!"

Lukowsky left her room. While he was through the corridor to his Step, it was him when the sun was bright despite the night darkness.

Lukowsky hadn't slept. He considered a guard to be Vera and paid attention to every sound. But everything remained calm. When the morning gray, he stepped onto the window. Weak drizzle dab the panes and danced in the bleaching glow of the Street lamps. The view from the window was bleak: the one died out Daling station place, inanimate roads, a stray car from time to time. Lukowsky got ready and went to Vera's room. He Pounded the door and said from the outside: "Good morning!" She called with lively Voice: "Yes! In!" And Lukowsky entered.

Vera was still in a brown -brown dressing gown, which was soil And seemed almost like an evening dress. She stood in front of the sink, looked in the small rectangular mirror over it and left a brush through her Beautiful brown hair rush. Now she turned her head and gave Lukowsky a look. She let the brush sink, reached into her free hand with her free hand Hair, lifted her neck and dropped her back on her back. "Don Quijote, "she said:" I would like to wash my hair. Yesterday night I was too tired. It wouldn't be absolutely necessary, but I would be more comfortable feel. Can we take the time? " -" We don't have a hurry, "replied Lukowsky, "You can tell me your story on the occasion - If you want. " She thought about a moment and then said: "Good. Washed they are in half an hour. Maybe you can now have a breakfast Flight and then come back? " Lukowsky said: "In order. I have to Yes, just talk to the police. I have Heinz Kufner's body found and must certainly sign any paper. So it can be that it takes a little longer than half an hour. "

It took three quarters of an hour. Then Lukowsky had everything with the police settled and ensured a decent breakfast. When he was on one Tablet came to Vera's room, already buzzed there and blew in and blew in Vera's moist hair. She was sitting on the edge of the bed. On the floor in front of the The sink was a lot of small brown haircuts. Vera noticed Lukowsky's look and assured: "It was not even five centimeters, Don Quijote! But that had to be again. You won't be the difference at all Remember. "That was right. The woman switched off the hair dryer. She came to him towards and took over the tray. "I love hot coffee!" Vera explained And began to cover the small table of the room. Lukowsky reported Her: "I was with the police. You have traces of two different ones Couple male shoes and a few female shoes found in oil fields had kicked. Nothing else. The women's shoes were certainly yours. " Vera nodded. that they get Valtine. It has long been somewhat different. And myself If: He now has relationships with the Allied offices again. They would cover him against the German police. " She took a knife to To prepare jam rolls and let it swing in the air: "But me get it one day! What he did about me was worse than what mine

Brother did - and he is to blame for my father's death. I want that the kite is killed! You know it! " She noticed that the morning mantle was not right and clearly her breasts let. Like with a quick reflex, she changed this and tightened the cord -like belt firmly. Then she asked: "How much time do you have?" Lukowsky replied: "All day." And he thought: 'For you a whole life and that Eternity. 'In turn, the woman seemed to read in his thoughts, she smiled. After a long moment she said: "Fine, then I can mine Let hair dry or at most need the lukewarm hair dryer. Does hot The hair is not good, and although fortunately mine is quite strong are, I'm delicate with them - you already know that! I only use it The best brushes, wood with natural bristles - that's how I am! " She examined The ends of her hair and then looked at Lukowsky: "Would you Actually also like if I haven't had my hair that long? I mean, not So - and if you had met me differently from the start? " He Honestly replied: "No. Then you weren't you. I wouldn't then can see as I see you, because it is more than just a nice one Externality is. In addition - it just belongs to a real woman. It's the way your father said. " Vera poured fresh coffee into the now empty cups. She didn't look Lukowsky in the eye when she asked: "May I Be indiscrete: You once loved a woman who saw me similar? " He Nodded: "She hasn't lived for a long time. But say nothing sophisticated, please. It has been so many years ago, it has peace. Now I see You, and that's beautiful. " Vera touched her wet hair with a gesture gesture: "Maybe Should I take the lukewarm hair dryer. Otherwise it will take too long. With the Breakfast we're done, don't we? - I wanted to tell you too! "

The little hair dryer buzzed in Vera's hand and blew into her dense brown hair, which now had a smooth cutting edge at the ends, but without shorter works. The sound was quiet, it didn't bother the words. Vera said: "That The most important thing, on big trains, you already know. I am very open to you been. What should still be said now affects little things. But they are Many little things that have their meaning. You should know all of this. Löw, for example. This is a wealthy antique dealer. Serious, no Unropened guy, probably even nice, probably also belongs to that

Z-plan

So small patriotic camps these days. But he too has in the Examine whirlpool of madness. The idealistic goals of the old officers He probably doesn't know, but he's hardly about money, because it has he enough. I know him too little to be able to assess him. Maybe applies His delusion ancient art. In the beginning he only mashed with bush and Fischer, now apparently also with Valtine. I don't think there is a art treasures on the matter of Z-Plan, as my father called it. In any case, he never spoke of it. I think Busch was just inventing this to bait Löw to finance his goals. Busch is a fox - and in its obsession Completely unscrupulous. Possibly there is also other in Löw Game. As I said, I don't know him well enough. I think his father -in -law has been a high Wehrmacht officer with whom my father at least was well known. Possible that this too plays a role in Löw. National He is well -born, I know that pretty much. But I don't know him well Enough. "Lukowsky asked:" Does the name Stephan tell you something? A former Submarine driver? He was yesterday at the meeting with Busch and Fischer there. " Vera was amazed: "Stephan? Of course I know that! He was with well known to my father. I didn't think Stephan pulled in there would leave. " - "My impression is," Lukowsky noted: "Stephan only gives A few tips and money. He didn't get the impression on me as if he was on the matter. " - "Then it's conceivable!" Vera nodded, "such a bit Keep in the nose, but don't really put it in; That fits Stephan, yes. He But it's no danger anyway. " She became thoughtful, her gaze seemed to to be directed into an invisible distance. Her voice accepted a quiet sound, but each of her words came very clearly: "Unfortunately my father was completely different. He was enthusiastic about Busch, from Beekn - even by Valtine ...! - that ruined him. Valtine made my father always to give more money for the mysterious affair until the Company collapsed. Then my father shot himself. Perhaps Also - sometimes I think that - not to reveal anything. Mine Contrary to expectations, brother managed to save the company. " - Vera interrupted Your story. She touched her still wet hair and said suddenly: "When I died, I don't want to burst, but be burned. I would imagine it to be burned at sea on a long ship Become - as the Vikings once. Only my hair should be canceled become a souvenir of me. Over there in Walhall I would have them anyway

Immediately completely. " Your corners of your mouth trembled. Joke through Ernst Lukowsky. He said, "don't think about dying, dulcinea, Love, you are young! Much younger than me! You still have so much in front of you - Nice, wonderful! " She shook her head very slightly and smiled Weak, a quiet, proud smile: "I will die earlier than you, Don Quijote! I feel that. And it's not bad! " - Your look asked: 'Say now Nothing and don't ask me. 'Lukowsky received it from her thoughts very clearly. He was silent without understanding. Vera hit her eyes, she Let the mild hair blow back into her hair and said after moments of the Silent on in a factual way: "When Stephan has appeared on stage, this suggests that the story with the submarine is true. Of this. has been rumored earlier. Some important things should still be on a submarine that was set on the basis. However, I don't know where. It must have been too late to bring these things into one of the underground facilities. Maybe there is more behind it, me I do not know." Lukowsky confirmed: "It is about that. The submarine is said to be nearby From Toulon in front of the Mediterranean coast. I should take care of it. Together With a man named Alotti. " Vera noticed: "Domenico Alotti? He is nice! He often visited us in the past, and we are also through with him Italy traveled with him and his daughter. A very clever and educated man. A little mystic. His daughter, Antonietta, deals with a little bit Occultism, magic and so on. It is very clever! " Vera smiled at Lukowsky: "Antonietta, you would like it! It means she can see me similarly. She also has very long hair. However, it is less squeamish with them than I am with mine. She showed me how to get the tips Cutting up: everything in two even halves in front of the shoulders Comb and hold together. It becomes perfectly even. At Antonietta goes back. I never would bring that so finished. - But Sorry, that's really a woman's topic! "The smile was not available Her face, but it got weaker when it sinks deep into her. She said: "There are a few dreams from my childhood ... they are by no means More true, and yet I like to think about it. For example the vacation with Antonietta. " The woman again touched her hair from the parting to the Lace and casually explained: "With the lukewarm hair dryer it doesn't take that Long, they are still a bit damp, but that dries on its own. " She put

the hair dryer, put it aside, took one from her cosmetics Large curved horn ridge and gave rise to carefully combing their hair at the tips. In doing so, she came back to the factual things: "Antonietta's father belonged to a famous one in the war Italian unity, which would be called 'decima'. The torpedo leaders of the Principe Valerio Borghese. Maybe you've heard of it before. Somehow all of this is related, but I don't know every detail either. Now it becomes clear to me: Domenico Alotti has been living in Toulon for decades! That is certainly no coincidence. He was a fighting diver ... and he knows Busch! But, Yes, it could be that Domenico Alotti knows where the submarine is and also can in. If it is at Toulon, where he lives? As I said: he is an age Experienced diver! " She let her look wander for a moment and said Then: "I think Domenico is one of the really initiated. He also knows The secret of the magical sun. This is something that Antonietta is for interested. I really like them. You will like them too. There is there Certainly some things that hardly anyone suspects or just can imagine. "She noticed that the cord around the bathrobe again had loosened. She wiped it down again and considered: "What I do with you Maybe should tell: After my father's death, I am too Criminal officers have been interrogated twice. What they wanted to know moved into on possible legacies of my father, also whether I am about his Foreign connections know. But with me they bit in every way Granite. I think that became clear to the gentlemen very soon and it reached even to them nerves. - You know: I carry a private war one with several fronts. "She was ready with the comb Brush. "Unfortunately, there are many puzzles for me in all of this too," said the woman, "Although I really think my father had inaugurated me in everything want. He also gave me a few little things in his lifetime, and You will get this from me when the time comes. But the most important thing has Probably my mother burned - out of cowardice. It's sad to say something like that To have to be. "Vera let the brush sink and asked:" Let me now leave me Alone so that I can get dressed? "Lukowsky raised himself and said:" Me In the meantime and then wait in the room opposite, Numero 4. "

It took a little more than a quarter of an hour when Vera came. She had one Turquoise -colored dress dressed and your hair in front of your left shoulder

tied together to a turquoise band. The tail did not seem shorter, but the straightening made below fell when you look closely but on. Lukowsky took the woman's luggage, and soon she drove off, in Towards food, because Vera still had a room in the Kaiserhof and Some luggage. The sky was covered, but the rain clouds threatening from distant itself. Shy rays of sun came between the clouds.

They drove over the highway. Vera spoke of things again that she loved: Richard Wagner, especially 'love death' from Tristan and Isolde as well as 'Wotans Farewell' from the valkyrie; but also the 2nd set of Rodrigos Concierto de Aranjuez and the seals in Homers, especially in the old Voß transmission From the Schiller time, then the Edda and the Nibelungenlied. They took a break during a motorway base station. Not because that would have been necessary But because they felt like it. Lukowsky has never had the beautiful one before Mrs. Vera experienced as carefree as now, and he too felt easy as not for many years. When they left the restaurant's restaurant, she caught up with the Rohe. Vera stretched his finger as inconspicuously as possible in one direction and said With suddenly documented voice: "There!" A dark blue Pontiac waited a hundred meters away with a running engine. Lukowsky unabashedly pointed to the large limousine: "He killed Heinz?" Vera shrugged Little together: "Yes." Lukowsky said: "Sit in the car!" - he waited no rejection. He raised the zip of his jacket to quickly To be able to grab weapon and went straight towards the dark blue car. Two men sat in it. The driver and a second man in the rear. The In the meantime, the sun that has become cleared beamed brightly but still weakly over the landscape. Lukowsky listened to Vera excitedly calling: "Not! Don't go there!" - He continued. The driver in the Pontiac accelerated and let the car slowly roll. A Orangeroter small car crossed the way, then disappeared towards the highway. The field was free again. Lukowsky stepped further. The female voice in Something called his back. He didn't pay attention to it. The light of a pale reflected on the dark blue paint of the pontiac Sun. The driver had slowed down again. The sun reflexes blended from time to time. The front wheels of the pontiac were hit, but it remained

in his place. Only the engine noise grew into a dull V8 bubble. Lukowsky had come up to about thirty meters: tires screamed - Motor roar - the pontiac shot like a blindly attacking animal, he fell towards Lukowsky. Lukowsky jumped aside. But also the car Wank out and raced up to the wine -red Mustang. - Vera Jörgens hurried to the rest house. The right fond door of the pontiac was opened. - A Running bang hit the morning, then a second one. Lukowsky had also pulled his revolver and lap. Glass splintered on the pontiac, A scream sounded from somewhere. - With an open door, the dark blue car rushes of that. After a few meters, the door clapped on its own. - Lukowsky ran to his car and jumped in. While he put the ignition key into the castle, Vera also came. Your hands Gesticulated spirited, she called with wide eyes: "Don Quijote! What are you doing?!" - Lukowsky went through the accelerator pedal. The Mustang accelerated. Of the Dark blue sedan was due to the winding route and the right and the first houses in the nearby place to be seen on the left. Lukowsky stayed on the main street. Vera still shot it. He didn't hear There, but just said: "Now it's over! First Felix, then Heinz!" He turned Vera to: "I have to get them now! The roof goes to the fur!" The woman's gaze became calm, the touch of a smile stepped on her lips, Her voice sounded cool and determined: "Well! Then the youngest start today Court!"

Ernst Lukowsky's wine red Mustang drove at high speed through the small town. A confusing country road lined with forest joined. Lukowsky increased the pace. The Auto Made in Detroit, who was bought in the 'Wellmeyer's 1Afe Used Car' was free. Lukowsky now thought of nothing except his current goal, just The dark blue Pontiac sedan hovered in front of his inner eye. Technically speaking, it was an American duel: Ford against General Motors.

Grass scraps and small stones flew up at every curve that is too sharp.

The landscape hitting past the car windows in distorted pictures. Lukowsky got hot. He overtook a truck, a passenger car and a bus. Boils whirled through the air behind the Mustang. - One just came on. At the end there was something that a dark blue Pontiac could be. The Mustang shot ahead. The dark, bluish something The greater, clearer, the shapes were recognizable - it disappeared behind a curve. Following this bend, a long straight stretched out crossed by a freight path. - The dark blue car was no longer there. Lukowsky stopped on an open route: he crossed his arms above the warm, welding steering wheel and said to himself: "So far he can Not at all! " He looked and looked at the woman in the passenger seat: "Maybe he was bent, but where? That would not get far with his bowl. " Vera Jörgens touched his shoulder gently. Her face was a little pale But her voice sounded: "It doesn't work like that! You have to pack it differently, with Refinement at the right moment! " Lukowsky looked at her and replied Quick: "It just works, Vera! You will see! They have to be turned somewhere here, as unlikely it looks!" He ran back, braked again, got out and overlooked the site. Shaking head, he got back into the car: "There is no such thing!" He drove A little more backwards, stopped and looked around. Vera Jörgens Beautiful Narrow hands with the long pointed fingernails cramped silently in Fabric of the turquoise skirt. She said in half: "Don't you notice that Everyone thinks you have the package? That is very clear now! She Know your car so they lurked you up. Yes, I think you were lurking to you! But now they don't want a collision with you yet, they want Just watch you because they think at some point you led them to that Package." - He said loudly: "I don't care! And for reasons I want to Do not express good behavior in more detail how it doesn't matter to me! Now they will Learn guys what the emergency means with an old soldier! " He turned around and leaned the elbows on the black synthetic leather of the backrest of the driver's seat: "Where are they going! You don't - I get you there personally! " He thought loudly: "But I don't see any way here that would be wide enough. " Vera said: "Maybe you just hid in the forest path, let us go for a break and then vice versa? Valtine is too

Not the man who shoots around like in the Wild West, he leaves that others do. I assume it was like this: you let us past and are Then vice versa. Valtine has probably even got out and Taxi goes to the next train station. He doesn't even risk because of too to attract attention to the police. You know your name higher places. He is very careful. " - Lukowsky nodded: "That's how it could be!" The car swung deep in the feathers when he down the embankment on the meadow rolled. In fact, tire traces were found there. They followed. The peaceful Picture of the landscape and the now almost warm bright sun awarded This ride at once an almost holiday -like atmosphere. A big calm Suddenly spread in Ernst Lukowsky. He suddenly felt the persecution of the dark blue car like a annoying duty. Vera also seemed to be captured by this strange mood. You didn't speak. Slow Her car rolled over the grass. The trace that followed it made an arc Around a small piece of forest, then flip back on the street. Lukowsky stopped in front of the street and got out. Vera Jörgens also rose out of. They looked at each other across the car roof. Vera found a smile. Lukowsky hed up an arm on the tag roof and the chin in his hand: "Laugh me calmly! The boys made a round, we have made us Let past it and then go back, just as you suspected. I am the idiot! - But at least: the dragon has learned 'emergency' fear. " He knocked on his heavy single action revolver. Vera smiled Still, the comparison with the sword of the dragon slate seemed to please her. Then she fell into the brooding: "I don't understand: who has the package! You have it not. But everyone seems to think that you have it. Löw looked for you or with the old man who you might have given it can. So Busch doesn't have it either, because he is connected to Löw - Like now Valtine - who obviously doesn't have it either. Well, I'm coming Not in question. Then where is it? Because it must be somewhere - the real or that Wrong or both - there must be such a green package somewhere, and If it were just the wrong one. " Lukowsky thought about a moment. He pinched his eyes against the sun: "Soon I'll know, let yourself go on it! There are probably only two options, yes, I think only two." Vera's eyes looked at him as a look forward: "So? Tell me!" He shook his head: "Not what you think, vera. The matter lies

much easier. - or at least it could be. " She insisted: "Tell me!" Lukowsky swung from the fender of the car and stood up to her: "The first option is, this mysterious package is still slumbering At its place of origin, and the dummy has now been pulled out of circulation. Second option ... "He picked up thoughtfully to the chin. His right hand accompanied as if he had to apologize: "Look ..." he Looked in her eyes: "My friend Felix - who crashed - he was a very excellent plane. For this reason, I also believe in one Sabotage act! - But ..., you often don't want to admit the mistakes with friends. As I said: Felix was a very good plane, had experience, everything ... But he also had one mistake: he liked to play aerial acrobatics, made them Greatest maneuvers and the wildest fall flights ... "Lukowsky blinked again In the sun: "Sometimes - when I'm completely honest against myself - I wonder if Felix couldn't have crashed by his own guilt. I thought often enough, at some point he exaggerates it. Maybe it was. " - Lukowsky looked back into the beautiful face of the woman. He said, "Then that would be Mysterious package now somewhere in the eternal ice of a glacier. If it was on board the machine. That's how it could be. " He was silent and visited the blades of grass between his feet. She broke the silence in a lower voice: "How should we ever find it? If we really wanted it! " Lukowsky met her doubtful look and interpreted a shake of the head To: "Never, vera, never would anyone find it - at most After year and day a mountaineer by pure coincidence. But of course it is not sure that the package was in the plane. " He was one Cigarette and considered: "In theory, there would also be a third Possibility. When I came to Wenzl with the package under the arm, he grabbed it Immediately and disappeared for a quarter of an hour. There he would have it can replace. However, only if he had been well prepared. But then he could have got it. It is very unlikely But not completely impossible. This Brünner also ran with him in the company around. Wenzl could have made it. " Lukowsky waved himself from: "This is very unlikely!" Vera's thoughts went into consideration after. She said, "It is unlikely - but, as you say yourself, I will not think about it. I will think about it. This Mr. Wenzl certainly does not belong I know about the inner circle of the whole. But still ... "she looked up:

"Do we continue?" - Lukowsky went to the other side of the car: "Should I now bring you to your hotel for food? Or what do you want? " She thought about a few seconds, then said: "Yes, take me to the Kaisehof. I won't stay there, but I will get my things. I have an apartment right on the Rhine. Nobody knows. Everyone thinks I lived in hotels all the time And nowhere else in the country. But I'll be my personal Add address. "

They got in and drove on, back towards the highway. They drove leisurely, without hurry. The weather was pleasant, the landscape was picturesque. A gas station came in sight - and a dark blue pontiac sedan that from Rolled on the country road there. Now things turned into From moments. Vera said Kühl: "Leave him. Valtine is not in the car, that Is only one of his racket heroes. " Lukowsky replied: "But maybe The Heini leads to Heinrich! " Vera said something else, but these words Like bizarre, noise in the noise of the engine and one did not quite Fault -free exhaust system of the old Mustang under. Lukowsky cut them Next curve, passed past a minibus, chased between a car to be overtaken and an oncoming car, he swept over Runst strips and grass hubs so that the scraps flew - and the sun was beaming Now cheerfully from the sky. The Mustang overtook a bus and was now Even relatively close behind the dark blue sedan. The hunt led People around and on fields, through a piece of forest and on rapeseed fields Along - how the street took its way: meadows, again a forest. Again fields and fields. - A small town came in sight. The name on The speed distorted the speed and made it illegible. The woman reflexively ducked in the passenger seat, as a train barrier Came - but the barriers did not lower. With a short bump the Mustang jumped over the tracks and pushed into the village, the Large dark blue pontiac is already close on the heels. Housing fronts seem to rase towards, squeaking tires, a female voice called something. - Lukowsky felt sweat on his forehead. His car shot through the little one City, a dark blue sedan. Pedestrians were startled apart on all sides; Cars braked jerkily, fell into skid, bumped against each other, held on the roadside. The dark blue car gave way to an oncoming Porsche over the sidewalk and

Terte sparking along house walls. A shop window gruffled, honked; A mechanical fabric hare torn from the display behind the fragmented shop window of a toy store torned over the battlefield of the street. - The small city center was crossed, It went through the edge areas. The dark blue car took an open -plan front gate; The swirling slatters also met Lukowsky's car. Again, people hooked up headlessly, a shopping bag fell and scattered their contents onto the pavement, and again there was a glass somewhere. Then a yellow sign finally announced the end of the place. But while driving through the city, the Pontiac had won a few lengths. Behind the end of the place came a group of children on bicycles. The Pontiac raced right in the middle of Sk around and continue the journey. Lukowsky steered between in the slalom the standing and overthrown cyclists. Chickens hopped on the Street where the Pontiac had once again taken a piece of garden fence, fluttering and gackling the danger. Suddenly the driver of the dark blue car thought differently. He Try an 180-degree application from full speed. The maneuver failed. The pontiac skidded up, every control failed - it crashed into fully against A transformer house on the side of the road. The crash of impact followed an immediate explosion. The crashed car went in blazing Flames on. Lukowsky stepped onto the brakes, then accelerated again, pulled again The handbrake slightly on and carried out the turning maneuver successfully on the spot. He steered a bit back and then turned into a narrow path to Allotment gardens led. He got out and passed the burning pontiac To the cyclist's accident location. No human casserole had formed yet. A child was lying on the street, but rapped up without any significant injuries. A chicken gackled. A second child was sitting crying, But unharmed on the ditch. Lukowsky missed the chicken and wore The child off the street. Now other people came, among them a second one Cyclist group and a man in the running step with a doctor's pocket. From a distance was Even the howling of the sirens of an ambulance. Lukowsky went back to the Mustang. Nobody paid attention to him. Onlookers surrounded that meanwhile sprawling wreck of a formerly dark blue sedan of the Type Pontiac 'Grand Prix'.

The Mustang stood invisible to all those people behind the high hedge of the Verorgartenweg hidden. Lukowsky came to his car. He parked in the sun on the way which was hardly more than an extended trail. The passenger door stood open. Vera was nowhere to be seen. Lukowsky looked around. From the woman No trace. He went looking for it. After a few steps he noticed Rustling in the hedge spout. Vera came out of her carefully Hidden. Lukowsky looked at her: "Everything is fine." Vera sat in the car. She said without emphasis: "I should do that Take my father's pistol with you. " Lukowsky agreed: "That would be none bad idea. Even without Z-plans, we unfortunately live at a time when the Self -defense ability cannot harm. If you are the pistol of yours Father not find, I'll get you one. " Vera looked at him: "Thank you. But if, Then I take my father's pistol. It was his service weapon. I've also another revolver from him. He showed me how to shoot. I can It and, if necessary, will also meet. " Again, Lukowsky thought to be felt, Like everything that was related to her father, for Vera Jörgens was of particular importance. The intellectual touch with this memory seemed to have changed her constitution. She said dryly: "That just has Nothing brought in. " Lukowsky wondered about Vera's cool behavior. She looked at him: "However, it wasn't a shame about the strol. Probably he has the old one Man killed in the workshop. But Mr. Valtine, you have to do it get differently. " Lukowsky assured: "That also comes. You will be that Get the head of the kite! " Vera looked ahead and silent. Lukowsky wondered whether she was disappointed that her old enemy Valtine did not in the accident Had sat and was burned. Her face had a strict one Train accepted, she seemed alone with her thoughts to want. It may have been the thoughts of revenge - or completely different. Ernst Lukowsky did not want to understand this woman completely. He continued along the country road to the next motorway driveway to take. After a while the woman spoke as if her thoughts had a circle completed: "If it were with the green package as you are possible If the package could practically no longer be found ... it would be me Not much out of mind. Then Valtine didn't get it either. "

Lukowsky looked over at her. Their species seemed strangely changed. The warmth that she had previously assumed seemed spilled. The feeling of closeness was still there - and yet in a completely different way. Vera found him at that moment like a beautiful creature White marble, with red lips and big gray -blue eyes and long brown -up hair. But the vibration of personal warmth was no longer there. She seemed to feel the same thing. Your eyes met for one Second together. Vera said, "You wonder? You find me changed compared to the hours when I told you about hair drying?" He replied: "I'm not sure." She closed her eyes: "Yes. Your feeling It's right. But I can't explain what it is in me. I don't understand that myself. " She opened her eyes again and stroked with one Hand on her hair tail hanging in front of the shoulder down to down the tips that thaw in their laps and looked so even as Would only have been cut to them earlier. Played for several minutes Vera Jörgens in silence in silence as if there is a mysterious oracle. Then she looked at Lukowsky again and said calm voice: "You love me. This is something wonderful. I want you Also like to love. There are hours when I can feel something like that. And then Again I can only look forward to it deep inside - but it is not feel. " Her gaze decreased again: "I wish so much that it would be different. I wish I was young enough again to my brother in time To be able to run away before he was able to run violence in order to run away from the mother in good time before she was able to cut my hair to cut my hair in good time to pull out before Valtine fell over me. Because I still have that not told correctly because I don't get any closer to it in the mood from earlier might speak. I fought back and not that bad. The Nature gave me a lot. I know without vanity that she shaped me nicely, the way a woman should look. But the heart, my first Twenty -two years of life exchanged for a stone. I wished, It would be different. " She looked at him again and then immediately away: "Whenever it becomes aware, I just want to die quickly." Her words stamped Lukowsky in his heart, which was not made of stone. He braked drove right and exhibited the engine. He looked at the woman. She stared straight. Lukowsky said: "You have no heart from stone, vera! You!" She turned the Head to him. There were no tears in their gray blue eyes, but their mouth

Winkel. She pulled the tape out of her hair and handed it over: "One Talisman, Don Quijote. Please let's continue and no longer speak. I can't now! " She turned her head and hid her face Behind pre -gliding brown hair. Your hand groped on a small one Moment after his knee. Lukowsky was as if his heart jumped in him Leib and tear his soul into a thousand shreds. He heard it very quietly: Vera cried.

They had no word to Essen and in front of the portal of the Hotel Kaiserhof More spoken and Vera had not changed her posture. Now she straightened up in the seat, put her hair back and looked at Lukowsky. Her Eyes were damp. She tilted to him and touched her soft lips Harts tender his. She said, "Goodbye, Don Quijote, and many Thanks to. We'll see you again soon - if the gods want to. Please go now not with. " Meanwhile, the hotel porter already took care of the luggage from the Trunk. Lukowsky took Vera's hand. He said, "Dulcinea ..." but she withdrawn her hand, turned quickly, got out of the car and went with him Hurried steps into the hotel. Ernst Lukowsky checked her, even when she had long since disappeared behind the front door, saw her after so long Until a taxi behind him, his thoughts back into the present obligation.

On the way from Essen to Düsseldorf, he couldn't think anything else than: 'Vera - Dulcinea!' And from all on their own these thoughts formed one The sentence he still wanted to say: 'Dulcinea, vera - you are Life, you are heaven above this earth. ' And yet knew seriously Lukowsky that he could never express it in such words. Vera Jörgens Also really deserved better than an old slaughterhouse that was not today knew where and how it would live tomorrow. But one thing remained true that what he From the first moment, it was: she was fate! - One that he had no right. But he could try to earn it! The Way there was: defeat the kite. - for Dulcinea. - Vera. -

That night an inner restlessness did not make Lukowsky sleep well. It was Not worried about the personal future. Somehow he would do it all- get. It was the thought of the incomprehensible being of the woman who

did not get out of mind. Her eyes looked at him from the inside - very quietly - and This look was never free of sadness, of the idea of a tragic Fate. Ernst Lukowsky would have liked to laugh so much, at least a smile, a touch of confidence. But he did not succeed to force this idea. He had never seen Vera with a laugh.

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He got up very early, had cooked coffee and instead of a breakfast eaten a few dry cookies, the origin of which was unclear; They probably still came from Felix. Bernd Meißner had some of the furniture of the office that had not yet been paid for returned. Lukowsky had a corresponding message on the last Found in the evening with a scanning film on the inside of the entrance door. The furniture was returned to his advice. But most of them still stood There and would stay there because they could no longer be returned. The rooms were paid a quarter of a year in advance, and that was useful. Lukowsky intended to stay here first. Maybe he would still Find a way to save the idea of the company. The prospects for this were However, not particularly large. He went into the back and threw one Short look at the familiar panorama. He left the balcony room again, Measure the narrow corridor, step through the hallway and went to his office. He Sit behind the desk, took out his personal telephone and notebook and called some people who might have to assign orders. In fact, a company in Krefeld promised a flight to Spain, if necessary in three weeks. That was all for the time being, but not for the beginning bad. Next he called the Hotel 'Corona': "Mr. Busch, please. - No, I don't know his room number. - Thanks. - - bush? - Ah, Mr. Fischer! Busch not there? - - no, doesn't matter. Mr. Busch said he had an order for me. I can now use it. - - yes. - Good. I come in about an hour. Do you say Busch? - In order. See you then."

Lukowsky arrived in the 'Corona' for the early afternoon. He asked on Reception to Fischer, took a seat in one of the dark red armchairs of the hall And waited. At the next table, two business people peeled with a pretty Black -haired woman where everything looked like mannequin. There was currently

Some fashion fair in the city. A green tormented in front of the windows Sports coupé when looking for a parking space. A telephony hoped for the reception and called a name in between.

Fischer came. He wore a lilac -colored suit to the white shirt and a Seid towel in the collar with arabesques. His steps led him Lukowsky's armchair. You greeted yourself politely. Fischer stopped at the window And looked at the clock: "I expect Mr. Busch at any moment, Mr. Lukowsky." Now he sat down, hit his legs over each other and folded his hands: "Meanwhile, we chat a little!" Lukowsky asked: "Do you have one I know when 's starts? For me there is a lot in change. Your order I would be just right now. " Fischer took out an almost longing look the window and replied after a short hesitation: "Unfortunately I am not in the Location to give you a binding answer. But I think You will be able to fly very soon. " - "Na fine!" Lukowsky leaned back comfortably: "Then let us use the waiting time. You can do a lot Say to me. " Fischer looked at him with some amazement, showed But then a nod and said with the greatest naturalness: "O, yes, quite. You should find a submarine under water. Of which You have already noticed a lot. It's very simple. We know that The submarine has been set on the basis of the coastal proximity. Frog men have camouflage Networks attached to prevent discovery from the air, but but These camouflage networks are now definitely reduced. If you know where About the submarine is agile, it is relatively easy to find from an aircraft-not so easy that everyone should notice it, but but If the pilot knows what he is looking for, he will discover it. Normally Nobody flies this position. There is also no sports flyer club in the Vicinity. Unfortunately, we have lost the exact information about the position. We now know the approximate thanks to Mr. Stephan's support, how You know. More details, which is important, will be ours Friend Domenico Alotti say on the spot. Get together with him You can find the submarine. " Fischer remembered: "Oh, by the way: happened to be random Here is a room on the same floor, which we inhabit. Perhaps Would you like to move in there temporarily?. We could then at any time Communicate. " Lukowsky replied: "This will not be necessary. I will take place

A back room of my office will remain so at least for the time being. " Fischer showed an regretful gesture: "How you want." Lukowsky asked: "Have you been with Mr. Busch for a long time and that On the trail of conscious things? " "That is a question of the relation," Fischer's thin, carefully articulating voice replied: "You could say, yes, with interruptions." Lukowsky continued to ask without wanting to work: "Always because of that the same story? " - Fischer looked annoying now, he felt asked, but his voice It remained friendly: "This is how it could be said, yes!" Busch step through the hall with a feasting coat. He followed a younger one Man. This was in the mid thirties and more thin than slim, but not Narrow. The man carried a light brown suit and beige raincoat over his arm. His face under medium -blonde hair had the strict Trains of classic male beauty. Busch was the first to fishermen and Lukowsky, stretched out his hands and called: "Well, wonderful! The gentlemen are already talking!" His musical game revealed a good mood: "Day, day! Mr. Lukowsky! I can introduce you to our friend Ferdinand Löw! Mister Löw already knows about her! - But let's sit down! Let's do it We comfortably! " He took a place next to Fischer. To be able to stop me at the moment. " He looked at Busch: "You Know ... " -" Of course, sorry! "Busch called:" I had that in that Moment no longer thought! You are on the go to the airport. " His speech was aimed at Fischer and Lukowsky: "I'm right back! Must Quickly handed over a few documents to Mr. Löw! His machine to Munich is right! " Busch's right hand waved to the floor: "Leave Don't bother you ... "He sighed:" Oh! There is a mess today ...! " Busch knocked Löw slightly on his shoulder and ran with him to the elevators. Fischer casually explained: "Mr. Löw has also been interested in our project for a long time. However, more indirectly." Lukowsky had to remember that Mr. Ferdinand Löw apparently also was connected to a certain Mr. Valtine. He asked: "What understand You under, indirectly? " - "Well," Fischer's hands circled in front of his chest: "His interest is ..., how do I put it ..., it is most likely to be comparable to that of an investor. Larger companies need financing or can definitely co-

Use financing. That's how it is. You don't get anything. Idealism is not a widespread virtue in the current era. " Lukowsky looked at Fischer: "You would describe yourself as idealists?" Fischer replied carefully: "In a way, Mr. Lukowsky, yes! - now May I ask you: You have been a professional officer. Most recently major of the Air Force as far as I know. Transport squadron 11. We allowed ourselves to to get a few inquiries as far as possible - by the way, I can Note: to your advantage! But now let me ask: I felt Ideal? I mean, thought about serving your fatherland? " Lukowsky had to think about it. It was so far behind in his emotional world that it was difficult for him to get into his feelings from that time move. Finally he replied: "I think yes. At least at the beginning. I went to the Bundeswehr and the Air Force because my father got involved in the war was. I grew up with stories about the time from back then. I read also many books about it. Aircraft types such as the ME 109 or the FW 190 are I trust me as if I had a thousand flight hours behind me. Included I have never seen these planes, or a ME 109 F only once in an American museum. " Fischer seemed to like that. He started in a lecture: "The me 109 was the most ingenious hunter construction of all time. The Israeli Air Force later used a Czech replica, and in Spain it was up to Made around 1960. But it was difficult to fly. As long as the pilot training took place well and thoroughly, it didn't matter. Good aviators could do a lot with the me 109. But later the training became bad. Sadly, necessary constructive improvements were delayed too long during the Second World War. The ME 109 was a construction the 1933, the first flight took place in 1934. So she was already in war Relatively old. And the small reach remained a problem. " It was Fischer to note that here one of his personal interests was touched. He continued to carry out: "Unfortunately we had the more modern ones Heinkel hunter sold abroad before the war started. The He 112 was the basis of the British Spitfire. The Spitfire had this unmistakably the typical Heinkel structure. In addition, there were some things that had a look at the Me 109, For example the water coolers under the wings. The English were smart enough to recognize the superiority of the German fighter aircraft constructions and

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to take them as a model. However, the Germans were too stupid that to perceive and use English superiority in the engines. The Englishmen had even been very honest. They offered us a business in 1937: the license of the He 70 high -speed aircraft against the license of the Merlin engine. That would have been good business, because the He 70, like others, German aircraft could be bought on the free market, the English So they got anyway. The Merlin from Rolls Royce was the best at the time Air engine in the world. The Americans also built him in a license. The Versailles The contract had completely choked the German engine development. It took until mid -1943 to close this gap. But we already had Jet engines and would soon no longer need the piston engines. Having the Merlin engine would have been a great advantage, it was With regard to the PS/weight ratio, our engines at that time clearly Think, even if we had the advantage of modern petrol injection. But all of this would have been very well connected. Unfortunately was That favorable offer of the English for political reasons. The superior German Jandfug constructions together with the highlighting English Merlin engine - and this still plus German petroline injection, that would have been sensational! "Fischer showed a resigning Gesture with both hands: "Armor policy and generally military mistakes Unfortunately, we have been a specialty of our government at the time! There played a lot of stupid politics. Willi Messerschmitt was unpopular with Erhard Milch, but a friend of Rudolf Hess. So he enjoyed a certain protection and The lead was more likeable than the old monarchist Ernst Heinkel. Heinkel had one with the HE 100, which was then also called He 113 made far superior hunters. This HE 100 was even faster than the ME 109. But because the decision had already been made that Messerschmitt AG was to be ordered to produce the German standard hunter's production Keep Messerschmitt against it. There was a speed record duel Between Messerschmitt and Heinkel. Hinkel would have under fair conditions won. Last but not least, it should be a competition between standard fighter planes! With the ME 109 the HE 100 was in terms of speed not to beat. With regard to the air combat properties, the ME 109 liked be unreachable in the hands of a good pilot, but it would have next to her have to give a second, more uncomplicated hunting type - and above all one With a greater range. In this regard, the HE 100 would have no advantages

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Bracht. Such a need was simply not recognized. No one in the German leadership, seriously thought of an extensive war to lead. So now: Messerschmitt built the ME 209 and put the one with its still valid speed world record for piston engine aircraft: 755 km / h. However, the record aircraft would not have been able to hold out such a speed for more than half an hour; It was very unsuitable for practice. For reasons of propaganda, this was Me 209 then referred to as me 109 R. In truth, the record machine had almost nothing to do with the German standard hunter. Heinkel wanted with the HE 100 - which was really a standard fighter plane! - stop again and also break the record of the Me 209. But that banned the political guide; The record should stay with Messerschmitt. Heinkel was announced he should transfer his hunters against foreign exchange abroad - according to Mr. Göring literally - otherwise he must expect punishment. That also happened Heinkel had no choice. The HE 100 went to Japan and Russia and via detours in the U.S.A. there it became a constructive basis the American P 51, which is known and known under the name 'Mustang' and was rightly famous. In addition, a former chief Messerschmitt engineer, Dr. Schmüd, to the company 'North American Aviations' des Deutsch - Americans Kindelberger went to the U.S.A., where he was added from ME-109 and ME-209 bonds, the P 51 'Mustang' created. Driven she was built by an Allison engine and later by a Packard License version of the Merlin. In the 'Mustang', the ideas of the two world's best fighter aircraft constructions united, that of the ME 109 and that of the HE 100. The result, the P 51 'Mustang', is our most dangerous opponent in the air became, you can say that she finally has the struggle for the air rule decided. Later she was put on a drop-shaped Plexiglas pulper, what changed their appearance. In its original form, however, the 'Mustang' of the ME 109 was so similar that it constantly confused confusion between friend and enemy came. Therefore, the zebra paints of the enemy aircraft stirred. This was initially only intended for the 'Mustang' to just to avoid confusion with the Me 109. " Fischer had talked into zeal. were made as in the air arm armor! It was a tragedy! As for the first nozzle hunters. This is how you know the story yourself. They were overslept! We would never have the air superiority

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Need, never! - and not the war! - would be our technical The lead has been used. So I can still get anger today when I think about it! With a government that was not so incapable, everything would be Different! Our enemies were able to be happy that Nazi party rings were in their unspeakable stupidity! If we had one Had more intelligent leadership, everything would have run out differently. " Fischer talked further emotionally up: "The Second World War would have come like this or so. That was intentional, the contracts of St Germain and Versailles. The western powers wanted such a strong business competitor How Germany at the time definitely destroy. They targeted thereupon. They built their strategic bombers, which missed Germany. We also had a lead there. But the prototypes of our four -engine long - range bombers were scrapped at the highest command. Man thought not to need something like that because there would be no war ..! These fools! " Fishermen gesticulated and emerged: "Absurd! The western powers obviously systematically armed this war! In the summer of 1936 Admiral Canaris presented an extensive and very well -founded study. If the western powers had already been so far in 1938, it would have been instead of one Munich Agreement War. But they were patient! You wanted first at least catch up with our technical lead so that the rest could get their larger mass. In mid -1940 her armor would be so far has been that the German initial successes would not have existed either. Churchill had already expressed it very openly in 1938: Germany should be destroyed, regardless of whether there is dictatorship, monarchy, democracy or what Otherwise there is always a form of government, as he expressed himself. 1939 and 1940 We still had the advantage of superior technology, especially with fighter planes. They were very excellent in the air combat, even if it Flight duration was missing. In the so -called air battle around England, England has lost twice as many hunters as Germany; From an English victory In truth, there was no question. The fight was only in The most wrong moment over by us, that even writes Churchill. The British air forces were almost broken, although England produced four times as many hunters as we do. If we had airplanes with Greater reach, England would have been done anyway. The the English also knew very well. But even without a four -engine bomber If we had done this thanks to the better hunters. England had to

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defend tstadt London, and that was also within reach of our little ones Bomber. However, they weren't particularly good. Our standard bomber that He 111, was aesthetically beautiful and solid, but still a converted passenger plane, too slow for war and therefore lost without hunting protection. General Galland asked for additional tanks for the ME 109 so that they would be longer Just fifteen minutes over London should be able to fight. Then they would be Englishmen have been forced to face ongoing air battles they weren't grown. The Me 109 was not just the hurricane, but Also superior to the new Spitfire, it was faster and was able to prepare the Spitfire exceed everything at any time. The high number of shootings of the German fighter pilots There were no coincidence, more Germans have shot over a hundred opponents than the other ten Germans. We had many technical advantages on our side. Would have the me 109, and then also the FW 190, at that time already Additional tanks received, as finally in 1943, this apparently would be small Factor was sufficient to force a peace conclusion! " Fischer had Now talked completely into rage and continued heated, just as if the year was 1940 and he stands on the canal coast next to Adolf Galland, the General der Jagpflieger: "It was only later that the English managed to do the Spitfire so far Improve that it was equal to the ME 109 and about the FW 190. When around 1943 the completely newly constructed American hunters P 47 and P 51 The enemy not only achieved the quantitative, but also the qualitative superiority in the air. But that could also have been avoided If we had improved the ME 109 and the FW 190 in time, which is easy It would have been possible, because these two hunters had a greater constructive potential than all enemy besides the 'Mustang', as it turned out! But the gentlemen did everything, everything was wrong! Officer corps And industry talked in vain in a lot of deaf ears! The party rings went It is always about the highest possible quantities to report to the top can. A changeover to new types naturally would have at short notice to The decline in production numbers. So you stayed with the old! Irresponsible! Messerschmitt held a new Me 209, in fact, the ME 109 was carried out, and Dornier offered the revolutionary DO 335 - everything in vain. It was not until the end of 1944 at least the revised FW 190 D, which then came was clearly superior to all opponents, and in early 1945 also came The Me 109 K, then again the best fighter plane in the sky - after the Famous ME 262, the first jet hunter. We would have it in mid -1942

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can use. The enemy would have had nothing to oppose that. " Fischer excitedly waved around with both hands: "The me 262 would have Can be on the front at the beginning of 1943 at the latest! Then we would be invincible been! This nozzle hunter tragedy in general! Even before the war flew along The HE 138 the world's first jet aircraft in Germany. It was ignored. Heinkel built the HE 280 in 1940. It was taken away from him and given to Messerschmitt AG because it was promised to produce a possible new hunter. Messerschmitt built the Very excellent me 262. It was really better than the He 280. The The first flight of the Me 262 was already in 1941! But also this huge chance Was wasted ... it's for howling! Simply howling! We had all the trump cards in our hands - and didn't use any! " Fischer was sitting there with a red head and anger, "We would have them Never need to lose air rule, never! That means in plain language: However, millions of German civilians would not have fallen victim to the systematic mass destruction through allied bombing on our open cities, and - simply: we would not have lost the war! " Fischer took a break. He got breath and said with more mysterious Impressiveness: "And, Mr. Lukowsky, there were even completely different Opportunities, still completely, completely different, of which they have no idea - not just The rockets, like the V2 - there were completely different chances, of which only Few know! - By the way, "he raised a index finger in school:" From The HE 100 had Ernst Heinkel after the outbreak of war at his own risk twelve Piece built. At the time, these machines already reached a 700 km / h. Others only achieved this at the end of the war. Heinkel was forced to scrap twelve HE 100! Four or five but he should secretly Incended and later the Canaris initiative to protect the construction sites for the have given secret systems. The HE 100 was so good that it was still against War ended with every opponent! "

Fischer had upset himself in the chair during his lecture. Now He leaned back. It was unmistakable how much the topic discussed moved him. Lukowsky put a cigarette and said: "Some I also know about what they were talking about. I think you have sure Law, Mr. Fischer. Unfortunately, it is too late to want to change something. " Fischer looked at Lukowsky, with a strange shine in the eyes, in the

Covered enthusiasm lay, possibly also a touch of madness. But This almost dressed man suddenly won a powerful Radiation, and the soft features of his face did not seem at all unmanly. Fischer raised one of his hands, pointed to Lukowsky's chest and Series are slowly emphasized: "This is wrong, Mr. Lukowsky! So you shouldn't think! History is a process of incessant dynamics, it never stands still, She is never over, it is never too late to give her a turn! " Lukowsky pulled on his cigarette and looked at Fischer. He realized that in Head of the man towards him over each other towards him over each other and turned around each other. Lukowsky said: "In recent history, I am not well versed in recent history. After what I know, I think the man who Germany could have managed well, might have been Walter Rathenau. If he hadn't been murdered, then the story might have one better taken. " Fischer took his still raised hand back. He nodded deliberately with his head and said: "Rathenau ... Yes, yes, he was a patriot; But ... " Fischer's hand rose back to half again Height, his voice sank: "But: the true third empire!" - In Fischers Eyes flickered again. Lukowsky was surprised: "I think she Do the Nazis think for whistles? " Fischer nodded eagerly with his head: "Yes, yes! The Nazis ...! " Busch came and saved Lukowsky a trip to the incomprehensible. Busch threw his coat over a free armchair, put a black one Add brain case and took a stubborn: "Soo!" Place. Lukowsky asked: "Well, Mr. Busch, you now know about when I can fly? " Busch replied in a dazzling mood: "Not about, But exactly, dear Mr. Lukowsky! Everything necessary has just been started led. " He spread his hands with a patronized gesture: "You can Effort at any time - at any time! " Busch lifted the briefcase on the lap, Let the locks jump up and smiled into themselves: "Here ... so we would have their papers here. They can take them right away!" He handed Lukowsky a large -format envelope: "You will be the first meet our friend Domenico Alotti in Toulon. He will be the details with Go through them. I could tell you something now - but that is concerned Alotti much better than me. Incidentally, he speaks quite passable German! " Lukowsky said: "I can also do a little Italian. The most important thing." Busch amazed: "Excellent!" He folded the suitcase lid and saw it

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alternately expectant to both other men: "And In addition - yes, our budget is also complete! " His right hand fell Claping on the black leather of the suitcase lid: "Lords: to the Guns! - on the horses! - Linen off! " -

The sun flickered over the light fog. The morning was early. Lukowsky was sitting behind the table of the small scales on the airfield, which a lot would easily no longer perform a task soon. But that wasn't yet divided. The red alarm clock on the ton on the left of the table was standing stayed. Lukowsky raised her and put her hands. He stirred in a cup With self -prepared coffee. The view of the ready -to -take fell through the windows Airplane. A two -engine piper. No longer the latest model, but good And very inexpensive in rent. A few sparrows had on the metal Cock of her strange relative settled and blinked into the Sun. Otherwise nothing was moving outside. Lukowsky looked out the window and made it like the birds on the aircraft's tail. The sun had itself determined, with full strength through the small window of the shed in to shine into it. Lukowsky sorted papers, documents that are in view of the company's success had been prepared. Little one when reading He noticed writings that at some point he would need glasses. But still It wasn't that far.

After a weak knock, the corrugated iron door opened. Cornelius appeared, This time without accompaniment. He stood in the door frame, slightly bent because the one Gang was low and buried the hands in the coat pockets. "Morning!" Lukowsky heard the man say in the door: "Can I come in?" Lukowsky looked at him. His thoughts were looking for any biting Word. But the man in the door frame also offered such a crumpled impression. Lukowsky just nodded: "Come in '. Today half private visit?" Cornelius closed the door behind him, took his hands out of his pockets and rubbed They together as pissed him up, even though it wasn't cold: "So you could do it nen. By the way, they weren't - I mean with this brünner. We learned that at the relevant time they were on the phone with the air traffic control. There Brünner must have been flipped off quite far from her office. - Yes, But what should 's! We didn't believe in her as a murderer right from the start. " Lukowsky looked up: "Why did they come to me so stupid?" Cornelius raised and lowered his shoulders: "Because of the usuality. It is

Now no different. What will you do now? Here is no further? " "Maybe it goes on here. It's not out. As long as we live, have We an opportunity, "replied Lukowsky." You are quite right. bad Event should not be followed, Cornelius Schlaff noted: "Bring yes Nothing. " - "I also don't feel like reckoning things about things," Lukowsky replied and pointed to the second chair: "Sit down if You want. There, unfortunately I can't offer club armchairs. " Cornelius nodded thankful and sat down. He put the forearm on the table top: "Yes, why I come again - where can you be reached in the future? Furthermore Here or in the office? Could finally ask about the Give the plane crash. " Lukowsky noticed that Cornelius had said this only out of embarrassment and Still thinking about moving out with something else or not. "First of all stays Everything the way it is, "said Lukowsky:" I want to try to make it alone. They are not great, but I don't give up so easily. Our Have you still not found the machine? " Cornelius stroked the Index finger over the bridge of the nose: "As much as I know, just a few Debris. The apparatus must have distributed over half the Alps ... "He Lukowsky looked at: "Please excuse the expression, it was not ..." "Already well," Lukowsky waved: "Do you like a cup of lousy coffee?" "Thank you," it came back: "I'm also a bachelor who never real Breakfast gets. " Lukowsky gave a cup of the thermos. Cornelius took them Cup in reception: "Thank you, thank you! As little as it is not! He drank, offered cigarettes and gave Fire. "You know," Cornelius shook the pre -bent head with one Bitter, self -ironic expression: "I imagined twenty years ago To become a famous hero that all newspapers write and who Later only about the ailments of film stars, how to do that in can see stupid American films. When I was healed by these childhoods, I just wanted to become a police chief, maybe also politicians. Well, and in the end this guy became me! " He clenched the fist over the Table top and looked at Lukowsky with pinched eyes: "With us the Police have no self -confidence! We can only hold our heads! If A police officer was killed in a shootout, he was a good policeman! But he defends himself and shoots such a poor, milieu -damaged murderer,

Then he is a very bad policeman, a fascist and what is not all! And if the criminal was a foreigner, everything is over, because strangers have more rights in our country than we are. " Cornelius raised his index finger and tended my head even deeper: "I have myself Then bought a korth .357 Magnum from my own money. Should that Best be what there is. At least the most expensive. How I use the thing I took me away, I got a noise with my meticulous gentleman, who only crouches around in the writing room anyway and could be served coffee. The main thing is that the unwinding press writes benevolently and the useless television does not chat through us badly - it doesn't matter whether we die! " He Crushed his cigarette and put on a new one: "Mason, carpenter, Baker, chimney sweep - every other job is better, I tell you! We Stir every day after day and night after night in the morast and soon belong to yourself the stinking porridge. " He pinched his eyes again: "I don't know Whether I am not closer to some of the crooks than my smartest gentlemen and all pamphleteers who have journalists call all the television chatter and the politician up to the top. For them, the life of a police officer is simply dirt. We are police officers In principle, nothing is worth it, we can slam down in rows or in the Break air! We have to keep still. Except when a stupid boy A swastika scribbles on a locomotive wall without knowing what that is, or if one has forbidden books. We have to put down such types that We should even shoot without a call, there would be no trouble. But if A foreigner for children missed drugs, slit someone or a woman Raped, we have to be careful, absolutely the velvet gloves put on! This is silent about television and read in the newspapers anyway At most you hid it with the magnifying glass somewhere. But woe, one Police officer defends his skin! Then he is a bad fascist right away! So Is that, Mr. Lukowsky! And for all of this we are rewarded so generously that A policeman widow has no easy life! I tell you that so that you Understand my rows of behavior. Malice creates malice again. I knew her not, didn't know that ..., " - his voice sank: " ... that she was just a poorer Dog are. " He hit his fist vigorously on the table top and rose: "If you push for around twenty years of service for justice that has long been no longer available, you see the injustice every day instead, instead, every day, Then they will understand ... "He took two steps in the tiny twice

Room up and down and then stopped close to Lukowsky: "I wanted one thing Tell them - or actually two things, Mr. Lukowsky. So to speak Among poor dogs. First: In the area of this matter, it is about More than you think. I can't tell you more because I don't myself Much knows, only: there was more behind it. This Brünner stood on the Payroll one Certain American institution that does what she wants in our oh sovereign banana republic. Second: there was an Eberhard Jörgens, Canaris man and high-grade secrecy in the Second World War. Five years ago. Clearly suicide. But the Motifs remained in the dark. At that time I ran the investigation, otherwise If I hadn't come to the possible connections now. There was and Are there things from Adolf's times that the Americans and everyone else are still run after. This Jörgens was not willing after the war, with to cooperate the occupiers. But because he was not a big Nazi, you could not much for him. He has a very clever son and a very beautiful daughter. The daughter is said to be particularly close to her father. She is really A beauty, has a great face, a dream figure and lots of red -brown Hair to the butt. I had never seen anything like that, really a concentrated load of female stimuli, as chosen for it. But cold like one Dog cocks, inside hard as Kruppstahl. There was nothing to be found out of her, even less than from the son. I don't know in detail either, What it was about, at least what from the last days of the Third Reich. Before that, certain people still gave their pants full, Why, I am a mystery. Maybe Jörgens has information to his children leave behind. If so, then most of the daughter. It was rumored in the area that the two had had a relationship with each other. The father with the Daughter. Do you understand? But that doesn't have to be right. It didn't seem to me credible. If Jörgens should have entrusted something to his daughter, so simply because she is such a tough piece. It is guaranteed not to reveal anything Even the Spanish Inquisition would have been unsuccessful. - You notice This beautiful but ice -cold bitch has a sustainable impression in me Leave, I admit it. I never have such an elite piece again Gemen seen. If we have a usable photo of Miss Jörgens I would have a repro made of it. So that I Don't forget to take care of me in front of the guy. Unfortunately there is no one with us Usable picture of the Miss Vera Jörgens. A file about them, but

Without a photo - we overlook an old passport. There is nothing against them either Before, you would like to know more about her - because of the father and such. Just, you It's always everywhere and nowhere - nowhere for our people. Reports are likely to be reliable, according to which she does not changed. That means it was rumored a few years ago that she had hers Let the hair base. But I don't think it's true. I had from Miss Vera Jörgens the impression that she thinks is something like one on the Earth strayed goddess who on the lowlands and weaknesses of Fashion does not even incorporate. She probably doesn't think much of people at all.

"Lukowsky had the feeling that this should be a test whether he would reveal himself by the creation of the lover. Cornelius threw one View of his watch before he continued: "The Jörgens is the guy, always to stay the same. - Oh well! Why do I actually tell you that? Perhaps, To warn her of an overly beautiful woman? I can't imagine that this lady appears personally, but if so, would be I grate you for a corresponding message. - By the way, also if one Other long -plated young lady should appear. Because there is not only The Jörgens. In a conscious circle, women seem to be popolong To love hair. Regardless of the prevailing fashion. These women are probably not a good relationship with the current rulers. It may also be just female vanity. Or maybe something will play there Other a role, something mystical. Was rumored. Can also Just be a coincidence. "Lukowsky asked:" What a conscious circle in? " Cornelius waved: "Isn't up to date. - Well ... what do I know!" Cornelius considered his gaze accepted a lurking expression and his Voice won a sharp undertone: "Let's say: It should still be Always give a secret covenant that is not harmless - from the perspective of those who are currently up with us. The old Canaris founded this secret association, is it [called. Whether on your own drive or on behalf of others - un -known. Some people claim that Hitler and Mussolini have placed the order for it. But it was probably Canaris' own idea. Possible that Dönitz mixed up. Maybe that's not all right ... but probably but. In any case, this is more than a stupid rumor. The old canaris has Known a lot of people everywhere. Also mystics and so on. You know, Who was this opaque patron? " Cornelius looked like Lukowsky in The eyes. Lukowsky said: "I know about who Admiral Canaris

sen is. But I still don't know why they tell me about it. I think so Me, this is the real reason for your visit. Everything was just Overture." Lukowsky rose from the chair and now stood the other man Opposite that was half a head smaller than he was. After a few seconds of hesitation, Cornelius burst out: "You and me, we have something in common: We both could use the favor of the hour that we have to do something brings. It's about a lot - even a lot of money! " Lukowsky put a cigarette in peace. He observed the increasing impatience among the stone man who is not now to stand calm. Lukowsky said: "I'm not greedy for money." - "I neither!" Cornelius claimed vigorously: "Not as extreme as that Maybe gave up! But I'm now proposing something to you - and it is true That's why I came, I wasn't quite sure who I was doing with Have to do them. My suggestion: I take care of information that You can use! I can use an inconspicuous official connections. I help you! For that they participate! " Cornelius' eyes took one half unsafe, half lurking expression. Lukowsky asked: "What?" Cornelius raised a index finger and stabbed the air: "On what she find! From the stuff that the old canaris hidden to create the origin to finance a new Greater German Empire! Don't pretend as Do you know nothing! I know which people you met! " Lukowsky looked at the cigarette between his fingers and then again the now nervous red -blond man who is lurking Look at. Cornelius stepped from one foot to the other, he emphasized: "I am fair!" He pulled out a business card, bent it lightly so that they were on The sheet metal bin serving as a shelf had: "On the back is mine Private number. " Lukowsky did not think about Cornelius for long. assess law. It seemed wisely not to just throw him out. He said: "Maybe I'll call them." Cornelius' Hand stretched out Lukowsky: "Do it well! - and Beware of black sunburn! " Lukowsky did not understand this allusion. He asked: "Ticks with you now no longer right? " - Cornelius showed a cunning grin: "You really don't know much! I will be very useful to you!" Lukowsky replied the handshake. Cornelius nodded satisfied and left the scales.

A car door beat outside. A diesel engine started. Cornelius drove away.

A nozzle machine howled in the sky. Lukowsky looked at the clock. In the meantime the floor fog had lifted. Like back fins big fish behind The conductors stretched from the horizon of commercial aircraft via shrubs and walls in the background. The silhouette of the airport seemed to be infinitely distant and completely unexpectedly unexpectedly Lukowsky's miserable dandruff. And yet this dandruff had something that was missing from the large airport: A very specific character - and the priceless fragrance of freedom. The phone rang. Lukowsky felt a jerk that was through its inner went. He hoped Vera called. But it was fisherman. Fischer's voice sounded out The listening shell: "It's good that you are still there! We have to meet ..."

Fischer was waiting in the 'Kings Corner', a restaurant in a side street Königallee. That was a dining restaurant that was little visited at this time of day. Peter Fischer was alone at a window table. How he saw Lukowsky coming He raised himself, gave his hand and said: "Thank you for coming right away, Mr. Lukowsky! Please take a seat." Lukowsky did it immediately. Waiter. Lukowsky ordered a coffee. Fischer said: "We don't stay long here. I have something to show you or ... but first ... " Fischer stretched the neck, which this time from a white turtleneck sweater Rawn, he wore a pigeon blue suit with a vest: "First must, want, I ask you something personal if you allow. " Lukowsky was stuck A cigarette: "Ask!" Fischer picked up his thread that he had already started spinning in the hotel 'corona': "My impression of you it was from the beginning that they are less than most people nowadays on the Matter hang - I mean, money is not everything for them, although they are not are wealthy. Does this impression apply? " Lukowsky interpreted a nod to. Fischer followed this nod: "Well! Then listen to me now! I am to anticipate this to my friend Busch Loyal. He knows mine Intentions are different from his. This is even an advantage because I want Don't have what he wants and vice versa. I am interested in a lot of money not. I am under the rays of the Pralada, the black sun. " Lukowsky involuntarily thought about what curious remarks first Cornelius had previously made when he warned of 'black sunburn'. But he was not sure whether there was a connection. He Asked: "The, who - what?" - Fischer only replied: "That is still

Not important for you, you will find out soon. " The waiter brought the coffee, and Fischer immediately paid. He turned back to Lukowsky: "Now, Lord Lukowsky, the second point, a very personal question: believe in that Surely? " Fischer looked into his eyes expectantly. Newspapers Horoscopes. " Fischer smiled inside: "I didn't mean it Mr. Lukowsky, not so banal! You will understand me better. It is Not crucial whether you believe in the way of transmission, it only comes on the fact that you perceive and use the information as such! It is Important - important for the matter - that you meet your mission. " He threw one View of his clock: "You have your car there? Then we should leave in the next quarter of an hour." Lukowsky asked: "Do you actually fly? Ask about that because they are familiar with airplanes. " - "O yes," Fischer replied: "I had a ticket. In the past. Unfortunately, he fell. know yes, the annual mandatory hours. I couldn't do it anymore. It was none Money question, but time. " He took a look at his wristwatch: "Me Think we could break up. Better too early than too late. "

The journey led through half the city to Benrather Schloßallee and ended in front of the entrance of a well -kept row house. Fischer climbed out of the Mustang, as if he wanted to demonstrate how uncomfortable he can find such a car, which Lukowsky wants to imagine. Fisherman plucked around, moved the seat of his jacket and waited one Wait at the low gate, which led to the front door through a tiny front garden planted with flowers. The flowers bloomed splendidly, although The summer was over. Fischer prepared Lukowsky: "We will now be one Visiting lady, a good friend of mine. Your name is Astrid Xylander. Please talk to 'gracious woman'. It is very important, it has special skills. I was with her early this morning. So I called them. " Fischer's look broke critically Lukowsky's old Aviation jacket that obviously disliked him: "Please, Mr. Lukowsky, meet you the lady with respect. It is really very important! She reaches the pralada directly. You will understand all of this later. " He opened the wrought -iron gate and went over a narrow, with natural stone slabs Way ahead to the front door. The door opened on Fischer's ringing. Woman Astrid Xylander was around thirty. A remarkably beautiful woman with gentle brown eyes and brown -red hair tied together in the neck.

Fischer welcomed the lady with a hand kiss and selected courtesy. She was wearing A simple rust-brown dress with wide sleeves and a floor-length Rock, plus a long coral chain as the only jewelry. Fischer said: "Good day again, dear Astrid! This is Ernst Lukowsky, from whom I told. " The lady shook his hand and spoke out a friendly greeting. Lukowsky that her hair was at least as long as the veras or Even a good bit longer. A rarity that instantly Dulcinea let think, even though there was no other similarity between these two women. But he wondered if this lady might be the Second 'long -placed' can be, of which Cornelius spoke in hints had. Somehow that seemed extremely unlikely to him. This Woman here did not offer the impression of an adventurer, she looked very home.

Old etchings hung on the walls of the little hall that looked valuable and probably were. Ms. Astrid moved with equally natural How dignified grace. She led Fischer and Lukowsky through a tight, with visibly precious antiques in a larger room, who didn't seem to have any windows. Three of the walls were with dark red velvet covered, the fourth with violet. The floor covered the floor. To The wall opposite the entrance was hung over the purple covering The narrowly framed almost life -size picture of a beautiful goddess with very Long, blowing hair. There was a pigeon on one hand of the goddess in which Others held an oval mirror. There was a strange one above her head Violet sun on a black background. The whole thing was ancient, maybe European, perhaps also old -oriented, but was probably painted in recent times. There was only one round of mahogany in this room at furniture, A small chest of drawers and five matching chairs with high turns Back back. Sufficient light came from two five -armed candlesticks, which stood on high steles on the right and left of the completely empty table. The Lady held a few breaths in front of the goddess picture. Then she turned around and took a seat in the chair in front of it. She interpreted the two guests to settle on her counterpart. Lukowsky and Fischer sat down. Woman Astrid Xylander had a pleasant mezzo -soprano voice. Your beautiful Brown eyes looked awake. She said without a top: "Well! Then want we try! " Without further explanations, she pulled a drawer in her

Worked -wide chest of drawers and brought out some objects: one ceramic disc painted with magical signs from the diameter of a large Tellers, a pebbled stone with markings from the shape of a flat -pressed eggs that she put on the middle of the pane and an elongated Castes made of light wood. The lady opened the lid of the box and Fischer asked: "Do we want to look at the question of this morning again?" Fischer replied with respect: "Yes, please, that would be good." Ms. Astrid now turned to Lukowsky: "Mr. Lukowsky. They should be in France meet a man, an Italian who is already leaving this world has. Your path could still make sense. " She opened her hair and pulled they in front of their shoulders. Again, Lukowsky had to be involuntarily on Vera think, although there was hardly any similarity between her and this woman. But this seemed to feel something. She saw Lukowsky with her calm brown Eyes and said suddenly: "Yes, Mr. Lukowsky, it has something special with those women who keep their long hair! One Special strength! " A tiny played around Astrid Xylanders mouth, hardly perceptible smile. She said, "Those who mean are also magical Tool. "Ernst Lukowsky felt like everyone was just seeing through the heart and soul. Ms. Astrid looked at him. Hair from the side vertex, which In the candlelight what heavy gold looked like, their right eye shaded. Lukowsky grasped the sure feeling that there was nothing in him what the woman Did not see exactly there and also in a matter of seconds. It was a Scary feeling that he had never met. Finally redeemed Ms. Astrid him, in which she turned the box on the box on the table. She took two small octagonal plates with magical symbols out and placed them on the painted ceramic disc. The fingernails Hands were painted by Astrid Xylanders in the same fox red, that her hair had. They also looked like bare gold in the candlelight. Ms. Astrid Xylander indicated the first tile, looked at Lukowsky again And said: "You, Mr. Lukowsky, are." Then she pointed to the second: "This is the Italian to meet in France." She took the egg -shaped stone, held it in her open hair at chest height and fixed the Pane on the table. Long moments passed. Ms. Astrid set the Stone in the middle of the window. The stone turned; First quickly, then slower until he came to a standstill. Astrid Xylander looked at the stone and the

Pane with the two tiles on it. She said, "You will be the man Find and also receive a message from him. But his I will have already left earthly at that point. Still, your way will be Not to be in vain, because the man still took care of that. " Mrs. Astrid refused Back as if she had to recover from a little effort. Under The candlelight actually looked like reddish shimmering gold, and the pale skin of her face like golden tasty Polished marble. Ms. Astrid put her head back against the high back of the chair. There was perfect silence. Fischer hardly dared to breathe, and also Lukowsky felt strange, it was the first time that he was a magical one Action experienced. Two or three minutes passed like that, but this seemed not to end. Ms. Astrid Xylander straightened her head again on. Without a word she took one of the two plates from the magical disc And put two others on it. Then she said "that's still her Mr. Lukowsky. The other two are the men Fischer and Busch. " Once again she held the stone in her hair and then let it go on the window turn. She looked at the result. Then she took one of the tiles from the Disc. She said, "Mr. Busch will see his goal but not reach." She gave back the tile in the box and said without any emphasis: "He dies soon." Fischer went together briefly, but then remained silent. Next tile, looked at this first and then fishermen. She said, "They are Dear Mr. Fischer. Your goal will be achieved. Not immediately, but yet. You will have reason to be happy. However: you only see that from one other world. " She also put this tile back into the box and said There: "You too will die soon - although ..." the woman hesitated and added Then also: "Not final." The muscles shrugged in Fischer's face, but he smiled. Ms. Astrid Xylander touched the rest of the tiles. Your gaze was aimed at Lukowsky. He could only see her left eye, the right one was Under the shadow of the veil of her golden shimmering hair. She said: "You, Mr. Lukowsky, will achieve Mr. Busch's goal, but will not have it want and not accept. You will also come close to Mr. Fischer's goal and do what it serves. You have more time - "she hesitated again Before she completed: "But they too exceed the threshold and there are Heavy fights are imminent, even bitterness and suffering. " Her gaze stayed in Lukowsky's eyes directed, the index finger of her right hand was on the Platches that represented him. The fingernail that the eight-edge tile

Stired, flashing like slightly arched gold. Ms. Astrid asked: "Have you Desire to know something else, Mr. Lukowsky? " He thought he was aware of what Astrid Xylander thought clairvoyally: Vera! He considered only half a second, and yet through countless thoughts. Finally he said: "No, Thanks. Fate takes its course. " Apparently it played around again Knowing the lips of the red -haired woman smile. She nodded very easily, said Only: "That's right!" And took the tile that meant it from the magical disc. She kept it in her fingers for a moment, then she put it it back into the box. She gave the box, disc and stone back into the The chest of drawers and banded their hair together. Meanwhile, she rose with the Note: "That would be all now. I wish them both of them Best!" In doing so, she looked at Lukowsky with a look to express him seemed that the two of them were meant and Vera Jörgens. Fischer touched Lukowsky's forearm to indicate that the consultation the sorceress has not yet ended. He addressed the word to this: "Love Astrid, after what they have just revealed to us, especially me, I held it For right and necessary that you give Mr. Lukowsky the light. He will have to do a lot, and I think it is suitable. " Fischer emphasized 'the light' in mysteriously. Astrid Xylander saw fishermen and then Lukowsky And then fishermen again. She said, "You are probably right Dear Mr. Fischer, Mr. Lukowsky will need a lot of strength. " She considered It seemed to be a sudden idea: "Yes, it is necessary! Maybe it will be It is what makes him survive in the struggle of this world! " She considered Again, then said: "I have to charge myself. Come this evening At nine o'clock, Mr. Lukowsky. " Lukowsky replied: "I'm still flying today to France." Fischer put him his arm, his voice sounded: "It It's enough if you fly tomorrow morning, Mr. Lukowsky. The 'light' is more important! Be on time with Ms. Astrid this evening! I am your client, I order it! " Lukowsky was amazed at the determination of the fisherman occurred at once. This matter seemed extremely to be important. "So well," Lukowsky agreed: "I am coming Against nine - whatever. " Ms. Astrid smiled: "If you are otherwise bored, you will come in the afternoon. Then you can at the Help charge. There would also be a lot that I should bring you closer to. " - Fischer looked at Lukowsky urgently: "Take this Offer, Mr. Lukowsky! It would be valuable for you! " The red -haired woman

looked at him silently. Lukowsky said: "I'll be here in the afternoon."

When they were back at the car, Fischer said seriously: "I have Fear of dying, but I am pleased that it will not be pointless. " He looked at Lukowsky across the roof of the flat car. Lukowsky replied: "Do you believe it all?" Fischer asked back: "Don't you? Be You honestly! " Lukowsky considered: "I don't know. But I admit this Lady impressed me. " He climbed into the car. Fisherman. Lukowsky left the engine. Fischer asked: "Give me one Cigarette? I rarely smoke, but now I would like to have a cigarette. " Lukowsky held his box 'Player's No. 6' and gave him fire. thanked him and caught after the first train. Then his face took one Joyful expression: "You will see, everything comes exactly as woman Astrid predicted it! " - The strange little man started Lukowsky to impress. He asked him: "Explain to me at least a little what they are actually about. These are not gold bars or sacks Fully raw diamonds. They already indicated that they were idealist. I believe You meanwhile, just: what is your goal? " Fischer was obviously too strong for him and answered cryptically: "The victory of light! She will understand all of this later. At least I think so. Please Do not go any further into me in this regard! I wouldn't do anything withheld what is important for you at the moment. Let things mature. " - "In order," Lukowsky accepted: "But what about the story Tonight? " Fischer improved: "This afternoon! It will be good If you accept the lady's honorary offer! " Lukowsky took also a cigarette. He looked at Fischer: "You drove me over there, Lord Fischer. But I didn't want to fall in the back. " Fischer said: "That It's nice. I believe in some things that others don't believe in. The Is because I know more than others. You will appreciate it. I Unfortunately, I'm not as suitable as you. " He fingered a little card His pocket and handed it up Lukowsky: "Here. You can Ms. Astrid Call at any time if you need you. You are now introduced. I believe Even, she likes her. However ... "he smiled weakly:" You are not allowed to do that misinterpret. Astrid does not see the earthly man in them. You will understand everything soon. This lady can use them very much. She has remarkable skills, very special skills! And it is an important member The chain! "

Lukowsky asked: "Which chain?" Fischer showed a defensive gesture: "Only a saying. I wanted to express it; Astrid Xylander is closely related to the spiritual world. "

Lukowsky had the feeling that Fischer I meant something else, but he left it, only asked: "Make The lady that professionally? Clairvoyance?" - Fischer showed a superiority again indicating smile: "No, Mr. Lukowsky She is a speaker And lives from translations. Also, it seems to me, she probably has over A small fortune. For the important things as ours, take a woman Xylander certainly no money! " He emphasized a index finger: "Today You still get a great force, Mr. Lukowsky! And it will be very nice be, you will see! " Lukowsky put the card in: "Want me not explain that in more detail? " Fischer looked at him with a wistful look: "This is not necessary, no. Everything In his time, significant explanation of itself! Just don't miss To be with the lady in time. I don't tell you more now. " - "But I still have something to say to them," Lukowsky remembered: "The crime commissioner Cornelius came to visit me, made an offer, we Should do a common thing and so on. Not entirely clear what he really wanted. Maybe he's just corrupt, maybe also an honest Spinner."

Fischer noted: "Thank you for this message! She could be important. We will obtain inquiries about this man. Who knows It may be useful. But it would still be a risk. I Will think about it. For the time being, please keep your distance! It's with traps To be expected - especially from such a side! After all, this thing is Remarkable. "

Lukowsky assured that they do not behave stupidly towards Cornelius and Fischer put his wish at the next taxi rank. Fischer leaned back to Lukowsky in the car and asked: "Call me, please, please, If there is something that seems worth communicating to them. You own mine Trust!" Lukowsky promised and drove back to the airport. A significant declaration of trust had surprised him. He decided to do this Strange man, whom he initially thought was a vain fatzke to disappoint.

The sun seemed warm from the sky when Lukowsky on the scales on Airfield again. He tried to reach Vera by phone, had it

Z-plan

But not luck. She had moved out of the 'Kaiserhof' in Essen as she was had announced. She had wanted to give him an address. But it was that have not come. After all, Dulcinea would know how to call him if you Don Quijote needed. And yet the thought of her didn't let go of him. From this Basically, it was nice to fly the next morning. Maybe reported Vera yes or there would be a message from her. Lukowsky decided to go to the office to drive. If she called, surely there, even though she also knew the shed number of the scalp at the airfield.

On the way to the office, he had stopped at a sausage booth. With it the question of lunch was done early.

Lukowsky was sitting in the office and hoping the phone would ring, Vera Jörgens Would be on it and say that she was doing well. But the phone didn't rings for the time being. It was quiet and stubborn, a thing made of black hard plastic, that could do a lot of good things if it rings and make Dulcinea's voice audible wanted. Inspired by Fischer's lecture on the fighter flying of the second World War II, Lukowsky Sims' Book 'Jagpflieger' from a box and Leafed in it. But he only continued to wait for the phone to call allows and Vera. Basically, he no longer believed that this Event would arrive - but it arrived! Vera said she calls from Austria on, treat themselves to a few days of calm. Then she gave him the promised Address. A house on the banks of the Rhine, on the door sign is Wagner. She called also a phone number. Furthermore, she informed him of Valtine's current address, but added that he was probably not there, Lukowsky had to Even expect to meet him in Toulon. - It was a phone call In factual tone, differently than Ernst Lukowsky had dreamed of. But He was happy to hear Vera's voice. She said she would report again And he should be careful. And: she thanked him for his friendship, on the They also count - but please fall in love with another woman ... After all: Vera had contacted her, she was fine - and that did it Day for a good day.

When the afternoon came, Lukowsky drove with mixed feelings Towards Benrather Schloßallee. There was a parking lot immediately astrid Xylanders house. Lukowsky stayed behind the steering wheel for a few seconds. He had a good desire to reverse. Astrid Xylander was a beautiful woman. Fisherman

had chosen his advisor well. But Fischer was not in Vera either. In love, he couldn't understand that Ernst Lukowsky is already a fraud. The lover felt that another woman was even closer to a closer look. He feels also no desire for it. He would have preferred to dream of Vera. But it was so agreed that he couldn't be word-brittle. So he jerked himself and got out of the car.

Ms. Astrid received Lukowsky friendly, polite: "Come in, Lord Lukowsky! It is good that they are there so early, then we can still one Little entertain." Now she was wearing another dress, this time a dark red. This was also soil long. She didn't have the coral chain around, her hair were now tied together in front of the shoulder. That was reminiscent of Lukowsky. Immediately back to Vera. Only Astrid Xylander's long hair weren't Dark and smooth, like veras, but light red and wavy and the ends had Not an edge, but looked like tonging flames. Ms. Astrid led him through the hallway and the small space with antiques peppered with a cozy living room. It was a corner room with Large windows and plenty of flowers. One purred in a basket chair Black and white cat. The cat raised her head, eyed the guest and decided to sleep on. There was nothing in this room that magic or Mysticism would have reminded. An oval table, a comfortable sofa with embroidered Cushions, matching armchairs, a serving car with plates and cups, cutlery And napkins, sugar can and cake. A Biedermeier display with crystal in it and porcelain figures. Paintings hung on the walls, which are valuable looked. A still life and a winter landscape, plus a whole collection Miniatures and a copper engraving with Mozart's portrait. All in all the good Stube of an educated citizen family. Ms. Astrid asked: "Take But space, Mr. Lukowsky! The coffee will be ready. Or would you have Dear tea?" - "Coffee is very good!" Lukowsky replied quickly, happy, not To have to drink tea courtesy. Ms. Astrid was happy: "So I have right advise!" Lukowsky then considered and decided on the question: "Mercy Woman, can you read something like thoughts? I always thought there was Not. "Astrid Xylander showed a vague smile." In the sense - reading thoughts - there is in fact. But every person is at the same time of vibrations and receiving resonance. I learned that Vibrations that I receive into clear signals. That succeeds

not always completely, but often. "She strengthened her smile:" So I have - so - Received - that she compared me with another woman. "Lukowsky improved:" Perhaps the right word is not compared. You got me from reminded of another woman. That's right. "Astrid Xylander strengthened her Smile: "It may have been that way!" She distributed the dishes waiting on the serving car and then disappeared, two minutes later to return to a coffee pot. She gave in and asked cake To take, Gugelhupf according to Wiener Recipe, baked. Lukowsky was surprised that this woman was apparently unmarried around the thirty. She started His thoughts and explained: "I came here through marriage from Vienna. Over ten years ago. My husband died of one six years ago Traffic accident. " She grabically lifted her hand to Lukowsky on one of the now to prevent usual phrases, and quickly said: "He is fine!" she said With such a matter of course, as if she knew exactly. Included She rose and put a turntable hidden under the showcase Gang. Albinonis adagio sounded quietly. Ms. Astrid took a crystal bag cup from the showcase and put him on the table in front of Lukowsky: "You can Gladly smoke, Mr. Lukowsky. I'm probably not wrong when I accept that you want that. " He said, "Thank you. You are right." - "Good!" Astrid Xylander took her place on the sofa again and handled with the Coffee pot. She asked: "Tell me: What do you know about mysticism and time -honored myths! " Lukowsky had just infected a cigarette. He replied: "No more than is part of general education. I know the Greek and Roman mythology - so roughly - and the most essential of the Edda. Then a little Gilgamesh epic and upana shops, but not More closer, and I have already forgotten most of it .. "Ms. Astrid Xylander Nodded satisfied: "After all, you have some knowledge. But she has magic Never interested, no, certainly not, you always thought that is for cocolor. " She looked at him: "Isn't it? Be honest!" - "I'm honest," replied Lukowsky: "It is so. Occultism, spiritism, astrology and so on I always for hocus -pocus. I have never been religious either. I think whole just not on it. " - "Not what?" Now wanted to know Astrid Xylander. "Not to what the church teaches," replied Lukowsky: "I hold that Simple and easy for nonsense. " Ms. Astrid nodded pleasantly: "That speaks For you, Mr. Lukowsky! In fact, there is hardly anything more nonsensical than that Teaching the churches, the whole building consists only of contradictions - what

Of course, the oppositeness of the old and the New Testament is due. In truth, one has nothing to do with the other, in Truth appeared against the herbary god, which he called the devil. Traces of this can still be found today, despite all the falsification, in the so -called New Testament; for example with John 8.44, but ... "she shook emphatically the head: "That should not touch us now! It is an interesting and quite important topic. But it is still too early. It will be The day comes on which an original script of the true gospel of Christ will be found. That will be the end of the pentateuch, the end The churches and people will recognize that in the El Schaddaijahweh of the so -called Old Testament of the Bible they are worshiped the devil itself have! But, as I said, there is not time for that. If such an original document were found now, it would never come to the public. The one still The prevailing Jewish and church interest groups along with all Freemasons and all the surrounding area let it destroy it immediately. No, the time for it Is not yet ripe. In a quarter of a century, at the earliest, it could be different be. Then the new age will already dawn up and this one too Create truth. " Lukowsky asked: "I think the church still has that a lot of power? "The woman tended to smile a little before she answered: "Not the church - but the other groups I mentioned." Your hands showed a small gesture that was supposed to indicate that it is now a matter of other things talk. She said, "Let us talk about what is for today's Process is important! What do you know about the term astral body? " Lukowsky replied: "Little. Something like an inner, invisible scaffolding of the body?" Astrid Xylander hesitated: "I see, I should have a lot to do with that tell. Yes, I should do that. So take coffee and Gugelhupf, smoke a few cigarettes - and listen to me! " Astrid Xylander knocked a pillow, sat down comfortably and began: "The The term astral body is not entirely correct in itself. One would have to be from the 'interior speak heavenly body. But since the word astral body from many are understood as the right term, we want it to do it leave. Astral body therefore refers to the inner body, a subtle Basic patterns that all living beings carry, whether humans, animals or Plant. In this respect, the idea they expressed was at least not Basically wrong, even reasonably correct. The astral body is originally originated by ourselves.

speaking. Our coarse material bodies on this side are therefore built according to the eternal pattern of the internal astral body. The inner, astral, Body is forever young, just the coarse substance on this side. Due to the Immortal astral body, we build ourselves after the earthly dying of ours then a new body in this side, in an all over the world. The astral bodies also include the basic diversity of men and woman. Everything is so obtained that the two sexes complement each other - and also dress each other. Only in the coming together of this Differentiation during the love act between man and woman is created for Moments The Divine Unity of the Association of Male and Female, which we call the Iluhe. Ilu means something like divine light. The Sumerians, Babylonians and Assyrians already knew such ideas: es gives a male Ilu and a female Ilu. Together these two To the temporary verses, the Iluhe. This is essentially what Free -thinking Europeans call the 'omnipotence'. The difference So the key to wholeness is of male and female. The top Divine principle is the forces of male and female in a completely pure way. Both are equivalent - but they are never the same! This is also expressed in their astral bodies. " Ms. Astrid put a new one Piece of cake on Lukowsky's plate without interrupting their explanations: "The astral body of women and men differ greatly from each other - Much more than this can be seen from the gross implementation of our earth bodies. That comes because the astral body of men and women consist of different types of feasts. While our gross Earth bodies are essentially composed of the meat and blood of the same kind, as well as water and so on, are the astral bodies of men and women On the other hand, from very different fabrics, from different subtle fabrics. Now that our astral bodies also breathe, you need suitable astral light - Astral breathing substances. These are very much between men and women Different, and therefore the astral respiratory organs are very different. This difference is most obvious in the hair. That is why I already mentioned their importance. In women and girls extends The astral body completely into the hair. The astral hair of a woman is Always very long. That is why women don't fall the hair either. It is different In men whose astral hair only measure about one or two hand -wide measurements. Women's hair is something completely different from men's hair. Women's hair are astral

lively! Therefore long hair is so important for women and girls, not Just because they look beautiful. " Astrid Xylander played with the ends of her Hair, and continued: "You don't have to be as long as mine, But at least to the waist, they should reach even better, to the hips. But that - "she smiles lenient -" is primarily a woman's business! - Well, through The sexual act between man and woman and the temporary gaugy in earthly, there is more or less minimal mixtures. Sometimes female radiation hikes into the man and partly Male radiation into the woman. As a result, the earthly embodiment correspond approximately, but not entirely the image of the true body, i.e. that of the astral body. The female astral body is more sensitive than the Male. This is also the reason why motherhood is the female was transferred. But the light magic has always been a matter the women. It is important for both genders, one as pure as possible To create Ilu vibration-depending on gender. Because the level of light, What the astral body was fed by the intelligence workers of the mind becomes, decides on the extent of the vitality in this world - and about The future path in a clear world of hereafter dying after earthly! So the astral breath is very meaningful! The astral respiratory organs of Man and woman, her vibration organs, also differ very strongly from each other. Common only the task of putting on the respective astral breathability steadily from the general fine fabric sphere and the to bring astral breathing. The basic difference to the earthly breathing is that the coarse substances are uniform and therefore also men like Women can breathe the same air. Since the astral body fabrics in men and But women are different, they also need different astralate. From this, it follows that women and men also have very different astral respiratory organs. The astral substances, which The female astral body to preserve his light and life forces Needs, are of extremely fine way. You have to imagine it like tiny sparks that come from the astral level and wander through this on this side, such as how swarms run through small fish. It requires of a large network as possible - to stay in the comparison - to To catch subsequent sparks. The long woman's hair alone is suitable for this. Be Astrales counterpart has a very fine magnetic vein that inside The astralhaar runs - as in the counterpart of the Hairmark Canal.

This enables the hair on this side to the astral hair, its skills To develop here too and to do the necessary astral breathing. This happens continuously, it is the breathing of the female astral body. Women therefore absolutely need enough hair to vitality to preserve their astral body and the spirit. Nowadays this is missing from the most, and that is the cause of psychological and sexual disorders, of many diseases and very fundamental weaknesses of the natural Vitas. Men are more robust, they have it easier than women in the gross material world on this side. The astral substances, which the male Needs astral body, are subtle agents such as small clouds that float from the astral level on this side. According to shape And size correspond approximately to the diaphragm. This also causes the Astralate of the man. So the astral body of men and women are from different nature - and also the astral breathing light that it fulfills is very different from each other. Only in the interaction of the two creates creative power. " Ms. Astrid Xylander paused, she looked Lukowsky in the eye and Asked: "You could follow me so far?" - "I think so," Lukowsky replied: "It also seems logical and good to me understandable. " Ms. Astrid obviously pleased this answer, she said: "To astral light - To astral light very special kind! - we will have to do this evening. It is a light that you cannot get yourself. A woman has to Attach first and then hand them over to them. " Astrid Xylander rose, went to the turntable and put on a different record; Bachs now sounded A minor violin concerto. She went to the wicker chair close to the window, stroked The cat and then returned to the sofa. "And now," she said, "I want Tell them about this special light! " She was in a good mood, gave Coffee and started again: "Mr. Fischer mentioned Pralada, a word out Arya Varta, the old India. There is also the spelling pralaya in Sanskrit - The prince of the divine light is symbolically. This light has the color indigo. The Babylonians and Assyrians, in turn, believed that it was apart from the visible this sun also gave an invisible sunny sun. She called this 'ilum' or the invisible black sun. Big king Sargon I from Babylon had created a wonderful library that was so extensive that it was called the 'City of Books'. Most of it went lost. But it is said that in the city of books it would have the oldest treasures of the

Gave knowledge on this planet, not just Babylonian and Sumerian Colonization of any kind as well as from Egypt, Persia and India Texts, but even traditions from an unimaginably distant time, the royal knowledge of sunken empire, from the island of the blessed, Thule lifting pure - Thule, which may have been our German Helgoland - from Atlantis too And maybe from other stars from distant solar systems - who knows? " She smiled, drank coffee and continued to report: "From Sargon's city of the So little is preserved. Some of them could have come to the famous Alexandria library. But as you will know, this was completely destroyed. There were influential people who asked for this because in that one Wonderful library also had numerous documents that were the Hebräergott El Schaddai - Yahweh as the Lord of Hell. Nowadays we would say as the devil. The otherwise large Julius Caesar was bribed. He urgently needed money to realize his projects, which he did not had. Banal said he had to pun. A condition for him The necessary loans was the destruction of Alexandria's large library. Without this it would not have been possible later, the biblical Yahweh to be put as God - what if you do the so -called old testament Reads, only seems credible with slopes and chokes. However, it should be noted for at least partially partial honor rescue that all valuable writings took place later. And religious texts of the Orients could not appear particularly significant for Caesar. He had yes No idea that the Roman Imperium also break this would. Later, in the period immediately after Christi, a real hunt began to hunt all the copies of the true gospel, because in it Yahweh was called the Satan. Nobody should soon know what Christ had really taught - and it came there too! A lot In the past when a prophet appeared that the Bhagavadgita handed over as Krischna behaved similarly, albeit not quite as bad; And also that anyway Unclear Buddha's teaching was still significantly twisted. At all times in the potash Yuga, the age of darkness, there was powerful who were afraid Losing power and other people sinister spirit who aimed To take power. Nothing in the way of all of these was and is as much as that Knowledge of light, had nothing to fear and have more to fear than that People could find their own way to the divine light - from their own, without needing mediating institutions or priests. Because such

People approached the spiritual, they no longer bought unnecessary stuff and did not annoy themselves in the raw noise of discotheques, which would be more important to them than selfishness - they would be the natural Opponents of the prevailing commercialist system. Yes, if the new light Shines, it sweeps the materialistic powers over! She never prevailed Darkness as triumphant as in the current 20th century. Has never been But the fear of looking through through the darklings so big; because The new age is approaching! Everything that prevails now will fall soon! Viewed very soon. And the pure light knows none Mercy towards darkness. When the sun opens, the night has to work. All evil and impure is destroyed by the light of the pure mind Become in a large and glistening fire. Igne Natura Renovatur Integra. That is the true meaning of the I.N.R.I. Above the head of the crucified Jesus Christ. - The old Knights of Tempel and the Ordo Bucintoro knew This is also the case. - There is even a word of Christ in the New Testament, that pointing to this coming, Matthew 24.30. Read yourself! " Ms. Astrid looked seriously and happy at the same time, as if she already seen this Cleaning fire over a no longer distant horizon of time. She continued: "That all the darkness defeated light, as it were the intellectual ray of Christ, is pralada if we want to give him a name The light of the invisible sun. You must not like this like a sun introduce according to conventional understanding. Rather, it is like a lock Between this side and the beyond, even better expressed: the valve, through which the divine light from the hereafter into this on this side cosmos and for Earth penetrates. In the age of darkness, this valve is largely closed, like now. The spirit of people must first become lights so that According to the principle of the affinity of vibrations, the valve opens and from the black sun shines the pralada again powerfully. " Ms. Astrid looked Lukowsky in the eye and said: "It will come! And tonight Let's make a small contribution! " There was a strange silent enthusiasm from the gentle brown eyes this beautiful woman. Her two hands stretched to Ernst Lukowsky from, the fingertips touched his temples. Lukowsky felt strange. He didn't know what it was, just: something that came from the outside and pleasant was. Fatigue attacked him, an unusual, sudden, soothing tiredness that wanted to coincide over him; and the armchair in Astrid Xylanders

Z-plan

Lichen living room was soft and comfortable. It felt very comfortable Lukowsky suddenly in this room. As if from afar, he heard the gentle MezzoPran: "It's good ..."

When Lukowsky woke up, there was darkness. Fifteen candles burned up Three five - armed high -stemmed candles. The picture that was presented was unreal, like the birth of a fantastic dream. It seemed at the same time To be very close and very distant: in front of a dark wall that is huge with the bizarre purple sun symbol was a woman, a very Beautiful woman, completely naked. She stood on one leg, only the left ball touched the ground. The other leg was dressed at an acute angle Right foot lay on the thigh above the knee of the left leg. The woman's upper body was bent back. Your breasts looked at the sky. The head was inclined far back. The flame - shaped tips of the very long hair touched the floor. The left arm The woman was stretched horizontally, the open hand upwards, as if she was offering waiting birds something. The right arm could not be seen, only the right Hand, whose spread fingers were pushed into the full hair. It was only gradually Lukowsky that this was not a dream picture. Astrid Xylander stood So there - completely motionless, incomprehensible how they keep their balance could. The warm candlelight threw its golden light on the light skin of the flawlessly beautiful body of women in front of the black wall with the big one Violet solar symbol, the long wavy woman's hair looked like in Glow frozen gold. So there was Astrid Xylander - like made of bright Gold cast - motionless, without the slightest movement. Ernst Lukowsky saw her to. He tried to think, but it didn't work; He only saw this picture. There it was to him, as if a golden light flutter towards the woman's outstretched hand - how A bird that settled in this hand perhaps a pigeon of golden light. Lukowsky didn't dare to move as if the woman was going there Otherwise lose the balance and plunge into a nameless abyss. The flickering light that almost looked like a bird rose from the hand of the Woman and, it seemed that it seemed to flew to Lukowsky - he fell asleep again. -

When Lukowsky woke up, a floor lamp burned and dived the cozy Living room in a cozy light. There was no high -stalked candlestick and no black wall with a purple sun symbol on it. For that was ready a silver bowl with sandwiches, waiting in a crystal ceremony

te dark red wine, and just came Ms. Astrid Xylander with a jug fresh coffee. She was wearing a long, coat-shaped dress made of a shimmering blue fabric and obviously nothing underneath. A tire of the same color kept their overwhelming open hair back. Mrs. Astrid Smiled, she served the coffee, took a seat on the sofa and said: "It was It's good that you have rested a little. I noticed them, they had This little rest of mind and body necessary! " Lukowsky saw so much calm face in her face with the gentle Brown eyes, and he actually felt good, as if he had a hundred years slept long and with all the efforts of his life with a time recovered. He never felt as fresh and strong as it could never before. It was a good feeling. But there was also a different feeling, one that he did not could believe: it was as if his thoughts were organized differently than it was before - many years? - No, at most three hours! - was. He looked at the woman. She smiled. A superior smile, friendly, full of warmth, rather the smile of a mother towards the child than that of the woman for the Man. What did she want? Did she want anything at all? Astrid Xylander answered the question of his thoughts: "Look, Lord Lukowsky, you have now taken a first step towards higher strength, so to speak. I didn't cause me to fell asleep. I have them neither hypnotized nor even secretly instilled a sleeping pills. I had Only the desire that you should sleep because it was good for you. And you The desire for sleep came over because there is an atmosphere of cosiness, security, which has probably lacked their lives for a very long time. But everyone longs for security. Even the proudest The warlord of ancient times was not free. This is a piece of natural longing in us human beings, a urban memory to our distant paradise Hometown. I felt that this had been missing for a long time, probably very long. So I wish they should sleep - and because they wanted it themselves Slept! It was good for them, right? " She smiled her again Strange cordial smile. In his part, Lukowsky asked: "I dreamed Or was this wall covered in black before, a purple sun was To see ... " -" And I splintered in front of it! " Completed Ms. Astrid with the Greatest natural: "It was actually so. I didn't think that You woke up, it didn't notice it either. But they got through me Your presence helped to invite me - after all, it happened for you!

Do you see the wooden rail up there? I can use the velvet curtain Pull the magical sun over the wall; It's very simple. " Astrid Xylander handed the silver bowl with the sandwiches: "Add Mr. Lukowsky! " He did it and asked: "So then I have this light now received?" Ms. Astrid let a quiet laughter hear: "O, Lord Lukowsky! We started preparing that! No, no, one You have to be patient until then! " She took coffee and A cheese bread, everything had a home appearance. Lukowsky felt good. Somewhere, very, very distant, he knew that there was other things what he was It was important, but he failed to penetrate completely until this idea. Ms. Astrid said: "If you have received the light, you will Remember that they need very little sleep and still always are fresh. Why do we people have to sleep? Because our astral body cannot carry the coarse fabric body continuously! Your astral body will be one Experience supernatural strengthening that lasts for a long time. The like will not many granted! But they have a task to fulfill the - maybe - for a quick victory this new age can be important. Because it will give a fight, a last big fight in which the residual power of the Darkness must also be physically beaten. This is in possession of the mass the physical weapons. The bearers of the new time will have to defeat - and you will win! Because you, Ernst Lukowsky, make a contribution to this Can you get the light. It's an obligation! " she had Your bread eaten and drunk your coffee. Now she got up and explained that she would come back right away. Lukowsky lit a cigarette. Passed for a quarter of an hour, then came Astrid Xylander back. Something on her was changed, but Lukowsky didn't come Immediately what it was. It was nothing that could have been determined, except that she no longer wore the hair tire. Then he noticed That it was something that had changed, it looked more serious. She sat down again and said: "It is so far. We will now be the same now go over. I don't need to explain much to you and I won't do. The lighting power will be grasped - and everything else results in itself. Now make your cigarette and come! " Astrid Xylander stretched out Her hand and took his. They went hand in hand through a tiny one Dressing room in a larger room. There was no furniture in this. In the Four corners stood with high -stemale five -armed candlesticks. Twenty candles

donated a lot of warm light. The walls were dark red, the ceiling violet and painted with the black sun. Black fabric was spread on the floor, on it the bizarre violet sun, an exact counterpart to that the ceiling. Under this fabric there were noticeably bulging pillows. In the door frame Ms. Astrid stopped. She said, "Pull off and then come." She herself stripped off the coat-like blue dress and threw it on the bottom of the In front. Naked she entered the room lit by twenty candles. Serious Lukowsky did what the woman said, did it mechanically, his thinking followed no longer the usual laws. Then they stood in the middle of the soft camp opposite. The woman said: "You will hug me now. With her hands, you first put into my hair with one under one The shoulders and with the other over the waist - then the light flows flow - and it happens. " In the dark red, black and purple room between two pictures of the Magical sun was not there, no remembering anything that lay outside of this room. On the soft unlimited warehouse, they swelled and united on the one hand, again and again, again and again, even more violent, wilder, more consumed. Always new forces came, all earthly Nature exceeding. When the candles were burned down to more than half, the voice spoke the woman, quiet and yet very clear: "We reached the threshold. Like we will walk through the gate that lies between this side and the beyond - The gate of dying - and yet return together! " Her mouth approached his mouth and they united for one time. It was as if it were no longer the body on this side, which are each other surround, but - light in the light. -

When all twenty candles were burned down and darkness prevailed - After hours, many endlessly enchanted hours - the woman loosened from the Arms of the man. Her voice was only a mild whisper: "It was successful!"

They sat together in the cozy living room. In front of the windows stood A friendly morning sun. Lukowsky was completely dressed again and Likewise Ms. Astrid Xylander. She had again taken care of the work of the housewife And a good breakfast served. Now she gave in wine and said:

"Ernst Lukowsky, you are now a warrior of Pralada! Prohibit you worthy! Maybe we meet again. If not, I will still know what You are doing!" She kissed him on her cheeks, not on her mouth.

It was already in the morning and the sun was up when Lukowsky was in His car rose and drove towards the airfield. He felt fresh and strong and in a strange way. But now his whole thinking turned Back, everything he had forgotten through the arts of the woman named Astrid and could no longer find it for half a day and a night; Now everything was back. The gentle coverage of the security evaporated, The memory of the experience in the house of Mrs. Astrid Xylander was evaporated, faded quickly and almost as complete as the effect of the Spell too forgotten. Something different returned, the most important thing: the thought of Vera. -

The light yellow painted metal of the aircraft shone under the sun. Lukowsky clamped a stack of cards under his arm and climbed into it. The view From the windows of the pulpit had something to say goodbye. The two engines boomed. -

After Toulon, his first major order had led him years ago. The may be a coincidence. Now he was here to be on behalf of the madmen, how Vera Jörgens called her to look for a sunken submarine. The sound In itself crazy enough. He had the machine at the local airport and rented out in that suburban inn, the bush in his had named written instructions. There he should wait for a man named Domenico Alotti to connect with him, the man who according to Astrid Xylander's clairvoyant. Actually waiting Lukowsky now in vain for that man.

Lukowsky, who had breakfast on the little one, is the only guest to have breakfast in the morning round table opposite the counter. A pretty girl with her neck Tied up black hair and a light blue dress dealt Behind the counter with the latest Tagblatt. Whispered from the street Heller dust through the door always opened as soon as a car drove past. But the

Wagen that Lukowsky expected did not come. The girl rustled with newspaper, brought a cup of fresh coffes. Lukowsky asked in his reasonably useful French: "Please wait a moment!" He pulled a crumpled note from the breast pocket of his shirt: "Would you Call and say I have been waiting here since yesterday? " The girl stroked the piece of paper smoothly and nodded: "Yes, gladly Monsieur, right!" - Lukowsky turned to the steaming coffee. He heard the girl Handling behind the counter on the phone and turning: "Nothing?" The girl raised her shoulders and regrettably shook her head: "It reports nobody! " Lukowsky based the left elbow onto the backrest of the chair: "Do you want to get me a taxi?" "But of course!" Nodded the girl: "I order one immediately." - He waited a quarter of an hour. Pale dust swept through the entrance. A Dark Peugeot braked. The taxi driver entered research steps, ran to Counts and looked around as if the space of people was overcrowded. Lukowsky Hot his arm: "Here, my friend," he called: "Here you are needed! They give themselves the note with the address from Mademoiselle - she already knows which. " They went to the car. The driver studied the note. Lukowsky interpreted Stretched finger on the paper: "must lie somewhere in the direction of Hyères." "Yes, yes," the taxi driver confirmed: "There are a few bungalows. Settlement for better pensioners. I think it's there. " They got into the car. Lukowsky pulled the door to: "So let's go!" - After half an hour drive on the main street, the taxi turned right into an unpaved side path that passed through the well -kept bungalows led a light forest. Soon the trees deviated. The landscape seemed barren here, blossomed, the more the path rose uphill. Towered on both sides stones, which apparently when the route was only half -fulfilled had been forgotten. Grasses grew between the columns.

The taxi approached a medium -sized, white -tongued house. In contrast To the bungalows, this building had an upper floor. Several windows were open. Likewise the front door, the frame of which was arched. On the right and left, cacti grew in large bowls. In front of the house was parked Heller Citroen. Palmetts planted at even intervals formed the

Background. Lukowsky paid the taxi driver: "If I don't have any other way here get away again, I call them. If necessary, I will be here in one of the houses can certainly make calls. " The driver was enough for a printed card: "Certainly, Monsieur. If you Select number, I'll come as soon as possible. " Lukowsky inserted the card and got out of the car. Through the soles He thought he felt the warmth of the stony floor. The taxi Turned and soon turned behind a hill. Lukowsky stepped towards the white-tossed house. Already under the archway The open entrance door flocked pleasant freshness from the inside. He entered a spacious hall. From here, a narrow, winding staircase led to the upper floor. The interior of the house was also mostly in white. Just an old wooden chest on which a phone enthroned, and which also served as a shelf, as well as a gold -frequently framework Baroque mirror over it, broke through this white. Nevertheless, the hallway worked Dimmick, she only had a small window to the front of the house. Lukowsky stopped with the dark chest. On his "hello!" None took place Answer. He stepped into the middle of the hallway and called again - nobody reported itself. Lukowsky looked up along the stairs: three doors, two of it open. He went up the steps. The first door pointed into an untouched Bedroom, the other in a bathroom and the third led to a kind of guest room and to a balcony. Lukowsky went back into the hallway and looked into the adjacent rooms: a kitchen, a moderate Modern furnished living room, a small dining room with subsequent Terrace. The glass terrace door was an empty deck chair under a white-yellow-red parasol visible, its saddle pads in the mild one Wind dabbed. There were glasses and two on a small table below Bottles. Different cacti grew everywhere in stone vouchers. Lukowsky opened the glass door and stepped onto the sunlit terrace. Here he fell Again, how cool it was inside the house. He went on the table to. In addition to used, there were also unused glasses. Both bottles were almost empty. Lukowsky turned away. The one of the terrace Garden looked like a collection of subtropical plants. Narrow paths, which were covered with stone slabs, strived for mash-like and led again Together to unite in front of an almost man-sized bronze statue. Lukowsky went to this figure and looked at her. She put one

Lion-shaped Sixmet, an Egyptian goddess who is in this place had to feel decorated. Sun rays glittered on her metal body. Lukowsky crouched and looked at the granite base on which the Sixmet figure stood. Between strange characters that are not involved Egyptian hieroglyphs had to do and were obviously carved by a modern stonemason, there was a bizarre sun symbol. It recalled the one that Lukowsky had met from Ms. Astrid Xylander that he would not have noticed it otherwise. Whether the notifiable Had an inscription, Ernst Lukowsky could not judge. She probably had one, and Ms. Astrid Xylander would certainly have too interpreted, possibly even Peter Fischer. Lukowsky directed the Sken up again and looked around. Carefully planted everywhere grew Cacti or half-high hard leaf plants. In between there were countless Flowers. A little brook that was obviously artificially created, Flowed through the whole ambience and caused the necessary irrigation. With Someone had put a lot of effort into this garden. The fragrance unfamiliar Flowers floated through the air. - Ernst Lukowsky seized a strange feeling: as a small park-like garden outside the real world. - He walked in this garden around and felt very comfortable in this quiet idyll. He hardly noticed the hours that ran away; Time, along with watches, seemed to lose their validity at this place.

It was high noon when Lukowsky returned to Domenico Alotti's house, who obviously loved subtropical plants, an Egyptian goddess in Had his garden-and knew the mysterious pralada sun. Lukowsky measures the dining room and the hallway. He reached on the wooden chest to the phone and called the taxi driver. The sun on this side still shot Always dazzling the white-limited walls of the house. Lukowsky sat down A cigarette took the edge of one of the two large stone vouchers flanking the entrance. The first quarter of an hour passed, the second quarter of an hour passed - the phone rang. Lukowsky rose amazed and went into the hall. He took the listener - nobody was there - or who was on, did not say a word. Lukowsky put on the listener and went outside again. He closed the Front door and once again sat on the edge of the flower bowl, stabbed itself The offshoot of a cactic - the taxi came.

Z-plan

Until late afternoon, he bored at the round table near the The hotel's front door or strolled along the street. He read newspapers, whose article he understood only imperfectly, and drank all possible varieties Sparkling water. A few dozen cars rolled across the dusty road. A Ricker van brought fresh drinks. Between the houses Children played Indians or pirates. Lukowsky hadn't forgotten what Vera said: It could be Valtine, The old enemy, now it is up to mischief. It was also clear Lukowsky where this assumption came from. When Mr. Löw, Busch's confidante, also with Valtine conferred, all information could easily flows. But Of course that didn't have to be the case. Gradually the sun lost strength. Gradually slid longer shadows over the uneven pavement. The idle sitting around went on the Annoy. He decided to just fly off and something with the help of the cards alone to advance. It was still early. Lukowsky started to the girl The counter: "Please, Mademoiselle, call me a taxi again."

The two -engine piper flogged the low height of the Coast, but not so deep that it had to be noticed immediately. Lukowsky had The card lies on the co-pilot seat and compared the outlines. Several Opportunities offered themselves. The water was not so clear that the view over- All to the bottom. The wastewater of the nearby city might be responsible for this, but maybe it was simply that way. Lukowsky's attention attracted a small entry to the east of the city limit. There was something under water, elongated, narrow, dark. Maybe a German submarine based? Lukowsky marked the point in question on the map. He flew the whole again Coming coast - up and down again. Alone in that place Was there something that could be a submarine!

There was a phone machine in the airport restaurant. Lukowsky called Düsseldorf, Hotel 'Corona'. Fischer was there. Lukowsky said: "Day, Mr. Fischer. Mrs. Astrid Xylander could be right. - - Yes, Mr. Alotti is not there! - - no, not in his house either. I went there. Everything is open. He's not there. Nobody else. - - no, none Trace of him. - - is she not surprised? - Anyway: I have from the air Discovered something under water, which may be a laid-out submarine

Z-plan

could - maybe! - - - if at all, then there. Would also with that Card entry. - - yes, okay. - - What's the name of the man? - - Well, if it is in the documents, I find it. - - yes, I'm flying across right away to Nice, reliable. - and they inform the man. - - good, I'll be I think that is the meeting point mentioned. - - In order. Everything Good, see you soon - the phone coins go out ... - - yes, I'll get in touch And give report! See you again! " - The last coin fell in the telephone machines. Then the connection came to an end. But everything necessary was also said. Lukowsky should fly over to Nice And meet a man named Herniaire there, that in the hotel's street café 'Henry IV.' Would wait. Fischer now wanted to organize that. In the On the other hand, everything was important in the papers that Busch had given him. The voted that Lukowsky had read these documents precisely: if that Founded submarine would be found, would be in contact with that Monsieur Herniaire to record - which should have done Domenico Alotti if it would have been possible for him. But it looked like Ms. Astrid Xylander should be right in your prediction.

Lukowsky landed at the airport of Nice. The Piper rolled into a Phalanx colored private aircraft. The Weather turned out to be magnificent and also the Lukowsky unknown until then City. He enjoyed artistically roasted facades, palm trees that were waving in the mild wind and a view over the open sea. The many people, this Mix of casual holiday mood, busy and more challenging Joy of life - from time to time, all of this looked like a huge film set. Until a crossroads came, which in turn showed the most normal everyday life. Operation on the streets and sidewalks was lively, but not hectic. People went individually, to pairs arm in arm or in small ones Groups. Laughing, or at least a smile, played on most faces. They looked at shop windows, entered shops, restaurants or left these just. They climbed into cars and also waved any Dare too. -No, nobody thought of insane flights with old aircraft, submarine search or even mysterious goddesses under a black purple sun, and no certain green packages. Lukowsky passed a shop in which ship models were offered. The next shop offered swimwear and amateur divers

Equipment, the next but one fruit and vegetables. A shoe store followed, one Large pharmacy or drugstore and a shop window full of flowers. Lukowsky crossed the street. The sun from Heaven. - No, nobody here took care of what many years ago German secret service boss named Wilhelm Canaris initiated may have to give a turn in the distant future of history. Lukowsky had reached the street café, which belonged to the Hotel 'Henry IV.' and looked for a man to whom the given description could fit. At the back of the table on the right side was a subtly dressed man from the end of fifty or early sixty years and read a German newspaper. Lukowsky went to the Lord between the mostly younger people. This lowered the sheet and looked up. Be Face looked serious and humorous at the same time. He took one with his left hand Silver -bumped glasses, half rose out of the seat and handed his hand: "You are probably Monsieur Lukowsky! Please sit down." - now greeted also Lukowsky. Herniaire let himself go back to his armchair: "I am Claude Herniaire. But you know that. " - Lukowsky took him to him Place. Herniaire refused: "Would you also like an ice cream? It is here excellent!" He waved to a petite waitress and then ordered. he turned back to Lukowsky. His voice looked binding: "Well? Did you actually find the submarine? " Lukowsky said: "It could be. Of course I'm not sure, but it could be. " He asked: "You know Something about Mr. Alotti? I should have hit him. " - Herniaire showed a thoughtful face: "Unfortunately! It is very unusual. Domenico Alotti is The reliability in person. I am afraid of something. We have to take care of it. I take it in hand. " - Lukowsky researched: "You Have an idea what Alotti could have happened? " - "No," Herniaire Stretched the head emphasized: "No, I have no idea At most, but ... "he made a lively hand movement and pulled up the eyebrows: "How should you know what in this crazy matter Everything else happens! I warned Fritz - Mr. Busch - often enough. But - he does not give up. And since I am his friend, I stick to him. That's how it is! Speaking of: I need a few days to get everything you need. It It is not so easy to dive into the boat, no, no, that's that simple not. Where and as it is now, it is obviously well hidden. That's a good thing. If we stupidly hit waves, it would be with the secret

Z-plan

Quickly over - and we would most likely be left behind. We have to be very careful, my friend, be very careful! " Herniaire ranked his arms on the side backs of the chair and spoke in his Live: "You don't believe what crazy people there are! Also in our government. But not only in Paris and London, but also And especially in Washington and even Moscow. There are still relevant people who are convinced that the Third Reich stood immediately before the completion of an all striking miracle weapon And the talk of the turn at the last moment and the final victory is not Just cheeky propaganda. That is of course nonsense. It may be that Hitler waited for something by the last moment. But that was sure not the sudden final victory, but much more a message, the further Regarding the future - possibly the project 7 from the CANARIS Z -Plan. It It is pretty sure that Hitler had strong doubts about the guilt of Canaris - If he ever believed in it. As far as I know, he has not been taught about the execution beforehand. Finally, when unfortunately everything was late, the guide looked through more and more the inability and that Intrigantism in his next environment. But a guide and chancellor is Also responsible for his ministers and consultants! Today Hitler from Pages of the opponents generally as the evil man. I think the real bad guys were completely different. The guide had lost the perspective. But that's not an excuse. At that time I was one of the last defenders of Berlin as a member of the French Waffen-SS 'Charlemagne'. So I can get a certain picture. - Anyway: there are everyone Cases people who are ready to fight somewhere. Believe - what do you want to do? " Lukowsky said: "I don't break my head about that." Herniaire gesticulated with both hands: "Right! Completely right! It could be true be that even larger quantities of gold, platinum and jewels were hidden at the time - and also any secret constructions in more or less Half -finished condition. My friend Busch has information that appears me credible. This is interesting, it is even fascinating. The dream dancing of flying saucers and so on, we want others Leave - the main thing is that these others do not hinder us! " Lukowsky wondered the perfect, almost accent -free German of his conversation partner.

have been handled. But Lukowsky didn't ask about it. The servant brought The ice that Herniaire had ordered with a hint for Lukowsky. Lukowsky Hadn't eaten ice cream for ages, but now he did it, thanked him And asked: "How should it go on now?" Herniaire folded the hands below a pearl -decorated tie: "I don't know that yet. must think about it. First I suggest that you fly over the place again tomorrow and try to remove the boat from the coast treasure. Then rent a car, drive to the relevant place And explore the coastal conditions. Also pay attention to how the traffic situation is there, whether there are many people walking around and so on. I try in the In the meantime, to find Alotti again. He has an unofficial domicile in Italy. I think in Ferrara. It may be, he was somehow stopped there. We communicate tomorrow afternoon. Call me here in Hotel an. I give you the number. " He pulled out a silver ballpoint pen and provided a paper napkind with a phone number. Lukowsky Came the thought of asking: "Do you also know Mr. Fischer?" - "Peter Fischer! " Herniaire replied with respectful emphasis: "But yes! One of the few worthy opponents for a good chess game! " He put his pens and suddenly asked Lukowsky: "Play chess, mine Friend?" - "Too little to be a worthy opponent!" replied Lukowsky. Herniaire showed a regretful gesture with both hands: "Too bad! It is Such a wonderful game! Still, maybe you will pull it here today to spend the night? " Lukowsky took a look at his clock: "I prefer to fly back. May I ask the question of what role you in the men's game Play bush and fishermen. " Herniaire thought for a moment, then he replied: "I lead the French part of the company 'Rolland & Löw', Practically represent the Rolland family. Mr. Löw recently participated Monsieur Busch known and to my delight I discovered an old one in him Friend that I had lost sight of for years. " - He smiled: "So Sometimes life plays! "

They had said goodbye. Slowly he crossed the street The corner of the cross street stood a few taxis. Lukowsky steered his steps there. From the airport he would try to reach Vera by phone.

He longed for the sound of her voice. He went between two parked Sports car through, an open white and a red coupé. Out of The latter sounded quietly murmur and giggles. - also the people on the sidewalk Laughed him - so Lukowsky felt as if they could have guessed that he was Don Quijote from the Mancha, who dreamed of Dulcinea from Toboso. But it Would not mind being laughed at for an honest feeling. A man who was ashamed of his feelings would not be worth life.

He hadn't reached Vera. She had also said that she would hardly be reached. But the longing for her came with tremendous, miraculous strength: Vera - Dulcinea! - In a quarter of an hour he would go back to the Toulon airfield land, then visit the inn in which he had rented - and dream of Dulcinea. If he would have known where to fly To see her, everything else would have been indifferent to him. And yet: It was important to defeat the kite for her! - Maybe tomorrow morning he would Catch the bait for that.

The engines of the Piper grumbled evenly, the sun stabbed through the Front glazing. Lukowsky flew with a southeastern course. Extended under him Bathroom beaches, coastal roads, hotels, villas and small towns. Sometimes he avoided the lake so as not to attract too much to a deep flight. He followed his markings on the map. When he was the location of the Supported submarines, he pulled the machine up. Suddenly there was this Yesterday still lonely place. Small bright spots flashed up the water. Lukowsky went deeper. The stains turned out to be boats. There was also a small warship underneath, a mine clearer or something Similar. A ball of cars and puncture was recognizable on the bank. And a fairly large, long, slimmer swam on the water Shadow: a submarine! -

Lukowsky pulled the machine up in a first reaction and flew overland Outside. He checked the card on his knees - none Doubt! Chance would have been too great, it had to be U -812 - As always it may have appeared: it could only be this boat! - Lukowsky carefully turned the coast again. Soon he recognized the again Collection of the onlookers on the shelter, in front of which the long, slim silhouette of the submarine lay on the water. Lukowsky carefully flew closer. He

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Put the machine on the left wing and circled-the gray-green submarine body was lying under it. Boejen all around. Nearby patrolled this Small warship. He turned over. For the first time, Ernst Lukowsky Buschs and Fischer's strange hunting fever. The Piper roared on the edge of the coastal perspective. Lukowsky Flew past Cannes. A caution that he thought was exaggerated himself, advised him to land first in Nice. His deep flight and the volte could be in the air made aware of - the authorities, the military, Busch's opponent - whom always. The machine rolled out in Nice and soon stood on her again Formed place next to a Morane and an Aztec. The Aztec has just been made ready by an older gentleman, two young men and a blond girl. Lukowsky had to remember involuntarily that The perspective of these people would now also have been one of the insane, If you knew about his actions.

Lukowsky ran through the airport building. He reached the switch of car rental. There was a nice woman with black hair and white one there Rüschenbluse. Lukowsky greeted and said: "I need a car. Type doesn't matter The main thing is that not too lame. "

He drove in a brand new Citroen. The car was painted black, whereby The heat inside, despite the open windows, is constantly increasing. A air conditioning the car didn't.

After almost two hours of driving, Lukowsky saw the car back from a distance. There were no houses in the immediate vicinity. Still worked Tiny bay revives like a soccer field. Except numerous passenger cars, There were four coaches on the side of the road, one fifth arrived. People ran messed up, snapped from any kind of photo apparatus, were enough Binoculars, talking gestures, children screamed. A group of television people filmed. Lukowsky held one of the buses in the shade and got out. He squeezed through the human casserole. Now he saw the submarine. Plenty of hundred meters From the shore it was motionless in the weak dune. Rump, deck and tower stared from mussels, algae and everything that is on the Distance only guessed. The rusted double runs protruded at the back of the tower Automatic anti -aircraft guns in the air. There was one around the submarine

Formation red-blue buoy an elliptical ring. It looked like U-812 was one Prisoner from the prehistoric period that was quiet and sanned on flight. Apart from the excess crust, the submarine offered the impression of immediate Operational readiness. The dark sharp -cut boat body stretched his Points bug threatens against the country. The closer Lukowsky worked through the people to the bank, for the way The speaking voices of the curious became quieter - as if they dared no loud word. Strange anxiety was on the shore. The air seemed difficult to be breathing here. The silent gray-green submarine was the same an uncanny menetcle on the people considered Looks became scouring, the more clearly they saw it. Only was close to the water still to hear whisper. As if people feared the motionless steel fish Wake up as if they had made it together. Lukowsky also felt this strange shower, which is obviously at the sight of this boat nobody could withdraw. Something horror radiated from U-812: the Preserved death - or the sleeping monster before awakening? - Lukowsky went back. To where the crowd is louder and more unbiased again their theories about the sudden appearance of this submarine developed. He Listened. There was an old fisherman with a white full beard and Fry brown face. Lukowsky had trouble understanding his pronunciation: "... forget, I tell you. That was always here! The Germans have it Simply forget! " - "And it was suddenly there last night?" threw a Younger man with sunglasses: "Two divers are supposed to get it up have ... " - " Nonsense! " Another cried: "It came up by itself." - "For year and day," a fat tourist with a field cup in front of his stomach explained: "For decades, this submarine is on the road, the crew long ago. has just driven around! " The fat underpined his speech with circular hand and arm movements: "Or it came from further, maybe drove from the Pacific to and across the Atlantic Ocean until the current At Gibraltar ... " "The flying Dutch! The flying Dutch!" called one in green .Clained tourists in between, and a younger man said: "This is just One of many! They always drive behind the Russian and American nuclear difference, day and night, without showing up, for years - until it is time! And then: Bumm! " - his right fist clapped into the left Open hand: "You have to see that in a bigger context ..." - "That

is quite possible! "Sadgered an even younger one in between:" They should lead a secret blow in the Mediterranean! They shade everyone, and then Is there a keyword - for everyone at the same time ... - Who knows who is behind it! " "And the Americans, the Americans?" Throughout a man in a colorful shirt: "Maybe ..." - "Nonsense!" another screamed from further: "Have the thing Definitely hidden the Germans here during the war, and now It tore it off and is driven. You can see how old it is! With it Is nothing more! " - "How do you want to see that?" called annoying one The young men: "On long journeys under water ..." Lukowsky slowly stepped back to his rental car. He considered one of the To ask two naval items, but decided against it not to attract attention. A sixth bus held. Tourists quollen through the exits, cameras Pick up. Other onlookers moved away. A motorcycle rattled. Lukowsky drove back.

From the next post office he called in the Hotel 'Corona' in Düsseldorf. bush Was there. Lukowsky reported what he had just seen: " - - yes, like me Sage, the submarine floats on the water, even military. - No idea. - Should I notify Herniaire? - - well, then do it That, but they do it, I don't want to appear unreliable. - By the way: Herniaire is a man of Löw. How safe can you Be loyalty? - - You need to know! - good, until then. " He hung up, went to the switch and paid. A foreigner also fell in this small post office not up. Tourism had long overrun this area.

Busch had announced his personal appearance. He would be over Nice come, meet herniaire and then contact Lukowsky in the inn, where he should be ready. Lukowsky brought the rental car back and Flew back to Toulon with the Piper. He let himself be from a taxi to his Gasthof. Behind the counter, the girl read in a comic booklet. Lukowsky interrupted it and asked: "Pardon. I can do it here somewhere borrow a car? I would like to drive around a little. " The girl Watched, gave him a friendly look from sky blue eyes And said: "We have an R4 that nobody needs today and tomorrow. You are welcome to take yourself. He is in the courtyard. " The girl searched in one Drawer the wall unit behind the counter and handed Lukowsky with a smile The car key: "Please!" - Lukowsky folded a ship

chen. The girl watched amused. Lukowsky provided the bankruptcy boat It onto the counter in front of her, took the car key and said: "Thank you! I bring Your car undamaged! " The girl remembered: "If she was after that Looking for Italians, Monsieur I should call for you, I can say something. " Lukowsky looked at her expectantly: "That would be nice!" - "This Monsieur has a very nice sports car. A maserati. He stands with the Fina petrol station, not far from here, along the street on the left. I have there Seen him for sure. " Lukowsky asked: "Monsieur Alotti?" - "No," The girl replied: "Only his Maserati. But ask Gustave, that is the gas stationery. He always cleans the Maserati for the Italian. He knows him. " Lukowsky thanked a second boat.

The little sand -colored Renault stood in the yard, as the girl said. The strange gear shift was Lukowsky unusual. He studied the Mechanics and left the car after it was circulated with the circuit had. It went. Lukowsky drove the small car onto the street and hit The direction in which a Fina petrol station went to a Maserati should stand whose owner might never drive him again.

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Ernst Lukowsky drove with the small sand -colored car of Renault 'r4' Along the coastal road, over at that point, on the water of which a single, blue-red buoy reminded of U-812, which was there as well as through ghosting from the Past had appeared. The submarine has now been dragged away made. It would hardly be more than scrap value for the French Navy at most have that it could still serve as a museum piece, maybe too as a tourist attraction.

Lukowsky slows down the journey. After about one and a half kilometers one came Petrol station in sight. It shone under the sun in red and white-blue colors. The petrol station looked freshly renovated, flashing cleanliness everywhere. Quite On the right, next to an area for washing the car, there was a white sports convertible Older year with a closed cover. In the elliptical radiator grille this Sports car sparkled a chrome -plated trident. The car was a Maserati A particularly beautiful of the type 3500 GT. Lukowsky slowed down at the petrol station and had gasoline filled. Connected to the cashier, there was a winch

ges café. Lukowsky left the Renault at the petrol station, paid the Fuel and sat in the café bars. There was no need to go out quietly music A suitcase radio, and a second gas station attorney. Two of the Four triangular table were occupied. Lukowsky chose the foremost free And ordered apple juice to a sand cake. He asked that Waiting carar car: "There is a beautiful old maserati out there. Should it be sold? " - "O!" The young man in blue gear waved off: "No! It belongs to a regular customer. An Italian, you know. He gives never here! He will surely pick it up soon. " The gas stationery was probably Gustave. Lukowsky was still interested: "Whether you still talk to the man should?" - "That would definitely have no purpose," replied the young man with a smile that radiates with a certainty: "You can believe me, Monsieur, this Maserati is certainly not for sale! I also have that too American said. Someone asked about it, an American. He even wrote down a phone number and wanted me to given a hundred so I call it when Monsieur Alotti comes - This is the owner of the Maserati - but I said he should have his money Keep because of the business. " That made Lukowsky take notice. He asked about it: "This American was called the Valtine? A man like this To the sixty? Pretty big? " Had a more detailed description of Valtine Lukowsky not, but the gas station attendant immediately confirmed: "Yes, yes, Monsieur. You him? " Lukowsky said: "The world is small! May I have?" - "Why not?" The gas stationery rummage on his desk and handed it over Lukowsky a note. " The name Valtine was on it and a telephone number that Lukowsky made known: The area code was that of Nice - and The telephone number belonged to the hotel 'Henry IV.' In which he had met Monsieur Herniaire, which a administrator of Mr. Löw, who in turn with the Mr. Valtine had a connection, Monsieur Herniaire, who was also Busch's confidant ... everyone went back here? - Or wasn't the idealistic, inspired Peter Fischer, wasn't in the picture of what might have broken up all around? - Lukowsky held the little piece of paper in his hands and felt strange touched. He looked at the hasty handwriting of Mark Valtine: An autograph of the devil! A gimmick man at the next table leaned over: "He is back in the Fortress, the Italian! He is in the fortress! " -

Lukowsky inserted the note and turned to the old man. "In Which fortress? "

Researched Lukowsky. "Do not put anything on it, Monsieur! The grandpa sometimes spins a little, Although otherwise he is fine. " The gas station attendant to get outside to recharge in the way. Lukowsky and chair moved closer to the old man who had spoken of a fortress: "What did you think about it when I was allowed to ask them?"

"But of course! But of course!" The old called in a good mood: "They are among us Remains of the fortress - fortress, we always called it as children. " He moved in Parish tobacco and a curved pipe from the pocket of his green Jacketts: "That's the way it is!" As he spoke, his experienced fingers stuffed The pipe. "Hundred or a hundred years ago - maybe also two hundred - there was some blockade against France. Yes, that must have been Being, as Emperor Napoleon - the great Napoleon! - ruled. There was this Blockade! Yes, of course!" His sun -brewed, wrinkled face came to life and suddenly didn't seem to be old. Remain now! This was how it was: in Napoleon's time! The English of the devil swallows them together with their pirate island - wanted France starve! That's how it was! Yes! And the emperor made sure that her hideous plans failed! French ships always broke through the blockade Again - big and small as it came. Because it is easier for the little ones had, the big ships loaded their goods early on to several small ones, Mostly very fast boats, which then reached the coast unnoticed! " He Paffeed vigorously, leaning a elbow on the table area and talking along Colored, haunting voice, as if he had been there personally in Napoleon's time at the time: "The English more and more shot at the coast. There were many deaths. Especially among the fishermen. Our have ours Soldiers built this hiding place. We called her as a children fortress. But it is Of course no fortress. More a cave on the cliff. Just here the area was cheap. The small ships and boats were able to Drive up the cave and unload their freight. Was through a long shaft The freight then led up. The shaft is very deep. If you have a couple Steping, discover an iron grate on the left side of the road. Starts there The shaft! It leads vertically into the depth - to the water. You can let a stone fall through the grille. You will be surprised how It takes a long time for it to arrive below! The shaft is still okay.

During the last war, the Germans also used him here had nothing to look for - sorry Monsieur, that doesn't work against them, we are Now friends. " It was noticeable to his expression that he was not quite so It was certain, but he showed good will and continued to tell: "I was to that Time in San Malo and didn't see it. Otherwise there were no Germans. Just in this one place, it is said. My cousin Etienne saw twice Several trucks stand here. With bottle trains you have objects Hed up through the shaft and loaded onto the trucks. The iron grille, That is now there is still from the time. In the past, boards lay above the hole. And the other day ... "the old one lowered the voice:" ... has a German submarine appeared here! Like a ghost ship! I tell you: that knew that Away!" The old man's eyes widened: "At some point the submarine was there and then when the war was over, it drove it into the Sea! The crew was long dead! But the souls of the dead sailors! Understand: the souls were caught - under water in the fuselage of the Unterseboats! And the souls forced it to know where they know! Here through the shaft they came ashore to their eternal calm and Find peace! " The old man nodded slowly and meaningfully: "There are many Things that are very strange ...! " - Lukowsky got his cake and the Apple juice without feeling appetite at the moment. He asked the old one: "This one Shaft - or this cave - can you go in there? " - "No, no longer," the old man almost excitedly replied: "You dragged the ghost ship to Toulon. Two warships accompanied it! But the souls of the submarine crew were long ashore. They did not shot on the warships. If you would have wanted that ..! Souls are invulnerable! Their strength would have made the undersee boat unsinkable and invincible! But they are always peaceful. All souls redeemed are peaceful. They don't wage war, they also have No more nationality. The souls of the submarine people don't have anything done and nobody disturbed. At night before the ghost ship appeared, Have you heard a few inexplicable voices! " The old man looked at the Ceiling and describing a semicircle in the air my right hand: "Quite Strange, hollow and singing ... "He took his hand down and watched again Lukowsky: "I woke up! But I didn't know what it was, although ... I already had such a clue. Madame Dureaux heard it too! Nevertheless, of course, nobody believes me! Well, that doesn't matter! Makes me that nothing! " After briefly thinking and gaping, he said: "But that

Even the high authorities in silence are afraid, a second ghost ship Could appearing is proven: the cave entrance had to be the same be blown up! Supposedly because of the risk of collapse for children playing. But believe me: in reality the gentlemen were just afraid! " He Whispered: "guilty conscience! Souls could come, the accountability ask of them! Many souls, not only those of the German sailors! - Who knows?! " - Half an hour later, the old one was picked up by a crowd grandchildren or great -grandchildren. Lukowsky said goodbye to him. When he was back Looked at the table, sand cakes and apple juice were still untouched. Lukowsky said to himself: "So!" And took a sip from the glass.

He left the Renault at the petrol station and walked on the street side lying to the sea. The air was mild and warm, the afternoon was pleasant. Every passing car swirls light dust. On the side of the road Finer white -yellow sand had accumulated. Some young people with baths under their arms were happily passing. In front of a flat yellow house A pink -dressed woman swept the leaked stone levels to the front door. She Paid, pushed a few curls under her pink headscarf and knocked the broom out of. The flat yellow house was the last or first of the village. Behind it Versed grasses along the asphalt. An unusual square became visible. Lukowsky went to this square and stayed in front of it stand. It measured about 70 by 70 centimeters and was made in concrete. On A heavy, rusty iron grille rested the concrete. Lukowsky crouched Down, looked for a pebble and let it fall through the grille. He counted not with. A significant period of time passed before the stone is quietly below opened. Lukowsky tried to look down - but there was only black. A perfect, yawning black. Lukowsky straightened up again. He Leave the street and stepped close to the edge of the cliffs. He estimated the Height on a lot of thirty meters. More than less. Washed down below Shimmering water the brittle rock. The dune was weak and almost Gischlos. The blue-red buoy, which marked the site of the submarine, was from to see from this point, although she is quite far away on the Small waves fluctuated, maybe a kilometer away. Lukowsky discovered a tramble path, hardly wider than a foot, but clearly stuck. His steps followed this track. Soon the path held

To the edge of the cliffs. It seemed impossible to continue there. Nevertheless, narrow, tight serpentines further stood down. Between Two wooden pillars were tensioned, which was supposed to prohibit the continues. The wire hung very low. Lukowsky made one Pace over it and slowly advanced. The floor turned out to be Like stone, the path safe. Every child would have climbed around with a little courage can. Half height between the street and the water mirror took the Dangerousness too. Obviously, the trample has only been common to this point used. He continued, but then forked himself. On the one hand He led the side up again, further down on the other. On the way Sometimes there was hidden under stiff grasses, from step to step It was now more unsure. Lukowsky continued to climb. Rinsing the water was heard louder. Laughing voices sounded from above. Lukowsky couldn't see her. He pushed on the steep Rock wall deeper. The rock lay in the shade, the sun did not dazf. Lukowsky felt alone like at the end of the world. Rubbing crumbled from time to time Sometimes under his feet. The stone color suddenly looked fresher. Here was have been blown up. Six or seven meters above the water, a rubble grasped out of the rock, which did not look gray and weathered here, but also light yellow, as washed off. Above the muraine gaped two sickle -shaped, Dark slots. These geometric arches testified to human work - the remains of the entrance to the facility that the old man described in the small petrol station café. Lukowsky worked. It was simple. In The moist rubble could be pressed with strong foot steps for level. The Larger of the two sickle -shaped openings were almost half a meter high. A man could get there. The muraine went inside Apparently in a similar angle as externally. Lukowsky carefully tried one foot - the rubble was wetter inside and was still allowed Better to step better than outside. Lukowsky fully bent the body through the silly opening inside the vault. He stamped another stage In the moist gravel -like rubble, remained for a while and rang in the dark. Gradually, the eyes got used to it. The darkness was almost completely. Only from a distant angle hardly seemed perceptible daylight. Slowly Lukowsky continued to feel down into the Cave. He was annoyed not to have bought a flashlight and was looking for With the left hand to his matches. That through the sickle slits

Urgent light was hardly noticeable after a few meters. The reason was slippery. Lukowsky slipped twice in a row, Caught again, tried to step on a level - the whole layer of scree slipped inside. Lukowsky sank to his knee. He tortured himself forward. Again the muraines got on the move. It became pitch dark. Alone the Far, probably remained from the shaft, light shimmer. Everywhere Pushed, rolled or collerts stones and stones. Lukowsky gripped with Both hands too - wet, slimy rubble fell over his arms. Moder smell rose, water dripped. Lukowsky tried to orientate himself. He did not succeed. He slid deeper with every movement. A cold fright he attacked for a second. He felt sweat on his forehead - or was it from Vaulted water? He remained motionless. Correct! Something Splashed on his back of his hand - thick drops that came from above. Lukowsky tried to straighten up - again a colleague and roles and grinding everywhere. He behaved quietly, completely quiet. Here and there clicked a stone, Pleased a drop. Lukowsky no longer knew which direction he had come. The muraine now seemed to be horizontal. Also the distance Light shimmer in the background had disappeared. Lukowsky found a fact: In a hundred years, no second person would descend here, and If so, he would only find his death frame. - Lukowsky breathed deep Through, he tried sober consideration: the shaft! Somewhere he had to Be a shaft. And the shaft led to light! - Lukowsky shook himself out the scree free. The moist gravel avalanche jerked and pushed it on Inside the inside of the cave. Again slipped, rumbled and collerted Moist chunks and crocks. Then there was peace. Lukowsky could Get up and free themselves from the foothills of the muraine, which was reason reached. After a few steps, Lukowsky stepped on firm, hard stone floor. He stopped and looked around: only absolute darkness. - Now he found his Couple. "Idiotic situation!" Lukowsky said it loudly and The words echoed from the groundwater -dripping walls of the old vault Against, whose ceiling might measure a good five meters - the tiny match flame did not allow inaccurate appreciation. While the flame was giving away, Lukowsky recognized to stand in a kind of hall to which a broader, High aisle connected. He took a few cautious steps. The floor remained firmly. Lukowsky went with the arms held in the direction in which he Gang suspected. Something light - very weak, but still light - diving from the

Background on. Lukowsky let his arms sink and said in a half -venue: "Aha!" - A tiny light blinked from the distant end of the passage - apparently without Origin - nothing but a pale shimmer in the surrounding black. Lukowsky stumbled forward. Motten boards and old broken boxes Barsten under his steps. The moderate smell increased. Ancient Bohlen blocked the way. Some bent like paper, others resisted everyone Step and had to be overcome. Invisible rivals rippled everywhere. Lukowsky did not ignite a second match for now. He held that Light shimmer in the eye and felt there. The time since he It was down here, he protected for half an hour, maybe already longer. The tunnel narrowed. There was hardly any wood left. The moderate smell became weaker, the air for it colder and even moist. But the light came closer. Soon a vaulted blanket emerged and at the end of the Ganges a conical, completely symmetrical structure. Lukowsky puzzles, What that could be while he came closer to cone and light. After a while he saw what the cone was all about: a meter -higher Mountain of all what had thrown through the iron rust over time to check how deep the shaft was - the shaft! With Lukowsky stood a few quick jumps underneath and looked inside! The Quadrat at the upper end worked tiny, disappearing, the height appeared huge. Just to get started, a long ladder would have required it! Lukowsky stood under the shaft and stared in. He was amazed About his inner peace. How should he get up there?! And over - through - The scree wings? - - Calling, he remembered: You could call! - Who should that hear! - Lukowsky buried his hands in his pockets and sanned. He viewed the little pyramid in front of his feet and saw Back to the curved ceiling. Four meters, his thoughts measured. If he there was there, he could ... through the shaft somehow up, up Clamping, standing up, scrambling ... A car drove over the rust. Sand trickled down through the shaft. Lukowsky went back a bit, sat on one of the planks, fingered one No more cigarette from her breast pocket and lit it. The The match flamed in front of his hand, still orange -red, then smaller and light yellow, dark red blue - - a human body was not back Far from Lukowsky's seat. Lukowsky felt a sudden feeling between Doubts and horror. He had seen a body. Very clearly, one

Human body - unnaturally smooth and shiny. Like a hallucination. Lukowsky was mechanically convincing that his revolver was still there, let him however. Lukowsky ignited a match. Then it shone Again, barely two meters left of him: smooth, strange - but in human Shape. Lukowsky left his place on the plane. The match is gone, He took a new one. Now he was right with the body. Lukowsky's foot twitched back when he accidentally pushed to a strange smooth thigh. The second tip of the foot touched an equally smooth arm. Lukowsky inflamed Three matches at the same time and bent off. - There was a leader in front of him Man. The man was no longer young. His eyes were closed, but he Didn't seem sleeping. The mouth showed hard, dogged features. The body of the Mannes looked rigid, although the attitude looked limp, limp and rigid At the same time - dead. The three matches were burned down. Lukowsky reached New. Now he recognized the cause of the unnaturally smooth shine: the dead man Wearing a rubber suit - a rubber suit like frog men use it. And two oxygen taps were nearby over a plastic bag. The The rubber jacket was half opened. The right hand of the Toten seemed to want to touch the inside at any moment. - once again Custody wood. While Lukowsky called the next, he felt drops The forehead and under the eyes that came from the dripping groundwater. He knelt down next to the dead and carefully long with a flat -stretched hand In the rubber jacket - where the hand of the dead could no longer reach. The body felt ice cold and hard like stone. Lukowsky's hand groped Under the rubber. After glimming, this match also ruled Complete darkness again. - Lukowsky's fingers touched something that might be a wallet. His hand pulled this object under the rubber cover out. It seemed to be a wallet. He moved a few centimeters of off the dead, put the wallet on his knees and sacrificed another one Care wood. What was on his knees was not a wallet, but one Pass cover made of thin leather. Lukowsky flipped in the pass with one hand. It Was an Italian passport. A few photos were between the sides provided with many visa temples. The passport was called Domenico Fausto Alotti. Lukowsky worked him and looked at the photos. There were three. Two Obviously old and a newer. The old ones showed a group recording Italian and German seafarers and the portrait of an officer. On it stood a personal dedication with the signature Valerio Borghese. Lukow

Sky thought of Lucrezia Borgia - then he remembered the keyword torpedo ladder: The prince Borghese! Commandant of the Italian torpedo ladder! A famous unit. Vera had spoken of it. It was also read about it in several illustrated years ago, Lukowsky now remembered vague to it. Torpedo ladder - frog men - submarine! The third photo showed one Split woman with beautiful dreamy eyes and one in front of the Shoulder dark braid. That immediately brought Vera's picture in Lukowsky for development. Suddenly he felt the man whose dead body there was quiet, very closely connected. Lukowsky put the photographs back into the passport And gave everything back. He pulled the zipper of the diving jacket And laid the dead hands on top of each other. He noticed that one the hands held somewhat. Lukowsky felt something smooth, sanded. The hand of the dead spoke - almost as if he wanted it to Lukowsky hand over. Lukowsky felt a strange elongated object, not much larger than its matchbox, but differently shaped and clearly heavier, made of metal or polished stone, tapering on one side. Lukowsky inserted the object and put a hand on the dead man Shoulder. He did this without thinking, involuntarily, like a greeting and a Farewell at the same time. The man who belonged to this body was long ago Fort ... Lukowsky now had to go to Astrid Xylander's lecture on the astral body think. Maybe the real, immortal Domenico Alotti was here? This Lukowsky did not find the presentation as scary, on the contrary, it was one Nice idea - the feeling of touching with immortality. Lukowsky stood in the dark next to Domenico Alotti and thought that he a friend would have been - possibly still - who might know? The light penetrating through the shaft became weaker. Outdoors The evening approached. Lukowsky was sitting in the dark on his plane near Alotti. One Incomprehensible calm had taken possession of Lukowsky. He thought of the one Enclosed man who was dead to him, certainly, but his thoughts seemed to live on - here, in this vault, thoughts of dead friends - and on The beautiful woman whose picture he carried with him - and probably to the secret of Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, which he probably knew. Lukowsky felt no horror in front of the body that lay next to him No disgust, no shy. He was as if he knew the man well there. He talked to him in his thoughts - not with the cold body that lay on the ground, but with Domenico Alottis - Spirit who might hear his thoughts and

in this answered. - possible that this was only an imagination. The last breath of light disappeared. The night came. Except the rippling Small gutter and individual drops on different indefinite There was absolutely silent silence in this deep, quiet darkness.

After endless hours, weak light ventured through the shaft again downward. Lukowsky woke up from his half -sleep. He got up and stepped Under the shaft opening. After the complete black it appeared to him here Alotti was almost bright. This man was obviously in exhaustion died. His body had no wounds. Its dogged face Trains attested that he had fought until the last moment - with himself Even - for any goal that aroused the very last forces. He had to go to that U-boats are dipped to get something from there, not in the wrong hands should fall. Probably the small object that is now in serious Lukowsky's possession was. Lukowsky collected boards and dragged powerful Bohlen under the shaft entry. He ran through the long walk to the The scree murderers' foothills - there was no getting through here. Lukowsky Returned to the shaft. He leaned two strong planks against the walls. A right, a left, so that there was a 'v', took a board, it was stuck In between, other planks led on it. Another 'V' was created. Lukow Sky squeezed a board again and climbed the scaffold. He pulled others Boards after, built a real tower. Finally his hands reached into that Wet masonry of the tight shaft. Lukowsky tried the low to take advantage of a good hold. He lifted himself into the shaft, pressed his feet Against the beans, spread the knees with which he already in Shaft beginnings. The right hand climbed like an unsafe beetle Weni centimeter higher, the left followed, then the right knee, the left, now the Foot tips - Lukowsky hung in the shaft. Suddenly he came Thought: Hopefully the grid could be opened at the top! - Lukowsky felt the climbing on the forces. Get lost Look down, following the narrow light, it became very clear to him that No recognizable support offered his feet. The hands were not around either Failable. Muscle printing alone kept him. Ernst Lukowsky didn't want to crash Now don't die, he wanted to see Dulcinea again. That gave strength. And at the same time he had to think of the strange wife named Astrid Xylander again, who have given him special powers - an indogo -colored one

Light. Now he would urgently need such forces - superhuman forces, to create the way up through pure muscle printing. No normal Man could hold out, not even the strongest. In this regard, he did not indulge in any illusion. But maybe - be it only in the imagination - That magically light would now give the necessary forces. Small stones trickled through the grille from above. It was for a moment dark. A car drove over. Sand grains stayed on Lukowsky's face. He turned his gaze over to the tiny realed hole, first pushed The hands, then the feet up a few centimeters. Before he had traveled half of the path, Lukowsky noticed how His movements slower, more tedious. - The arms started first to tremble. Then the legs too. In all limbs, increasing pain was dragged. A black opening gaped under him that came close to Lukowsky's idea of the entrance to hell. Light green, yellow and orange circles, often too Spirals, rose from there and screwed themselves into his brain. - he Looked at the bright, square thing. Also sank from there Pastel -colored structure on him. He knew that it did not mean dizziness, but an alarm sign of physical overexertion. Without the To reduce the pressure of his arms and legs against the masonry, he closed The eyes and waited until the colorful characters dolded out, finally completely disappeared. A purple light wider for a second in it: 'That Light of the magical sun, 'he thought involuntarily. His fingers felt further. The bright spot above it got bigger. Lukowsky forced the look Downwards: It seemed as if he were floating into this abyss. - he worked Higher - gradually, infinitely slow, but the rastery light moved closer. Sometimes he thought he could grab the grille and to be able to grasp it To stick to it, let go, the cramps from the thighs too shake. - But the grid was still far. First he lost the estimation. - Was that only five, two or twenty meters? - Then the sense of time left him. He only knew: there was brightness at the top, so day - below him the night. From there a suction lifted. Like that of a huge vacuum cleaner, its Slund did not want to release him. And this pull remained unabated, soon reinforced - continued. - Lukowsky wondered about the square moon during that night stood in a petrified sky. -

Z-plan

From time to time, he overlooked the desire to give in to the so-called suction that lured from below to let himself float down into the strange Soothing darkness, from which he had to have climbed at some point. - The colorful circles and spirals return - only green and orange this time, However, much bigger and more beautiful than before - some were transparent. Also Thick yellow dots came now, the whispered and whistled ... and then again A light purple light for moments. - A tingling sensation spread in the arms and legs, a vibration of the skin over the muscles. Lukowsky closed his eyes. Again he heard a quiet one Sums that had to come from the depth - - Alotti sang - and the woman with the dreamy eyes ... - Vera! Occurred to him; and his strength returned - Even without again violet light. - When Lukowsky looked up again, seemed to be touching the grille touchingly close. The brightness blinded. Outside the Sun an early morning. The fraction of a second dissolved Lukowsky's left hand off the damp wall, suddenly he felt the cold Stone no longer. But his hand was unable to reach the grille. The Schilling structures in front of the eyes wiped it away. Finally it was peeling Again from the play of colors, which was once again outlined by violet. Lukowsky did not take sight of the grille. He noticed how it was pulled together, became the thin wire fabric, soon thick as crossed Beams and sometimes completely disappeared to return after a while. -

The grille was rusty and warm from the sun. Now Lukowsky felt it Hands. The concrete version below the iron offered sufficient support. A wild Surren sounded in Lukowsky's ears. He lifted his right shoulder against that Iron. - it rose! -

A: "Eh! Monsieur! Eh!" Lukowsky woke up from deep sleep. He rolled himself On the back and blinked into the bright sun through high grasses. Two little ones Boys with wood swords and shields made from acts of acts stood Next to him: "Are you sick, Monsieur?" asked one boy, and the other: "Do you have what?" - Lukowsky looked at the two boys and straightened up: "Yes. More than I thought - but no illness! - Thank you!" -

Dirt crusted and tired but well tuned he sat in the car. In the afternoon he slowed - down in front of the small inn near Toulon, remained one more

Sitting in the car before entering the hotel. The blonde girl came out behind the counter and made her eyes wide: "Monsieur! They had one Accident?! How do you feel? " Lukowsky went to her: "I feel good Mademoiselle,! - I would like to swim. - and something to drink, yes? " Except for some scratches and scratches, Lukowsky reminded nothing more Garage, cave and shaft. The girl nevertheless showed a worried face. Then it noticed: "Oh, Monsieur! Two men looked for them Two foreigners. " Lukowsky thought of Busch and Fischer. And one in medium years? Two Germans? " She shook her head: "No Monsieur, two young. I mean it was Americans. They talked English To each other, as quacting as the Americans speak. French could I think you, I think very little. Lukowsky let himself be said when the two Strangers were opened. It was only two or two and a half hours ago The girl explained and added that the two were rude and unappealing. The one who had spoken would have behaved as belongs to him. Lukowsky was also convinced that it may have acted about Americans. But what kind of mice Was that in the rest? At the moment it was Lukowsky the same as he wanted to make yourself fresh.

When he was in his room, washed and changed the effort of the past hours in the bones. Fatigue came over, suddenly and strong. He lay down on the bed and closed the eyes. A dream came: he was in a grotto - similar to The one in which he had found Alotti, but differently, bigger, higher, and to the Stone walls ran down water everywhere. That was more to be heard than too see, because there was almost complete darkness. But strange way There was a light switch on the rock face on which he moved along. It was a Old -fashioned light switch that you still had to turn. He turned and it It became bright. Then he noticed that the silhouette of a strong man who took his shoulders to his shoulders immediately in front of him ... he woke up and saw the man in front of him in a very real way. Lukowsky freed up And struck. In the next moment he was over the stranger and hit two more. Whoever might be the stranger, the reflexes one Some of the Ernst Lukowsky, who were fighting campaigns, had not grown. Lukowsky looked at his victim. The opponent did not stimulate and would

At least in the next quarter of an hour. Lukowsky looked at what could be found in the pockets of the powerful. The man was careless. He had complete papers with him. A U.S. pass in the name Marvin Thanner, 32 years old, living in Washington D.C.; In addition, the Secret Intelligence Agency, based in the same place. There were over 2,000 French francs in his wallet, 180 German marks and 800 US dollars. Mr. Marvin Thanner also had a half -full box 'Lucky Strike, a lighter and a S&W Chief Special, caliber .38 Speciel. Lukowsky was surprised that NATO intelligence officers in such a way worked. Only a colorful armband with the inscription 'CIA' was missing Still to make the secrecy perfect. But there may be others From the same faculty to take more serious. Lukowsky decided Non to be more vigilant than before. For the time being, he took out the cartridges Mr. Thanner's revolver, threw them into the small waste bin at the sink and put the empty weapon back into the holster. Everything else too he stowed in his seats again. Hesitated on the box 'Lucky Strike' He and decided to keep her as a war prey because his 'Players' had run out of him. He was one of the prey cigarettes and considered. Since Mr. Thanner was certainly one of the two boys that the host girl had spoken, the second was probably waiting under on the street in a car. A public discussion in a foreign country Could have come out badly. The French did not like the Americans Love, but in the event of the case, they would be under their slipper. Also the possible sympathy of the French police officers who, if necessary, should have arrested him because of the beating of two American spies, If only a weak consolation would have been. So it was smarter, another Solution. Lukowsky went down. An orangeroter Buick was as unobtrusive as a rhinozeros in rabbit stable, through the open front door see that parked on the opposite side of the street. Behind the wheel Bored a young man. The girl threw Lukowsky a volley questioner Look at. He explained Lukowsky: The guest from the United States, the Visiting me came, doesn't feel comfortable. He will be up for a while relax." The girl grinned: "You hewn him?" Lukowsky grinned Back: "Under Cowboys you welcome yourself! If he should ask for me: I'm home to Germany. " He paid for his bill. The few things he had with him remained

upstairs in the room. Through the back output and over the courtyard he left it Inn. It was a nice sunny day, and Ernst Lukowsky still had a lot going on that day. The street behind the inn was narrow. There were only houses. Lukowsky walked over the warm pavement. Only two crossings came on A business, a butcher. There asked Lukowsky, call and a taxi to be allowed to call. The taxi came ten minutes later and whirled while braking Dust on. Lukowsky let himself be driven to the airport.

Lukowsky was sitting in the sun in the terrace café of the airport and looking at Finally in peace the strange object that Alotti had given him - yes, Given, Lukowsky still happened. From a single source that has long since Domenico Alotti had pushed him in his hand, Domenico Alotti, Ernst Lukowsky! That may be imaginations But the impression remained. This legacy was about the size of one Lipsticks and a little such shape. A third was made of eight -edge metal. It seemed polished and then burned, like pistols. Two thirds of the length consisted of an eight -cantile, pointed - ground crystal or stone. Lukowsky considered the material to be amethyst. In The edges of the crystal were given numerous blinds, which probably one Had meaning. There was an engraving on the bottom of the metal part, which with a lot of imagination was considered to be stylizing the magical sun could be. Lukowsky looked at this legacy of the Domenico Alotti again and again. This little thing had to be very much to the brave Italian have meant a lot. But it was certainly more than a personal souvenir, More than a talisman or the like. The edges of burned metal part showed worn areas. This object was not new, it could be very good from the war. If you turn the tip of the crystal backwards pushed, it took half a turn and went into the frame about five millimeters. Lukowsky stowed the small object in its empty Player's cigarette box, which he still carried with him, since nothing else Hand was, and put this legacy of Alottis carefully into the closed Breast pocket of his shirt.

Z-plan

After eating efficiently, calling Lukowsky to call Fischer Report to refund he flew to Nice to the hotel 'Henry IV.' to wait. He decided to go entirely on his own act. Maybe Fischer was to be trusted, maybe not. But dignity Certainly chatting with bush, and that could not be trusted. When figures, Lukowsky noticed an orange -dead from the terrace Buick, who has just ranked into a parking lot. It was time to break open.

Lukowsky flew to Nice. That was still effortless with the finances. He didn't yet know exactly what he wanted to do there. Mr. Valtine on the spot Shoot over the pile to give Vera a joy? So easy would it probably doesn't work. But he wanted to face the kite, know him And know who he had to do with. Herniaire would also be talking about Maybe get out of him which side he was on - and what kind of pages there were in this game at all. And who knew whether 'herniare' Had been herniare?

The coast passed under him. The place where an old German submarine had appeared, was already far behind him. It had probably come to the appearance of how Alotti got under water. Or Alotti Had deliberately brought the boat to appear in order to do something in To move movement, which Ernst Lukowsky has not yet understood, but soon too Understanding. He agreed to confront Valtine and Herniaire, to demand clarity and to maintain it. And yet he doubted that it would come like that. Too many different factors determined these Krause Hatz after what a German secret service boss decades ago Had named 'Z-Plan', and Ernst Lukowsky now doubted that Even only one of the people involved in this hunting really knew exactly to What it was. Possible that Domenico Alotti had known. It was much easy to see that all participants have an unfair Played game? Domenico Alotti would no longer talk about it - at least Not from person to person in this world. Possibly, so came Lukowsky Thought, would Ms. Astrid Xylander still with Mr Alotti via spiritism Conference - he apologized to the Beautiful lady for this disrespectful idea.

Z-plan

When he spoke to the tower when he was approaching the land, Lukowsky had a bad feeling. It seemed as if you wanted to hold him down. There was no obvious reason to need him for a queue. The airport from Nice was anything but strongly frequented. A nameless but benevolent Inner voice, the Ernst Lukowsky of many dangerous situation of his Life knew, advised him to turn off and land elsewhere. Another Voice turn him, he suddenly suffer from persecution. Also: the Dragon was waiting! Lukowsky would never have forgiven Vera, would Such an opportunity. But the warning voice in his Thoughts became increasingly louder, and the clever vera would be the first to would advise against walking straight into a standing knife. With the Hampelmann from earlier in the inn he was easy to finish. But with that Had he possibly frightened an entire apparatus. Lukowsky became that Feel that life is a lot more difficult from now on could. - he placed the piper on the right wing tip and turned in one Knife curve around. A man's voice sounded out of the headphones Tower. Lukowsky took the headphones off and forgot them. He flew towards Sea, there was a visual connection from the tower. Then he pressed the Machine down, waved to West-Nord-West and flew into Tree tops on. No radar device in the world would still capture. He did what a possible opponent should do the least: he flew Back to Toulon. The landing there was easy, no holding down, none Questions, all nice, friendly people. He had the Piper far behind under the Private aircraft parked. There were two other two -engine pipers around, the guy was not less common. Toulon's airfield was safe Terrain, Lukowsky felt that. There was no more one anywhere Oranger notes Buick. Lukowsky asked about the flight connections Nice and was lucky. A local airline flew in seventeen minutes With a vicount over. Ernst Lukowsky sat in this within ten minutes Machine.

When the machine landed in Nice, Lukowsky switched to vigilance. He Liefed the plane neither the first nor as the last of the maybe 20 passengers. For the time being, nothing suspicious showed. A lonely police officer walked In the sun that certainly didn't want anything from him. There were plenty of tourists, they

Talked out loudly in all conceivable languages. If at all Someone said that he had to match Lukowsky, so he would most likely Try the taxi positions. There were two men who were lying around, without climbing in one of the taxis. Maybe they just had nothing to do - But maybe also a official mandate. Lukowsky approached those men directly and got into the first taxi. The two Didn't care about him to wait for someone else. It Also did not set a car to the taxi where Lukowsky was sitting, to follow. He let himself go to the hotel 'Henry IV.'. He let another Consider the intersection and got out of it. The weather was pleasant Fared for a short walk through the streets of Nice. Lukowsky only went about two hundred meters to the hotel 'Henry IV.' Slowly strolled up, looked whether something suspicious or Let unusual spots. It was not excluded that too Herniaire and Valtine were under observation, possibly more than himself. But there was nothing that could have arisen. - Lukowsky entered the hotel. He went to the reception, greeted the friendly Looking man behind the counter and asked: "Is Monsieur Herniaire im Home? " The receptionist did not have to think: "No, I'm sorry Monsieur, Monsieur Herniaire, left yesterday. But he left a post - sending address. Should I write them down? " "Please," said Lukowsky: "That would be very nice of you." The man behind the counter fetched A help out, flipped in it and transferred an address to a small note. He handed this to Lukowsky with the words: "Please, Monsieur!" Lukowsky gave a ten-fracs note on the table and now asked: "Maybe a Monsieur Valtine lives with you?" "Mr. Valtine," the receptionist replied, the name of German exhaustively: "A German. He also left yesterday. However, he did not leave any address." Lukowsky knew from Vera that Valtine had a German passport and mostly his name German pronounced. So he was a German for the hotel porter. Lukowsky felt disappointed: the dragon flown out, not even Herniaire there - and Not even the hotel revolving secret service - nothing extraordinary. It was almost sobering banal! Lukowsky said goodbye to the friendly receptionist and left the hotel. Despite all the obvious harmlessness in this place, he crossed the street, went round Fifty meters away and had one on the small white table there

Street cafés. He ordered a lemonade and now looked at the Herniaires follow -up address on the small note. It was the address of one Gasthofs in Grödig, a small town near Salzburg. Lukowsky Asked less what Herniaire wanted there - maybe just looking for relaxation - as rather why, for which expected post, he left this address may have. Apparently it was given to anyone who asked for it. Secret crows did not seem to be afterwards. Or, that's how it went Lukowsky involuntarily through his head, this message was especially for him have been determined? The receptionist had reacted so very friendly, just As if he was expecting someone who would ask about Monsieur Herniaire - and that may have been described as a certain Ernst Lukowsky was? He rejected this thought; That seemed too unlikely. The entrance to the hotel 'Henry IV.' Was good from this street café see. A gray Peugeot braked in a second lane. The man who got out was around thirty, dark blonde, led on vacation and Lukowsky was known to before. Earlier, this guy had with a second one Taxis stand around at the airport. The second was certainly in the car And waited for his buddy. So the terrain wasn't that completely harmless? Lukowsky tried to see a rhyme for his observation make. There were different options. One of the most unlikely and But also logical: the two had him at the airport expected, recognized on the basis of a description - and also knew where to go he would go. If so, they wanted nothing more than him than Know what he was doing for now. It might be very different, on But it was strange in all cases. After a few minutes the guy came from the hotel again. Going next to him, gesturing and violating him, a pretty woman from maybe twenty in his mid -twenties. She was not dressed cheap, her backlawing ash blonde hair was wearing open. The two were Certainly not a lovers. The man said a few probably big words To the woman, left it and climbed into the waiting car, which immediately drove. The pretty woman kept her ash blonde back with one hand and showed the other car with the other an rude sign; an ordinary gesture that did not really fit the appearance of the woman, but she Was probably very angry. Then she turned and hurried to the hotel again. Lukowsky still smoke a cigarette in peace. then. He had Keeping your way back to Toulon by train. Just when he was over the

Road to the taxi rank, he saw the Ashblonde woman swept out of the hotel come. She had a travel bag with herself and a light one over her arm A coat. She sat in the first taxi, which immediately started to move in the first taxi. Lukowsky got into the second and said to the driver: "Always the car Your colleague with a Mademoiselle in it! " The taxi driver was an Arab, But he seemed to please the order as well as a Frenchman. The journey first led through the city, then beyond the city limits, First inland, then to the west, on, keeping on the coastal road, past Cannes and back inland. The traffic was moderate, and Otherwise, the chauffeurous Arab would certainly have remained on it. He obviously considered traffic rules to be a nonsensical invention that no clever Man should hold; In any case, he didn't. A tiny place called Mougins came. The taxi with the ash blonde wife curved up a hill and held Finally at a small hotel that was called 'Ma Candie'. She paid and disappeared in this hotel. Lukowsky also paid and put a good tip on it. His finance reservoir was still sufficient. Lukowsky went into the hotel. It was a flat, bungalow -like building in the middle of the picturesque Landscape. Mimoses bloomed on both sides of the entrance.

In the cozy anteroom that existed instead of a hall, there was a German Married couple and consulted excursion opportunities for the coming holiday day. The pretty ash blonde banged her travel bag onto the counter, threw it Coat over it and spoke the stunned older man behind it in tedious French; The accent was unmistakably American. She waved Then also on her mother tongue, because she probably didn't find enough French words. You wish: firstly a decent room and secondly Mr. Erik Bolds to speak. The living here, she knew that! The young woman had Veilchen blue eyes, but they did not look very gently at the moment. The Older man behind the portery looked into the violet -blue eyes and replied iron in French, although he most likely English Mind: First, all rooms in his hotel are decent, and secondly Monsieur Bolds is on the south terrace. The pretty ash blonde didn't understand him, and it was noticeable to the hotelier that he was very happy about it. Lukowsky took the opportunity to offer himself as an interpreter. The American might be 26 or 27 years old. It was not a pronounced beauty, but very pretty and probably also nice -

If she wasn't really annoyed about anything, like just as now. Lukowsky spoke English to her: "Monsieur says that all rooms are decent, they don't need to be worried, and Mr. Bolds is on the southern terrace. You probably have to go through the building." The American gave Lukowsky an almost friendly look and said: "That Thanks to heaven - a person! " She got a passport out of her handbag, clapped it onto the counter and asked Lukowsky: "Would be so friendly, to rent here? Thanks!" This swept away from where the hotelier grinned. The hotelier asked: "Are you also Americans?" Lukowsky shook the Head: "German." The hotelier said in quite good German: "We often have German guests. Americans rarely come. Would you like to stay longer? " Lukowsky replied: "Want to, but it will hardly be set up. In any case, this night. If you have a room free. " - "Naturally," the man said behind the counter. And the young lady? " Lukowsky worked her passport: "Miss Jill Hardford from Stanton, Lone Star State." - "From where, please?" The hotelier was amazed at. They have A separate flag with only one star in it. " "Aha!" the Frenchman nodded: "You Is still a pretty person, her American. " Lukowsky let the Add and fill the registration forms and the one for Miss Jill Hardford. After that was done, he said in French: "Then want I also take a look at your south terrace! " - "You will like it!" the hotelier insured while with a subsequent sigh Hartdford's things from the threship.

The south terrace was surprisingly large, tables with chairs and deck chairs under Parasols are stranded there. Only a few guests doze in the sun. In the The Mediterranean was to be seen. Miss Jill Hardford crouched on a chair and taught a man who was talking about it had made himself comfortable in a deck chair. The man was around forty. He was wearing light linen pants, a blue T-shirt and sneakers. His Hairs were dark, as he looked a little Mediterranean at all. That came But probably only through the current tan. Lukowsky opened up a chair that is not too far away, but also not strikingly close. He could only see the man, who was probably called Bolds, only from the side. At first glance, the face was not unappealing. He spoke to the

Woman, his voice, looked calm, without being deliberately quiet. The voice of the Woman, on the other hand, was clearly heard. The man made a gesture with the Hand that might mean that she shouldn't speak so loudly. But that didn't help. There had to be something that Miss Jill Hardford excited. She said: "The French did not even think about supporting me! It Was embarrassing! I don't have any fun of something like that anyway, that's not my job! Maybe I'm a naive stupid cow, but then you need me too not!" Bolds again made a appeasing hand movement. Lukowsky was able to see Bold's face completely for the first time. It was a strict Intelligent face, the view was that of a superior, the contradiction not like. He said in a slightly raised voice: "You would still have, not may come from, Jill. And it has the cause of what is told to them! The you shouldn't forget. " He looked back towards the sea: "And now they move into a room, they rest. We'll talk tomorrow further." The authority of Mr. Bolds worked. go. She discovered Lukowsky and came to the table. For the first time he saw You make a really friendly face, although she looked a little crumpled. She said, "Thank you for her help." - Bolds turned his head over over in his deck chair to see who spoke the woman. She went But now. Bolds turned again calmly, fished a magazine from Terrazzoboden and Las.

Lukowsky also got up and went to his room. It was a nice one Light double room with a continuous window front and a balcony. A narrow door led to a subsequent bathroom. There was a phone on the bedside table. You could choose directly. He called in the district of Busch and Fischer. They weren't there either. Lukowsky was one at his last prey cigarettes, entered the balcony and looked at the picturesque landscape. Suddenly he heard noises in the room. He turned around And saw Miss Jill Hardford come out of the bathroom. Apparently he had Hotelier didn't understand German as well as it appeared had. The explanation of the double room was given. Lukowsky and the Woman looked at each other amazed. She came the same thought as him. She laughed: "The old horse thought we were a couple!" Lukowsky nodded: "It Has the appearance. Or he just got wrong. " - "Or," said

Woman, "he intentionally put us on." She stepped on the balcony. Lukowsky said: "I'll rule that." She nodded as if it wasn't important to her at the moment Just said: "Yes, yes ..." and took a look at the landscape, as Lukowsky had done. She asked, "What's your name?" Lukowsky hesitated, his To name the last name, he only said: "Ernst." She looked at him: "Well. My name is Jill. " Then her gaze took on a grumpy train. Geradeheraus: Do you have trouble? She looked at him and thought about it. After half a Minute she explained irritably: "I have trouble with people who know everything better, Trouble with people who just know the wrong thing, trouble with people who are nothing knowledge ...! And besides, I look scratched! " Lukowsky said: "She Look very pretty! So don't talk such nonsense. " Jill threw him one Almost angry look. She thought about it and her gaze brightened: "She Do that even mean honestly? " He smiled: "Of course, otherwise I would Don't say! " Now she smiled a strange musical smile: "What Are you for a zodiac sign? " He shook his head: "Lion. But I hold None of horoscopes. " Jill still looked at him with an almost brooding look. A separate room. "

From your own room that was right next to the Jill Hardfords, He tried again. To reach Busch or Fischer by phone. This time he was lucky with it, and it was nice to him that Fischer at the other end of the Management spoke. Lukowsky told him as brief as possible and as detailed as necessary what had happened until noon that day. He only missed a little something for the time being: Alottis's strange legacy. Fisherman listened calmly. When Lukowsky finished his report, he said: "Very remarkable, Mr. Lukowsky! Be on the hat! I didn't know that a lot has already been fought as far as it should be. When come She back? " Lukowsky replied: "Probably the day after tomorrow. It hangs Also from what you will tell me now: Mr. Fischer, tells you Name Bolds something? " Lukowsky was able to hear Fischer's breath: "Did Bolds appear? Where? Bolds is one of the dangerous, because intelligent. Not CIA, a very own institution. He is a Germany specialist. " Lukowsky explained: "Now he is in France. In a small hotel not far from Cannes. I'm in the same hotel. " Fischer immediately threw with nervous Vote: "Take care, Mr. Lukowsky! If Bolds is there, then

is right because of our matter. I don't think he's vacation there might. Although possible, everything is possible. France is otherwise not his territory. " Lukowsky continued to ask: "A young American, Jill Hardford, told them, something?" - "No," Fischer replied: "But that has nothing to mean. She can One of the many consulate employees who use Bolds and Co. if necessary. You have to be extremely careful! I will teach Mr. Busch. He is on the way to Toulon. " - "I don't think that is a good idea," noticed Lukowsky. - "Not either, fishermen agreed. I will warn him He is in Paris. And you, take care of yourself! Do not take an unnecessary risk. You still know too little about the further relationships. When you're back, I consecrate you, I promise you! "

Lukowsky went to the south terrace to eat something. Jill was there too, She sat at a table with Bolds. Jill and Bolds now seemed not to have a dispute with each other. They did not speak loudly and were also sitting too Far away that Lukowsky could have listened to her conversation. Around This time was occupied by most tables of hotel guests, including all in Jills and Bolds closeness. Lukowsky could only see Bolds from behind and therefore not recognize his expression. Jill offered a serious impression. Possible, that she didn't feel too comfortable, but Lukowsky didn't dare to to assess this to the distance. The atmosphere between the two was obviously not very warm. Jill had hardly eaten When she already left the table. She didn't get far from Lukowsky's table Gone, but didn't look at him. Half an hour later, Lukowsky also left The south terrace. Bolds Las stubborn newspaper. Lukowsky now thought it was conceivable that this Mr. Bolds was actually just going on vacation in this place. Nobody went to him, he didn't go on the phone - he just read newspapers.

Lukowsky walked a little in the area around the hotel. Gradually came the evening. His room as well as that of Jill Hardford was on the country side Located. Lukowsky could see Jills Silhouette standing on the balcony. But his thoughts flew to another woman he didn't know where She was: Vera. How the evening red turned into dark violet, Lukowsky went into the hotel back. At Jill, no light was now burning. Lukowsky interested Mr. Erik Bolds. This had from the terrace to the south side go to the restaurant located. There was light there. Mr. Bolds was sitting with one

Glass that probably contained whiskey and wrote in a thick booklet. This The booklet might be interesting. In addition to the booklet, there were some larger ones Folded up paper sheets. Lukowsky would also like to be up close too seen. But there was no need to get there now. Lukowsky procured himself The reception a few leaves of paper. He sat down on one of the empty tables, Not too far away from the Bolds, and ordered coffee. Then pulled out His pen holder and began to scribble curious sketches on the paper. Possible that Mr. Bolds would be curious. Lukowsky drew structure that looked like giant rockets. Nothing happened for the time being. But after ten minutes Mr. Bolds stretched his neck for the first time. After fifteen minutes repeated this. After twenty minutes, Mr. Bolds had to leave. Before he got up, lease He carefully together his documents and clamped her under his arm. They had to be important to him if he already took them to the toilet. Mr. Bolds Sliding my mysterious character skills while passing. Soon Mr. Bolds came back to his table and ordered another whiskey. After three quarters of an hour he packed his stuff and went. Lukowsky followed this example. He wanted to know whether Mr. Bolds might be would go to Miss Hardford. But no thought of it. Bolds' The room was lying down to the lake side, he went into it without a detour. Now also went Lukowsky in his room. He was lying on the bed for a while. The balcony door was open. Pleasant, a little sultry night lust flocked into the room from there. By Room to the right of his Jill had to hold it the same way. Lukowsky heard noises from there. There were strange noises. They heard each other like a tortured voice. Lukowsky stepped onto the balcony. What was heard Sound Jill's voice, but as if she could talk in a dream, in a nightmare. Clear words could not be understood, but what could be heard had Something of ice -cold gray. Lukowsky was still dressed. He decided to take a cautious look at his neighbor, the tortured sounds of was. The small railing that separated the two balconies. was slightly overcome. Lukowsky was now certain that the woman was under one Nightmare suffered. The feeling of the horror came over again: it was that Against that, the hint of the delusions steering from a nightmare. Because this is the only thing that also the most hardened man cold shower Feeling suggests: the incomprehensible - madness. Nightmares were not insane of the dreaming person, but from the outside messengers of madness.

Lukowsky stood close to Jill Hardford's bed. The appearance of an increasing Mondes illuminated the room. The woman tortured herself. She turned back and forth Cross the arms over her head and stretch it out again. So she did it again and again. Lukowsky had no experience with the same. He said to himself Only if he waved them out, the agony would end, then the Messenger of the incoming madness. Lukowsky sat up The bed edge, carefully touched one shoulder of the woman and with two fingers said with the gentlest sound he could give his voice: "Jill! It is everything OK." She stayed motionless for a moment. Half -up, still without opening your eyes. Lukowsky repeated his Words: "Everything is fine, Jill." And he added: "Here is serious Ernest! Do you remember? " Now she opened the eyelids - quite Quick, unlike a person who wakes up from sleep. Jill recognized him. The spook was over. She put her shoulders hanging and looked at him; her Look was clear now. She asked: "We have ..." she persuaded herself: "No, you are come now? " He nodded: "About the balcony. I heard that she was involved tortured a nightmare. I was still awake, I never fall asleep early. " She Completely put on and massaged the temples: "Yes," she said: "It Was bad. I didn't have that otherwise. But now sometimes, since ... since two Years ... "She did not speak any further as if she was allowed for any reason Don't talk about it. Lukowsky asked: "Want me from the dream tell? Maybe that is good for you? " She thought for a few moments after and then began to be transitional: "I was in a dark alley. I was in the nightgown. The windows all houses were dark and had none Slices. They deformed to mouth and I heard them with Eriks - Mr. Bolds' - voice speak: 'I see you everywhere ...' I started running Always along the dark alley. Erik's voice sounded after me. Finally she became quieter. The alley culminated in a large place. I saw magnificent Buildings. I didn't hear Erik's calls anymore. I was in an old European city, which I didn't know. I only knew I was in Europe. I read a sign on which 'Karlsplatz' stood. So I was in Germany. From A strong wind began to blow in the back, and this was also wearing Erik's voice back: 'I see you everywhere ...' I ran faster, through several Dark alleys with old houses, and the wind blowing from behind was stronger. The nightgown and my hair fluttered. It was cool. I discovered an open house entrance and ran into it. Then the wind subsided. I was completely

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Out of breath, but continued. Erik's calling still followed me Agree. Suddenly a forest reached. Then I suddenly saw a goal. I ran in. Erik's voice fell silent. Now I was in a basement. No, It was not a basement, it was underground, but huge - how endless. Everywhere there were vertical paths and then very large rooms. Of that is I was told, I know that, yes, it had to be in Germany. - You have to I know at our consulate in Düsseldorf. - she took a break one before they continued: "I went through this endless basement. In some parts it was dim, light in others. I got rigid there are figures. They looked like black shiny armor. But how I got closer I realized that it was robots. She Standing very quietly, they didn't notice me. I went on and came to one huge black painted tanks. He looked very old. It was A thick layer of dust on his metal. Opposite stood in a special Large basement a strange thing, like a giant lens with a dome above. The thing stood on three stilts. It reminded me of a u.f.o .. too I've heard of that. As I wanted to look at it, suddenly sounded Steps - as from marching soldiers. I hid behind one Stilt of the giant lens. I saw men in black uniforms. Similar to you see it in Nazi films. But soon they were Men gone away and the steps. I straightened up. Then I heard Suddenly a voice behind me, about which I was very frightened, although they don't sounded unfriendly. I turned around and saw a frog. A correct one Frog, but as big as a perhaps ten -year -old child. The giant frog Looked at me and said, 'You're new here, isn't it? Stay here only here, then Are you safe. You don't need to be afraid here. Only outside, there Do you want to eat from you! 'I asked the frog:' Who wants to eat me? 'The Frog hopped up and down and looked at me with his big green eyes And said, 'You don't know that? The greedy, the greedy! You want everything From you, everything, your blood and your soul! So don't go outside. 'With that the big frog hopped away. He called again: 'Don't go away!' I But said I would have to get out of the basement again. So I went in the opposite direction. I passed a tunnel. At this End I saw something very bright, shiny. I carefully sneak in a piece the tunnel and realized that this bright shiny Space ship was. The black uniformed men invited all possible

Things. I was afraid of them and ran back to the other end of the Tunnels from where I came. I suddenly saw an exit. I Ran out and stood in a dark forest full of bare trees. It looked as if they were all burned. Then I saw a flat building where weak light burned. I thought that there were people, normal people, and went closer. Suddenly, charred branches reached for me from all sides. And Then I noticed that this structure had human -like form, but were indescribably ugly. I wanted to free myself, but I could no longer move. Then there were huge pliers from the front and Scissors. They pointed to me with their tips. Your cutting On and on, and so they talked and argued about who which parts of the body of should cut me off. One said she wanted my arms, the other mine Hair, the next my legs - and so they fought around me and came always closer. I was panicked. They almost had me a few times reached. But then they winced all suddenly and hid for for a while. Every time they warped, they were afraid that something could come to the deep basements. But when they saw that nothing came out, they pushed for me again. Then something like a huge mushroom came silent. Before that, the beasts were apparently Great fear. But after that the grip of the charred claws became tighter. I think the majority of the dream consisted of how it was about mine Smalling fought "Jill shook his head and massaged his forehead: "About so," she said: "It was actually a very stupid dream. That says I now. When I dreamed of it, he was indescribably horrible. " A shower she went through. Lukowsky asked: "Did you take a sleeping pills?" She Skill my head: "I was so tired too. I got a day full of Mushing behind me. " Jill now looked at Lukowsky. I can explain from the dream. From the basements with the black -clad Someone told me men and the spaceship -like devices. I Do not reflect me exactly, but I've already read about something like that. It even happens to me - somehow - SLS whether I already have something in this way I really had seen. It was certainly in a film. I do not know exactly. I can't explain the frog. She sighed softly and tried Smile: "Maybe the dream can be easily explained - although well ..." Her gaze took on a serious train again: "I don't understand much. I have had such dreams more often since then, albeit recently less often,

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But I know something like that since ... I had a serious accident two years ago And then was very sick. I almost completely lost the memory of it. I Back then came to a special sanatorium near Washington. For the Happiness the nightmares are getting less and less. I think in the sanatorium have done various attempts with me so that I can memory Find again. Most of it is clear to me again. "She was probably staring at a minute long silent. Then the aftermath of the Nightmare, and Jill Hardford showed a liberated smile. "Thank you for They took care of me! "She said:" I think I'm going to be good now can sleep. "Lukowsky rose from the edge of the bed:" Well. If something Is - I'm sure I'm awake for a while. " Before he stepped onto the balconies Climbing over to himself again, he turned again and asked: "This Erik Bolds, are you afraid of him?" Jill shook his head: "Not direct." Lukowsky said that she didn't want to talk about it. removed.

He had been awake for a while, but had heard no more noise next door. Apparently Jill Hardford had the horror of the alpine clearance actually overcome. Lukowsky went down again to cigarettes to pull out of the machine. A single light burned in the restaurant. At first he thought that the hotelier might sit there over his accounting. But Mr. Erik Bolds sat there. He was not alone. Two younger men were at him. Lukowsky knew one of the two, he recently had one Lucky strike removed. Lukowsky went quietly through the anteroom And looked out of the window. The orange note Buick also parked there. Things took shape.

The next morning, Lukowsky woke up early. He stepped onto the balcony and Got a look down. The orange -red Buick was no longer there. Consequently Probably not the two associated men either. So it would not be necessary. Nevertheless, he planned to be careful. After all, it was not completely excluded that one of the two, the one who knew, had stayed in the hotel.

An hour and a half later Lukowsky found that this was not the case was. Bolds came first, then Jill sat down at the table. Otherwise no one. The atmosphere between Jill and Bolds was noticeably cool, they say

hardly. Lukowsky was ready with breakfast. He went outside to Take a look around the parking lot - nowhere a Buick. Jill came out the hotel. She wore jeans and a simple white blouse. She hit the way in the nearby village without noticing Lukowsky. He followed her with some Distance. He looked into each of the small side streets, whether some Orangeroter Buick Stand. Maybe Jill had plans to do with the two to meet the associated men. Apparently she was looking for something, she tried To orientation. Jill changed side. There was a restaurant to that a small idyllic garden belonged. Jill went there. Lukowsky followed her. The garden was a little increased under a beautiful chestnut tree. Lukowsky climbed the four stone steps. At one of the four Green painted wooden tables had taken a seat. There were no more Guests. Lukowsky stood by her at her at the table without a stop: "Good morning!" She didn't look too amazed at him: "Good morning. Is that a coincidence or are you followed me? " Lukowsky said: "I want to be honest: I followed you. But without a certain intention." A rounded landlady came. Jill Ordered a large portion of chocolate ice cream, Lukowsky coffee. Jill looked at Lukowsky with a long look, smiled and started her chocolate ice spoon. In doing so, she showed a concentrated expression as if it had to be over something ponder. She seemed to have made a decision, looked up and said: "I want to tell you something. I'll go off right away, we never meet ourselves again." She let her spoon over the ice and began: "I am one Brave consulate. For over three years in Düsseldorf, Cecilienallee. I can also be German quite well, but not error -free. I never wanted anything other than work well. " She interrupted and thought for a moment before she said: Erik Bolds is an important man, even if Some consider him a bit of a spinner because he believes in u.F.O.S. " She Kiggle: "But he has an office in Washington D.C. and also in Bonn! I want no longer work for him. " She took a look at her oval wristwatch: "I'll disappear right away! Please say nothing. But he will Don't ask. " Jill apparently looked at her ice cream and continued: "This nightmare from last night, or something like that, I have, like already No sooner said than for a long time; Fortunately, immre less often. " She raised that BLICK: "Maybe there is something like that that I dream of, really?" - A taxi stopped in front of the garden. Jill Bat: "Would you like to see if it is The taxi with my luggage is? " Lukowsky stood on doing.

Back seat of the dark red fiat taxis was Jill Hardford's travel bag, also The coat was there. Lukowsky went back to the table: "Yes." She dabbed herself A paper napkin and got up: "Well, then I have to go!" She pulled Commerce money, but Lukowsky waved off. Jill pressed his hand vigorously and Bat: "Wish me luck! I can use it!" He said, "I wish very lucky to them! " She smiled: "Thank you!" Hastily Jill scurried to the taxi and got in. The car drove on in that direction that the hotel 'Ma Candie' was opposed. Lukowsky stayed with his cup of coffee and Jill Hardford's half -geled ice cream Bug back. He put on a cigarette and looked into the chestnut Foliage that spread above him. Green is hope. Jills Hoff liked fulfill itself - what kind of this was. Certainly she would have a lot to him can tell what might have been important. But he had the boy Do not listen to the woman and possibly bring her into trouble want.

When Lukowsky came back to the hotel, Mr. Erik Bolds slept in a deck chair on the south terrace. He actually seemed to go on vacation here, at least in First. Lukowsky gained the impression that there was nothing of this place More interest would happen. He paid his room, had a taxi Call and take it from it to the next train station.

The train trip to Toulon was more cumbersome than he thought. But there was No cause for a hurry. At the Toulon train station, he called from a telephone booth from his former inn. He wanted to know if it was because of the In the meantime with the CIA boy. The host girl Was on the phone and said everything was okay, nobody has had it anymore inquire about him. Lukowsky thanked the hospitality again shaft, maybe he will come back once. That was more than mere speech Rei. He had the feeling that he was used again in this area. But such feelings also wanted to deceive. Maybe it was just that worthy sensation of being guilty of the late man who had given a special item.

He ate in the station restaurant and then let himself be from a taxi to the airport drive. In the late afternoon, the Piper took off - Germany course.

Lukowsky landed at the airfield in the very last rifle light of the day Mönchengladbach. He got out of the plane and passed the club building to the parking lot on which his wine red Ford Mustang stood. The weather Was still pleasantly mild. Lukowsky cranked the driver's door and hoped that the car would start right away. He did it. Lukowsky followed Düsseldorf. He took his time, it was almost a walk.

In the office he was the first to look into the mailbox. He had little hope On post from Vera, but a little bit. There was actually a envelope With your manuscript and a Swedish stamp. Lukowsky's heart began to beat faster. He let anything else be, sat down at the desk and opened Vera's letter. They were one and a half pages. She wrote that it goes very good, she treats herself a lot of rest, listen to music, read, sometimes take it Long walks through the tranquil loneliness. She described the landscape, the shapes of the clouds over the evening silhouette of the forest. She often think of him and wish him all the best, she finally wrote, with a lot Greetings ... Ernst Lukowsky held this letter in his hands, maybe He did nothing else for a quarter of an hour. He was very happy.

Then he had torn the windows open to ventilate and put on coffee. Well he looked at the rest of the post. There was nothing remarkable. But A piece of paper had hidden between the pages of an advertising brochure, which had been thrown directly into the mailbox. The note came from Cornelius. There was only one phone number on it and: 'Call me!' In addition, the date of the pre -spent day.

Vera's letter had been good Lukowsky. In a way, this was even transferred to Cornelius' note. When the coffee was finished, chose Lukowsky the phone number on the note. Cornelius reported; It was his private connection. Lukowsky said: "Good evening, Mr. Cornelius. What Is there? " Cornelius replied: "You will find out when we meet. It is Important for you. When does it fit you? If you have time, I'm with you in three quarters of an hour. " Lukowsky said: "In order. In the office at Jürgensplatz." Lukowsky went back to the room with the coffee cup in his hand, that represented his apartment. He moved, then went a bathroom, made himself fresh. Then he called 'Corona' in the hotel. Neither fishermen nor bush were there.

Lukowsky put on, closed the windows, through the gradually cool air, and waited for Cornelius. This rang the doorbell after an abundant half an hour. Lukowsky let him: "Day, Mr. Corelius." Cornelius pulled out his coat: "N evening, Mr. Lukowsky. Where can I with that Coat? " Lukowsky pointed to a white plastic chair, and Cornelius threw his coat over it. The desk lamp burned, which a touch of the large high room Having cosiness. There was a thermos on the desk Coffee, an open sugar bag in which there was a spoon, two cups and one Ashtray. The two men made themselves comfortable. While Lukowsky poured coffee, Cornelius asked: "Well? What is now for them So everything happens? " Lukowsky replied: "Nothing in my memoirs belonged if I should ever write it, which is extremely unlikely. " He handed Cornelius a cup with coffee and pointed out the sugar bag. Cornelius used himself and said: "You should be more open to me. That would be good for you! " Lukowsky lit a cigarette: "You do it worry about me? " Cornelius nodded: "You have become aware of her. They are not yet defined, but still." Lukowsky asked: "What is in to understand this connection by 'defined? " - "That means," explained Cornelius: "You have not yet classified them. So far, they are considered a marginal figure Without self-interest in the matter. You have one with that, so to speak, Neutral status - in principle like the baker, in which people like Busch or Fischer buy their rolls. They are not yet one of them 'Evil'. " Cornelius grinned: "This is good! It leaves you freedom of movement!" Lukowsky asked: "Who is 'man' and who are the 'bad' and who are the 'good', which then must also exist? " Cornelius showed an doubtful shake of the head: "I don't know ... but I have the feeling that you may know Really not. " - "That's why I would be grateful for information," said Lukowsky: "You speak for me in puzzles." Cornelius took a cigarette, tore off the filter as usual, dropped it into the ashtray and dropped it and lit the glow's angel that was prepared in this way: "It is the following," explained Cornelius: "The 'good', these are all those who are currently in a valid way of speaking The planet prevails - regardless of whether in West or East, politically, economically or militarily. Everyone who now has power and keep them want to be considered the 'good' - although there are some exceptions in the economy that you are not quite sure. When I say 'man'

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I mean those institutions that are said to be said for maintaining power Have to take care of 'good'. But the 'evil' are those who 'good' are Want to take power away to exercise it yourself. These 'evil' are invisible - but they are there! " Cornelius grinned broadly: "Sounds a little complicated, I know, but is very simple." Lukowsky tried: "If I understand it correctly, the so -called good ones are essentially all Current governments ... "Cornelius interrupted with a shake of the head: "Not only the governments and not in the first place. No, the governments are not really important. Let's say with a stupid sounding Word: It is the prevailing systems. So specifically democratism and Socialism - although the difference is not too great on closer inspection. Imagine the headquarters of the 'good' is New York, then it will be more vivid. There they put themselves a dummy from which they Want to master the whole world: the UN. The member states have nothing As I said, the UN is just a torapp, less than an alibi. There is only a small group. We are not allowed about them these days Talking or only in a humble praise, otherwise we will Bad, otherwise Nazis will be called and mixed up. These are the current ones Power relationships, the 'good' are above. - Well, yes ... one of your different ones Symbols are simply the dollar sign. Clearly so far? It's not difficult to understand. - The 'evil' behave more mysterious, their symbol is one Black sun. " Lukowsky asked skeptically: "And where did the 'evil' have her Headquarters?" Cornelius showed a resignation indicative gesture: "Maybe deep underground? Or on the bottom of the sea? Or in space? Maybe on an incomprehensible u.F.O.S? Just everywhere and nowhere - in the realm Nowhere! That's the tricky! There they wait in peace and quiet until theirs Time comes. " Lukowsky waved off: "Leave the nonsense, Mr. Cornelius, I don't have time for that. " Cornelius looked at his almost smoked Cigarette and said: "Yes, yes, that's the problem ..!" He expressed the cigarette button in the ashtray, looked at Lukowsky again and said research: "So we want to talk about the obvious components of the matter: how much Do you know about the 'Z-Plan' project of the old Canaris? - the Nazis have him Happened due to alleged betrayal. " Lukowsky replied: "I know that. Otherwise almost nothing. " - "Well," said Cornelius, and once again one of his cigarettes: "Z-Plan was originally a code for the German marine equipment. This plan was soon given up.

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Acute Z-Plan nothing to do. He goes to the 'Z' department of the German defense Back, the store from the old Canaris. He used the same code for completely something else. Very few people have seen through that - as it is from Old fox was desired! As already said, Department 5 its office wore the subtitle, 'department z'. But hardly looked through that again one. Canaris' 'Z-Plan' included numerous components. In a special place there were very extraordinary secret weapons. I don't know about that either much. Just one example: In the old Marine Z plan, a battleship was planned, which was called 'H-Type'. Just like Canaris the code 'Z-Plan' For something else and created a code in the code, so to speak, he also did it with the code 'H-Type'. As part of the Canaris's 'Z-Plans' meant 'H-Type' no battleship for the water, But one for the universe, a device called 'Hauneburg'. " Cornelius Hieb excited with both hands on the thighs: "Yes, Mr. Lukowsky, that elaborated Greater German Reich was able to fly into space, far, far, far into space! It is incredible but certainly true! Maybe all the tried and tested are miserable, that will remain Open but undertaken it was! " He became calm again and watched Lukowsky's expression. Lukowsky. It is enough to know: The 'Z-Plan' project is an essential part of the 'evil'. But until they can align something At least a quarter of a century, 'Man' calculated. Maybe is All that too. I don't know exactly. We even don't care. " Cornelius leaned back and said with a special emphasis: "What for us It is interesting: the 'Z-Plan' of the Old Canaris also belonged to the hoarding of Gold, platinum, silver and diamonds in large quantities of hidden places. " Cornelius sat up and raised a index finger: "On one of these I want to approach depots! And now they too do a lot for that - without it too knowledge! I mean we should get from the resources of the old admiral tear a bit under the nail. Maybe we can do it! " He looked Lukowsky expectantly in the eye. Lukowsky replied: "Me I do not know. That sounds too fantastic for me, Mr. Cornelius. Aside from that - Correctly considered, it would be something like corpses on the legacy of the Admiral Canaris that - if it really exists - be intended for a higher purpose may. "

Z-plan

Cornelius got up jerkily, went back and forth twice in the room, then remained standing and increasingly said: "Mr. Lukowsky! You're not an idiot! If the 'bad guys' ever come, we both are now old men. And Then they would have to do different from us, because maybe we may have clamped a little Z-Plan-gold! " He reached into the inside pocket of his Jacket and pulled out a thick paper punch folded lengthways. "This," said Cornelius in a raised voice, "is a dossier about everything that So far you know what you accept from them - and everything essential About the people with whom they have to do and could still do it - And beyond that a lot about the whole connections! I have it stole together with a lot of effort and I guarantee them: a medium Atomic bomb is nothing against it! Protect it well! " He threw it about forty Pages on the desk that it clapped, sat down again and raised his hands in a summoning manner: "Take it and make something out of it! Lord Lukowsky! Such an opportunity does not return! They just have to be very careful: they stand in the middle between the 'good' and the 'evil'. In the At the moment, however, the 'good' are the more dangerous dung cups! They are on the pusher and, as much as they give themselves, they have in front of the 'evil' Despite everything the pants full. " Cornelius rose: "I don't want anything now Hear them. I leave the dossier here. Consider it as a gift from a poor dog to another poor dog. But if you get to the clunkers, don't forget me. " He went with quick Steps to the hall and took his coat, he turned again and again said: "I'm sure you don't forget me!" The next moment he was to the door. Cornelius' Fast finish had had some of the surprise.

Lukowsky had cooked a new coffee and now studied Cornelius' Expose. It was indeed an impressive collection of documents apparently very different ways, but which like a mosaic Pictured picture - to an extremely bizarre mosaic. Everything in All there were 44 leaves, partly labeled on the double. Everything was half Size reduced so that Cornelius' dossier overall the reading material of round Contained 100 pages. There were documents from different eras, starting with the Weimar Republic to the Third Reich to the present. Letters and stamps of the Reichswehr, Wehrmacht, SS, Sd. different

Z-plan

Ministeries, then the MAD and BND, the Protection of the Constitution, the Federal Ministry of Defense, the Austrian State Police and also of the Ministry of State Security of the 'GDR'. In addition, numerous leaves in English. Those of the National Security Council of U.S.A., the Pentagon, The C.I.A. a 'Space Controll Institution' and 'Enemy Observer Group' as well The NASA and extracts from a 'Blue Book' with critical comments. But also some Russian writings with attached contents were found Furthermore, a document in French and several leaves from the British Mi 5.

There was a lot about Ernst Lukowsky. They thought he was harmless, had Basically nothing against him. Then, after Alphabet, about the people, Antonietta Alotti, Alfred Beekn, Friedrich Busch, Peter Fischer, Eberhard Jörgens, Vera Jörgens, Tarek Abdel-Inaf, Ferdinand Löw, Mark Valtine. Lukowsky saw First of all what was there about Vera: their personal details, a description of the person and the note: 'Intelligently maneuvering, hypothermic, possibly to 'Chain'. 'More about Vera was not there. The personal description was Inaccurately, the size indicated by ten centimeters too small. There was more about her father and most about fishermen. Lukowsky initially took the chronologically designed background before. These began with a note from 1919 from Vienna, which referred to an official entry from 1917. Some people had registered a spiritual association for the foundation. The names were mentioned: Karl Haushofer, Gernot Höcker, Maria Orschitsch, Hermann Steinschneider, Rudolf von Sebottendorf, Lothar Weitz. Note: The planned association wool pursue spiritual goals. Not more. In the next documents that came from Munich at the time of the Weimar Republic, some of these names returned. It was a box below the name 'Thule Society' was founded. The names Rudolf Hess and Adolf Hitler also appeared in this context. In another document from the same time, the foundation of a 'Vril Society for Drive Technology O.H.G.' Name Maria Orschitsch appeared, also Traue Gerlach and a Dr. WHERE. Schumann was particularly mentioned. A later but associated note from In 1944 a certain Sigrun from Freiling mentioned as an important person. Another document from Vienna reported on magical research a Panbabylonian society.

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Then apparently a paper of the East Berlin M.F.S. Erik Jan Hanussen, adoptive name Hermann Steinschneider, who as Hitler's clairvoyant and personal friend was not called in 1933, but died in 1967 in a small town near Dresden. In addition a scarce report, the said, the one issued in 1933 as Hanussen In truth, it was easy that of the SA leader of East, who committed suicide because of play debt. Hanussen moved into a residence in Upper Bavaria under the name Siegfried Haunschild, not far from Hitlers 'Berghof' removed. From there he traveled a lot. During the born attack In Dresden in 1945 he was found there and was seriously injured. After the war, he would have lived a simple life in Dresden, Meanwhile, however, anti -republica unfolds, Sunversive Contacts Revanchistic circles in West Germany. Only after death This man was identified and recognized his identity with Erik Jan Hanussen. The Ministry of State Security of the GDR then has that West German Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution.

Lukowsky continued. There was a lot of pages of predominantly technical character in a chronology from 1922 to 1945. Development of unusual flight apparatus. With this area there was a Significant part of the exposé. There were also two engineering sketches and one Photography, which reminded of the idea of flying saucers. Most of this topic came from 1922 to 1934 and then only again 1943 and 1944. Political conflicts disturbed things; The difficult situation alone had that then made secondary. The last sheet was dated April 28, 1945 and coated by the successful course of the 'Odin' project, which with the Number 8 was estimated. There was an incomplete list with draft projects. The 'Project 3' Was a well-known machine, the DO 335, and the 'Project 4' a Horten hunter With the name 'Parabel'. As 'Project 5' and 'Project 6', two delta -shaped jet aircraft were mentioned and described, the Arado Ar e 555 and the Focke-Wulf FW 1000, which were also referred to as 'FW Neos' and at least was built in two copies. The 'Project 7' should be a kind of flying Subtle 'of considerable size. A similar device was listed as 'project 10' with the name 'H III'.

Z-plan

The most read about the 'Project 7'. Not about technical details, but its alleged danger.

This was followed by a whole series of leaves in English. Above all it went into these for the search for German secret technology, with that again 'Project 7' seemed to be the focus of interest, but also from Supposedly to be feared consequences of the mission of the 'Project 8' was mentioned. In addition, devices with the name 'Hauneburg II' were mentioned. - Everything In everything, this was more than mysterious.

In several letters from the C.I.A. At various American institutions From 1951 to 1954 it was about the veiling of the fact that Those unknown flight objects to see as 'flying saucer'/UFOS be German origin. It is individual Germans Aircraft of those types that had not been handed over to the Allies, but would still be used by Germans who would have withdrawn from the surrender. Among other things, the National Security Council recommended that to spread the rumor, for those u.f.O. Visitors. In between there were also comments that considered the whole as nonsense.

Two other American leaves reported on the discovery of an abandoned, emergency - landed prototype of the Arado 560 in 1948 Machine is basically an AR E 555 that JDoeh is equipped with an unknown drive system. This plane is in the hangar 18 the area 51 was accommodated, after which it had not been possible to put the apparently unusable unknown drive back into operation; All efforts to reconstruct the drive system have also failed.

Lukowsky flipped all over the U.F.O. stories that were still followed.

It was only relatively late in the chronology that he discovered the designation several times z-plan. In an American report written in 1958, the Talk that a secret organization that the sign of a black sun Use, presumably identical to that of Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, head of the German defense, so -called 'chain' placed in the factory for realization of the Z-Plan. This then concluded various reports of German Germans Secret services. In all of this it was always about the same thing: the courage

Z-plan

Measurable enormous means of gold, platinum, silver, diamonds, very urgent however, the secret weapon technology of various kinds from the Z-Plan, in the To bring hands of the Allies. Between the letters of the Germans and Also Austrian departments were always like such Ameri Canic institutions.

Then there were several pages of the British secret service in which claimed became separatist parts of the Bundeswehr, especially the Air Force, Arbei together with German companies, possibly also Italian and Japan behind the back of the Allies in the reconstruction of the dangerous most of the last secret weapon of the Third Reich, which has not yet been tangible. The test finds in either Libya, in Egypt, Iran or the Iraq, possibly also in Israel. Any statements by the Germans The federal government is not credible with the last certainty.

Again and again an unknown secret weapon was the focus of the that often associated with the u.f.O. phenomenon was, in various in pro and contra-interpretations. Alleged In contrast, gold, platinum and diamond endups mostly found only on the side Casting, these were obviously considered unimportant.

Reading the one reduced to tiny and often also indistinct Scripture prepared. Lukowsky turned the first blade again tern in which people were talked about. First he read the few lines again over Vera and then the sheet, That affected her father: Eberhard Jörgens. Swedish descent. Captain Lieutenant to sea. Then during the war at the SD, from there to defend the Admirals Canaris. Not safe, but probably, soon in the narrower circle of Canaris. In any case, important secret wearers. Have been involved to 'Z-Plan' and 'S' or 'V systems'. After the war not cooperations ready. Until 1949 in British, American and again British shaft. No Nazi, but nationalist. Most likely to organize 'Chain/Schw.Sonnne'. Have been asked to talk to even several times, that were unsuccessful. An indomitable character. Finally had itself shot.

Lukowsky continued. Fischer was Dr. jur., originally in the service of the Federal Foreign Office,

Then came to the BND and finally to the MAD. Praised because of high Intelligence and skill in the procedure. But then, although state official was released from the service. On the partial board he is entitled he had avoided. Started as an economic advisor, quickly a lot of money earned. The file claimed that during his MAD period, but probably Even earlier, Fischer secretly had to build a nationalist Conspirational association within the Bundeswehr and parts of industry worked. A whole series of officially involved officers as well as entrepreneurs was listed by name. Fischer was also accused, found construction plans of German secret weapons from the last To embezzle war years and destroyed all copies so that nothing of this came to the Allies. A cross -reference to the British accusation of federal German solo purposes in terms of new weapon technology Fischer also in a connection to this matter. To do this, his Multiple trips to Egypt, Israel and Iraq mentioned. About full This Dr. Peter Fischer described as a first -order right -wing monstrum, which is a permanent danger for the entire western world along with Eastern Bloc and Neutral. Fischer is observed by the protection of the constitution, but it knows how to give no nakedness. There was less about Friedrich Busch. During the war, war reporters were initially at the SD from 1941. Controlled in English perfectly, can stand up, British-English and American completely accent-free. Therefore During the war several missions abroad. Disappeared after the war. Presumably Australia or New Zealand. 1952 again in Germany appeared. Unknown how he makes a living. Be political Busch not dangerous. To Beenk: He too was at the SD. Have after the war with the Americans Worked together, important services in Turkey. Then Ferdinand Löw was mentioned. A wealthy antique dealer with the tendency to adventurous activities. Sometimes Jewish descent, but not religious. Explained right -wing, German national, noticed several times. Politically probably harmless. Two new names. The first: Antonietta Alotti. Daughter of an Italian officer and convinced fascist. Studied Germanist. Currently in the upscale position of a German

electronics group, which also produces military technology products. Beginning 20, very attractive, intelligent and dangerous. She made contacts with legal circles, but so far she had never been to her. Tarek Abdel-Inaf. From the middle Orient. Since 1962 in Germany. Studied in Hamburg, physics and mathematics. Partner of an engineering office in Munich. Probably, but not safe, with Dr. Peter Fischer known, possibly also with Antonietta Alotti. To classify as dangerous.

Nothing about Valtine apart from his date of birth.

Lukowsky closed the dossier for this night and put it under a stack of cards in a desk drawer. What Cornelius had attached there was At least remarkable. Lukowsky said for the first time. at least to be able to reach for a few tips of the whole matter, which he has since one Was involved. Much in the dossier might be wrong, some were missing Completely, a lot had a hand and foot. Lukowsky decided Calling Cornelius the next morning and thanking. For this But night he went to sleep. Reading the small script had made tired.

It was almost ten in the morning, the sun shone brightly through the Window when Lukowsky drank the first cup of coffee of the day. He put on a cigarette, reached to the phone and chose the number from 'Corona.' Fischer was there. He was happy about Lukowsky's call and said: "Lord Lukowsky, I have two requests to you today and both are important. " Lukowsky said: "I listen to them." - "On the one hand," says Fischer at the other end The telephone line: "Ms. Astrid would like to see. She wishes you over Domenico Alotti to speak. You absolutely have to go to her. Best of all This morning, Astrid is impatient, she has an idea. " Lukowsky said: "I'll go there." - "Fine," Fischer sounded: "On the other hand: I want them show something. It is a bit related to those things they have at Ms. Astrid saw. Maybe that will find your interest. If not, have we just made a little excursion. But that's secondary, before You should visit Ms. Astrid. If you drive to her right now we can meet for lunch in the 'Kings Corner' and then common

drive off. " Lukowsky agreed and asked: "Do you still have a book caught in time? " - "Yes," Fischer replied, "but he really wanted to orientate yourself on site. I'll tell you that at lunch. "

Lukowsky did fishermen and drove to Astrid Xylander. It could also give more unpleasant encounters than that with this lady. The memory of the perhaps perhaps mystical experience with Ms. Astrid appeared Unresponsible away from him, almost as if it were not in reality but only the dream of a troubled night. Mrs. Astrid Xylander and their actions were still in the world of Ernst Lukowsky do not really classify; He would probably never fully understand it - as well Little as he understood that it was always a parking space in front of her house When he arrived, although otherwise there were never free parking spaces in this area. But again this time a car just continued to clear a place.

Ms. Astrid Xylander was busy in the front yard with her flowers, which was still blooming well, even though the summers had now said goodbye for this year. Ms. Astrid was this time Simple brown street dress and an apron. Your burn -red hair was braided to braids and plugged in in a way that the Empress pictures Sissi recalled. Astrid Xylander put her garden tool out of her hand and Lukowsky greeted with a friendly smile: "Hello, Mr. Lukowsky! How nice that you came right away!" During the previous one they had still spoken to 'you', but that only seemed for that one Day to have been thought. Lukowsky said: "Hello! Mr. Fischer said me, they wanted to see me - so I'm here! " Astrid Xylander reinforced her Smile: "Fine! Then let us go in!" She wiped her hands on the apron and passed. In the hall You: "I'll come right away! You already know your way around. Make it Please comfortably in the living room. " In the living room I greeted the black and white cat, let himself be stroked and then sat on the wide marble window sill; she and saw out as Expect a friend of a friend. Before Ms. Astrid appeared ten minutes. Without apron, but with A tray on which cups and a coffee pot stood with the sugar can. "So!" said the woman's wife: "Then we want to make ourselves comfortable!" She put the tray on the serving car, distributed cups and gave

Coffee: "You were successful?" In doing so, she looked at him knowingly. Lukowsky asked: "How do you mean that?" Ms. Astrid smiled at him: "Well, it Didn't happen to you anything bad, nothing with which you do not finish Would be - and you have something? " She reached with both Hands to your Sissi hairstyle, stuck hairpins and asked: "Please excuse me for a moment! In the showcase is an ashtray. Take it if you want to smoke! " Lukowsky was waiting for us. After a lot of twenty minutes, Ms. Astrid appeared again, now in the long Red -brown dress that very good her slim body with the narrow waist brought in. The dress had a narrow but deeper neckline, and under the dress Astrid Xylander didn't wear much but her other than herself beautiful, delicate pale skin. Her red hair was now open. Due to the They actually saw a little bit of shaft and the irregular tips Like their hips, fertilizing flames. Mrs. Astrid Xylander offered one Very nice sight, which she undoubtedly knew well enough. She threw her hair On the back and lifted her neck before taking a seat on the sofa. The deep wedge -shaped neckline left with both arms during this See your bosom. Ms. Astrid noticed with one Little smile: "You like it better to see me like that than in everyday Presentation? I like it better too! " She put her hands over her knees Above each other and just asked: "Well, Mr. Lukowsky! What does he have Deceased person has been ready for you? You got something from him! I know! " She moved in the coffee, drank and looked at Lukowsky again expectantly. emphasis that Alotti's hand seemed to have pushed into his. He took the Object from the crumpled box and held him astrid xylander. Her gaze revealed that she knew or at least suspected what it was about could act. She took the strange metal and crystal structure Carefully in her hands, leaned forward and looked at it. Your overwhelming Flame hairs urged her upper body in front of and wrapped up. Gently moving Astrid Xylander's finger the tip of the crystal as if it had around the hidden mechanics knew. She smiled quietly. Lukowsky asked: "You know what that is?" The woman turned his head and looked at him: "Me think a key. " Lukowsky asked: "What?" Ms. Astrid strengthened her Smile: "To the stars?!" She gently put the object on the table top, pushed her hair back from the side parting and saw

Lukowsky, friendly before she turned to Alotti's legacy again: "If I am not mistaken, this is a very meaningful object. I don't know yet, but I am getting behind it!" She pondered Then took the strange thing back in hand and sank again in his exact consideration. Minutes passed. Finally Astrid Xylander said Without looking up: "The stone is a kind of amethyst, a very special way. He is probably charged with a certain vibration. " Now she took the stone in the left hand and drove with the beautifully shaped light red Fingernail of the right index finger along the edges. She seemed there To be very concentrated and explained: "It is a double key. On the one hand, a mechanical one. He fits into an unusual castle. others a pioneer. He says where this castle is located. See They blind? They mean both words and they fit into a mechanical counterpart. " Ms. Astrid shook her head and put what she had given a double key, carefully back on the table and I looked at still. Finally she looked up, looked at Lukowsky and said a confident smile: "I will find out both! But about that I need a little more time. " She touched the crystal with the top of her right middle finger and asked: "Would you do this piece in my care let? It's safe for me! I give you my word, you will receive it given again, nobody but you will get it, see or only learn about it. I promise you! " Your gaze was urgent Almost strict. She emphasized: "I know what to do. You don't know - still not. Don't ask me about it now. I'm not sure myself. If But time comes, you will experience it and recover the precious piece. You will probably need it then. " The view of their browns Eyes remained firmly on Lukowsky. A gush red again weighed Hair waves from the side parting and shaded their eyes. Lukowsky said: "You are probably right." Astrid Xylander showed a tiny one Satisfied nods, smiled and took her previous posture again a. She emphasized: "If I promise something, then I hold it! - Is that you 'that Light 'not now very useful? " Lukowsky was still shooting one Non -ignited cigarette between the fingers. He said: "Okay. I Confirm this object. I don't know what to do with him has, but this is the legacy of a man who probably died for it. That's why this thing is valuable to me. It is the legacy of a dead man. "

Astrid Xylander gave him a blame: "Mr. Lukowsky!" she said decided: "This man is not dead! There is no death! He, you and me - - We are all beings of eternal being - and we also lose our personality Not with dying! " For half a second she put a finger on her Lip of lip and said: "I will occasionally announce it with Leopold! This is a very, very wise old man. Yes, you should take a calm Spend the evening with him and have a conversation that give them a lot could. Yes, I'll stimulate that! " She nodded and turned again all of Domenico Alotti's legacy. She gently put one Hand over the strange thing that you call a key to the stars had, and said: "Thank you!" She looked at him - friendly and urgent at the same time. Lukowsky clearly felt how much that object of the woman there meant on the sofa. He asked: "I want to know something - something fundamental." Ms. Astrid tended to head: "Yes?" - "All that," he said, "what I am here Experience with them ... "He was looking for the correct wording: "What meaning is behind it? You are not a card slower, you don't look into any Glass and make predictions against fees. You feel something obligated. What is that?" Astrid Xylander looked at him thoughtfully. Finally a fine smile appeared Your lips. She replied: "Is there something you believe? A god or Gods? An idea or an ideal? Something that is more important to them than you earthly life? " It was difficult for Lukowsky to immediately answer an answer to that find. He searched in his thoughts, in all cracks and angles. The beautiful Woman in the dark red dress with the deep pointed outlet and in that The soft sea of flames of her red hair watched him. Lukowsky showed a resigning hand movement: "I don't know, I think no. In the event of a war I would do my duty as a soldier and mine Hold down the bones because that's the case. But that's probably not what they asked. - I would give my life for a person I love." Astrid Xylander came towards him: "For a woman!" He nodded: "Of course for a woman!" - "That is very nice!" said Astrid Xylander Ernst: "It is also a kind of worship - ministerial service to the goddess who in the Woman lives who love them. Just as Don Quijote once fought for his Dulcinea - that Is true, deep, divine love! There is nothing higher. " - that Ms. Astrid that Lukowsky touched the symbol of Don Quijote and Dulcinea. She undoubtedly noticed this; She smiled, said, "It is the same goddess who

Love you in a woman I serve: the goddess of love! It will master the upcoming new age. Its light power shines from the magical sun. Whoever loves truly - not just in demand! - is on your side - knowing or unconsciously. The magical sun hovers above her head of the goddess, from its Have already greeted special forces! " A little break was taken. Then Lukowsky asked: "What brings you to that Confidence that this era will soon be overcome and a new one Age collapse, an era where completely different standards are? How Should that be conceivable? " Astrid Xylander smiled at him, she replied: "We are going to a new one Age, dear Mr. Lukowsky, unstoppable. The powers, the old, which unfolds their dark forces in this twentieth century and have caused so much destruction, they will be against it cause even more destruction. But the morning red of the new Äons is increasing Already over the horizon of time! - like the change in detail I can't tell you that either, but - he comes! Our parents have contributed to this, towards the end of the previous one War. Who knows whether this is not astonishing to this earth - in a few decades? " Your gaze took on a puzzling expression. She said: "Without it being quite clear to them, they too fight on this Page." He asked, "Are you sure?" She nodded emphasizing: "O, yes! She have a task to perform in this fight. It will be one of them To contribute the small mosaic stone for the new picture - a small but possibly important one. " She smiled. You into the mosaic? " Astrid Xylander reinforced her puzzling smile: "Maybe those who cannot be found in this world?" She rose.

When they said goodbye to each other at the house entrance, Astrid said Xylander: "It could be good, dear Mr. Lukowsky, that her presence at I would be desirable again soon. I would do that by Mr. Let fishermen know if I do not reach you on your phone number should." She gave him her right hand, in the left she held Alotti's legacy. Lukowsky touched the symbol of Don Quijote and Dulcinea friendly: "Oh, I think if they are needed here, they are there too! " - Lukowsky nodded her.

Dress ripping to the ground, with her long flaming hair and the so a lot of calm brown eyes. Lukowsky was happy to look at her - just as you look at a beautiful painting. But he wished more not, and she was probably the same. Ernst Lukowsky thought of Vera Jörgens, and Astrid Xylander probably might think of someone else. But her thoughts were apparently used to covering very long distances. As if she received this, she suddenly said suddenly: "The fastest of everything that flies is the thought!" She smiled: "This is one Sentence from the RG-Veda of the old Aryan! Goodbye, Mr. Lukowsky! "

It took a while again until Astrid Xylander's miraculous charisma was left behind and everyday life was able to prevail against their spells again. When Lukowsky placed in the Königalle and a parking space Searched, but this had happened.

He went into the side street and entered the 'Kings Corner.' Fischer was already waiting. He had a wash leather jacket on and underneath a light blue shirt without Necktie. Very atypical for Mr. Peter Fischer, who is also one Had a doctorate and not used. They greeted each other. Fischer said: "Fine, that they are there, Mr. Lukowsky! We'll eat well now! How is It was with Ms. Astrid? " - "An encounter with this lady can just be Being pleasant, "replied Lukowsky," they know that themselves. " Fisherman Smiled: "Yes, you are right." Lukowsky decided not to withhold Fischer: "Mr. Fischer," he began: "I will tell you something now. Mine The condition is: they keep it to themselves, Busch does not experience it either. " Fisherman Inspired the head: "You amazed me! But please if if It's her wish - you have my word. " .- Lukowsky was one Cigarette and showed Fischer the box: "In such a cigarette box, in which, however, there were no more cigarettes, I had until before a strange object. The dead Alotti held him in his hand - it was straight as if he wanted to give it to me. This object from which I I don't know what he is, I just gave Astrid Xylander. She thinks he may be something important. She doesn't know exactly what it is yet - Or maybe, and she doesn't want to say it. She will not be about it

speaking." He put the cigarette box back in and emphasized: "I trust Them, Mr. Fischer. I don't trust Busch. " Fischer looked at him thoughtfully: "Your trust honors me, Mr. Lukowsky. You can also be sure, I Will hold my word. As for me, I suspect Mr. Busch not. He is greedy, that's right, but loyal in his own ranks. " Lukowsky interpreted A shake of the head: "As soon as it is about money or some money can be done, this loyalty could be very questionable. " Fischer said: "In general, that's true. I don't think it is true on Mr. Busch. But me Share your view that caution is sometimes necessary. " A top came and submitted menu. Fischer waved off: "I think we also know what we want." In doing so, he ordered two pepper steaks with rice and peas and explained Lukowsky: "You can do that undeniably well here!" Lukowsky was agreed. He reminded: "They wanted to tell me about Busch!" - "Yes, whole Law, "Nodt Fischer:" He plays the English tourists between Nice and Toulon. I don't think that is particularly smart, nothing will lead, but but Mr. Busch considers it possible to come across things, be important to us could. But he will be back soon. He is hardly in danger, he has the talent of an actor and will make the British pensioners very credible on vacation. " During the meal, Fischer told Busch again at all costs in Alotti's house for possibly important references. That would Maybe just happened in this hour. But there would be more important things to discuss than this. Because just as Lukowsky decided to him Trust and to speak of Domenico Alotti's gift, he wanted to Yes, have already announced that, in turn, provide evidence of trust, yes, Lukowsky should be inaugurated as far as possible today.

The food was good. They broke open after about an hour. The sun was shining still, but a sharp, cool wind had opened up. While The few steps to the car already started to shiver, and also Lukowsky was happy in the car as he was sitting in the car. Fischer said: "We drive on the highway towards Siegen. I had considered two different options for how I could bring you a lot closer to them. I got myself for A fairly personal decision. " Lukowsky asked: "What would that be?" Fisherman Smilated him with a sad look: "Let yourself be surprised!"

Fischer conducted him over the highway, then a piece behind the exit

Hagen out, beyond federal and country roads to a small place that was not far from that, which Lukowsky was still well remembered, Because Heinz Kufner once did his workshop there.

Only Fischer explained: "We will visit a cemetery. However, none ordinary. I will show you something that is one of our affairs, although it seems to do nothing with her. I want you to do that some things correctly understand what they have been unclear so far must." He pointed to a junction: "Drive there over the railways and then right and right again and to the individual building, that you see there. " Lukowsky corresponded to the movement. had to have stopped operating years ago. At first glance Not much more than a ruin. Fischer asked: "Keep here," and got out. Fischer stepped into the abandoned factory hall. He didn't turn to Lukowsky. This shocked to Fischer with a few steps. To Fischer stopped at a place near the glassless windows and said: "Here Was my mother's job. She helped with the technical drawings. My father was a locksmith. A simple but honest man. He stayed in the war. " It sounded factual, very unsentimental. around again and then said: "Let's go again." He walked silently, out of the ruin and a whole piece over that Country. Lukowsky went next to him. Fischer stopped at one height and said: "I often played with my little sister here. The mother wanted it Not, she was afraid that we would be afraid of English or American see. One afternoon she ran back to get us away. Eight or ten planes came. Two Americans - I recognized them Your sovereignty - pressed down and shot. They killed mine Mother and my little sister. I only received a header and Was passed out. " He pushed his dark hair apart and showed Lukowsky the still clearly visible scar. Fischer turned and slowly went back towards the car. He spoke without a recognizable emotional movement Further: "When I woke up from fainting, I was sitting Anneliese, my little one Sister, she was five years old, is dead in her blood. Not far away Likewise my mother. I stopped still and looked up at the sky. The Enemy planes were no longer there, but I saw them. That I am on

Head strongly bleed not bothered me, I didn't feel pain, I also cried not. I was a little boy, but a very clear thought was formed in me: I swore our enemies eternal hatred! Then I lost them again Reflection." Fischer continued a few steps and then drove closed speak: "I know that the Americans were not the worst English were much worse. But there were Americans here. That's why I don't like your car, Mr. Lukowsky, because it is an American And their cigarettes not because they are English. " He turned his eyes and saw Lukowsky. He had never experienced Fischer like that as an almost respect Involating man. Fischer said: "It is said that Hannibal has the enemies of his Fatherland sworn eternal hatred. That's how I did it. My hatred is as unforgiving as that of the Old Testament of the Jew. I hope I am New York Burning still sees how our cities have burned. I do everything for that! " He turned away and went to the car with faster steps.

They did not speak during the first kilometer of the return trip. Lukowsky had The feeling that Fischer was churned internally, even if he showed nothing. How they had left the small place behind and on The highway drove, Fischer broke the silence: "I did not want to bring this part of my personal life closer to them, Lord Lukowsky. Nature did not equip me with a günen -like shape, but just a fair manner with a well -working mind. I Maintain everything that I do to think and plan very carefully - and to check for success prospects beforehand. The matter on which we are working, To which we try, Mr. Lukowsky, simply sounds crazy, but she Isn't it! I would also like to show you something about that today. We drive Now to Neuss. There I have a private address, which you do not entrust to anyone. Ms. Astrid is the only person apart from me who knows her or has the telephone number. Mr. Busch is also over this mine Domestyle not taught. You see, I will bring you a lot of trust, Mr. Lukowsky! "

Fischer's apartment in Neuss included the entire upper floor of a two -family house. She was set up differently than Lukowsky an apartment of PETER Fischer had introduced so far. The furniture was modern, on the walls Hangen some old, definitely valuable paintings. A painting, however, was Not old, it showed Ms. Astrid Xylander. Fischer smiled and confessed: "Me

Heaven a little. I had the picture painted after a photo of her, She was so lovable to give me one. " He pointed to a closet Bottles and glasses and said: "Please use if you want But we don't stay long. " He went to the windows and pulled curtains. Then he took the image of a Flemish landscape from the bright wall and built up a film projector on the opposite chest of drawers. He explained: "The film that you will see was in spring 1944 turned. He should be shown Hitler, but it never happened. It was just Made a copy and destroyed it negatively. So I discovered unique And made sure that it didn't get into the wrong hands. " Fischer worked on that Film projector, hired the lens and let the film run. "The decisions Passage, "Fischer noted," only takes a whole seventeen seconds. But these have it all! The film has no soundtrack, but that doesn't matter. " He asked Lukowsky to sit down next to him. Lot and initially showed rehearsals with a new armored fist. The goal was already broken loot armor. Next, plans of an indefinable structure were presented as well as some mathematical combinations of numbers. Then came Again the same terrain in the picture on which the armored fist was demonstrated was. Now a strange -looking multi -edge pipe was on the wreck of the loot armor. A light beam shot out of the angular tube - and The tank was just a glowing lump. "That," threw Fischer, "was Already remarkable! But the most important thing is still coming! Wait!" The Old film continued to rattle and showed an open area. Two men in civilian and several officers in air force uniform went to something that one Shadow threw. It was not yet possible to see what it was. Then came one Pretty woman in the picture. It may have been in her mid -thirties. Your blonde Hairs were tied to a long ponytail. The woman said something But since the film was missing the soundtrack, it could not be heard what. One of the men In civilian, two of the angular pipes indicated as a couple from a kind of gun stand. Then the men stepped down. The camera drove open and it an apparatus of considerable size was recognizable, which looked like a utopian film - like a flying saucer. Fischer touched Lukowsky's forearm and said: "Now take care!" Lukowsky concentrated On the flickering film images that are thrown to the opposite wall became. The flying saucer actually rose a few meters from the ground, Then floated higher - and disappeared as in nothing. Now came two again

Civilians in the picture that demonstrated somewhat on a model. Fischer switched the projector. "That was it!" He said: "This was the much -promised miracle weapon who could have turned everything!" He rose, pulled Again the curtains and explained: "It was not yet ready for use. Like so many others, leadership had not recognized this opportunity. But this device that you just saw in the film still exists. It is Fully flying and equipped with the new guns. It has the special one Property that leaves the dimensions that can be found for us and thus - invisible To be able to become! It is also invulnerable. Long distances Bridges it in a few moments. There is nothing in the world that this one Weapon would have grown! " Fischer saw Lukowsky with enthusiasm in the Eyes: "That's what it is about! This device must not fall into enemy. Right people have to find and use it when the hour comes! Canaris has taken various precautions for this. He has put a chain of initiates in the factory. But this chain has probably broken now, too much time passed, it has to be forged again. " Fischer cleared the film projector and Lukowsky hung the picture with the Flemish landscape again in its place. "Good!" Fischer said: "Then Let's go again! " They left the apartment. Lukowsky asked in the car: "You are sure that the film is real? I mean, everything seems very real - but very unlikely, don't you find? And also: the pretty lady with the long Power cock. Were pony -up hairstyles at the time not completely unusual? " - "You are right," confirmed Fischer, "but it was the special association, That's how I want to call it that the ladies from the All German Society for Metaphysics - sometimes also called Vril -Gesellschaft. A community founded and guided by women that were built in the twenties. To Short hairstyles in women came up for the first time. The ladies of that society, on the other hand, led a vehement cultural struggle and wore theirs Hair demonstratively long. That was even anchored in the statutes of this society. There was certainly also a quasi magical aspect - similar Maybe, as with our girlfriend Astrid Xylander. The ponytail hairstyles have been a landmark, so to speak, and that such a woman appears to the film, makes it credible! Because this society has Created the unconventional missiles! Incidentally, some things are unlikely - but everything is completely true! But please keep

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ten them for themselves. It is a secret, yes, this deserves the name, Secret! We are now working together to bring it to life! " Lukowsky said: "I may also show you something tomorrow will have. I still have to check it, maybe it's nonsense too. " - "What Always it was, "Fischer noted:" I will be interested! "

Fischer had brought himself to the hotel 'corona', and Lukowsky was in his Office driven. He had cooked a coffee and now took the dossier by Cornelius again. This time he also looked at the pages he had flipped out last night because they seemed too utopian were. The various briefs treated the motif very controversially. Some claimed stiff and firmly that at least one 'German u.F.O.' was still Successfully started space just before the end of the war. Others said These experiments failed. That it had existed, but seemed To be determined, even several different types of such a kind are built to read. The predominant number of documents brought The version that appeared most credible. After that, those missiles had not reached and destroyed a test stage before they reach the corresponding manufacturing and testing facilities could. Lukowsky decided to leave fishermen to this material.

He called Cornelius to make out a fair trade with this. But Cornelius was not at home. Lukowsky decided to do it again later To try to try it early in the evening. Lukowsky decided in the next 'Wienerwald' to go some food. He had already overturned his jacket when the phone rang. Fischer was on and aligned, Ms. Astrid Xylander wish to see him, there would be something to discuss. Whether he was eight Can be with her. Lukowsky said he would go there. Whether fisherman before have another moment. Fischer replied in half an hour If he had to leave, he has an appointment with Ferdinand Löw in Cologne. Lukowsky said that he would be there in twenty minutes and him bring something. He hung up, packed Cornelius' dossier and left the office.

The 'Wienerwald' failed. Lukowsky drove to the hotel 'Corona' and made it Just in time. Fischer was already waiting for him in the hall. Lukowsky held

the dossier and said: "I want to do it quickly. That brought me Cornelius last night. Of course he wants to have something for it. We have to do that regulate. I think it could be interesting. " Fischer folded the papers Aus and took a look at it. This gaze reveals that Fischer Papers indeed considered interesting. He pressed Lukowsky's hand and said: "Thank you! Thank you very much that we have it! I will bring it quickly In my room. - We'll talk to ourselves tomorrow! "

Lukowsky ranked at the parking lot almost exactly at eight o'clock, which has just been Free - immediately in front of Astrid Xylander's house. The evening was pleasant There is no longer a cool wind. Lukowsky went through the small front yard And rang. A wrought iron traffic light shone above the front door. Astrid Xylander opened. She was wearing a long dress again, this time from dark brown Velvet. She had tied the red hair together into a tail. This time Lukowsky involuntarily had to think of the lady in Fischer's old film. "Welcome, Mr. Lukowsky!" the woman said well: "Enter!" He did it and let himself be guided through the rooms already known to him. "I said They yes, "said the woman:" It could be that we would have to sit down again soon. It came faster than I thought. " This time it didn't work in the living room, but in that with the round table in front of the portrait of the Goddess under the magical sun, in which Ms. Astrid had known at her first meeting. She took on her chair in front of the goddess image Place and interpreted Lukowsky to sit on her counterpart. In the middle of the Table was Domenico Alotti's legacy on a round mirror. On two A total of ten candles burned. Mrs. Astrid reached with one hand Behind it, and quiet music sounded: Buchs Brandenburgische concert No. 5, Lukowsky knew that with the harpsichord solo, he also liked it and It used to be heard in a distant other life. Astrid Xylander smiled: "We will now talk about nothing personal, Mr. Lukowsky, but work! " She strengthened her smile: "I will work!" Lukowsky Asked, "What should I do meanwhile?" She tended her head: "You will be me assist! Above all: I need your vibration! I want something from experienced the late Lord Alotti. He is a man. To exactly I need a male vibration! In addition, I hold it not excluded that he was still nearby when she was met - found. So he could know her. " Ms. Astrid explained all of this in

a lively but very factual tone. She touched Alotti's legacy with two fingers and said: "First I want to tell you what I do I have now recognized that this is actually a key - a double Key, as I already suspected. The stone is, as I do, thought, a kind of amethyst. However: just a kind of amethyst. A stone like There is no. " She took a little break and saw Lukowsky A long look from her beautiful brown eyes. She emphasized: "On There is no such stone of this world. So it must conclusively out another come. " She smiled: "You will understand that afterwards! - So now! We know so much: this key should be a very special one Grant the location. This is definitely a place in the vicinity of the Alps that have I can get out; Upper Bavaria or Salzburg area. The little ones Sick here ... "She drove into one of her long red -painted fingernails One of the edges of the crystal: "They are like letters of a secret script. Since I know this secret script, I could already do most of it read. I also get the last details out. Then we will Know where the door to the castle can be found - and you will go there And they open! " She saw him again with a long look of her brown eyes to; This time there was something testing in this look. "Well," she said: "Well If we want to try to get more precisely from the previous owner of the gem to experience. Without his advice we would be very difficult. I explain to you Now what to do! " She let go of the object on the table and sat down Correct more easily than before in her highly back chair. "We are right away us in the next room. You know it, you received the light there. But today your task will be different. I'll try to in that To look over the green country - into the general vibration sphere of the hereafter. You, Mr. Lukowsky, will get some of your own vibration through me Send through. I explain how this happens. This The vibration cannot stay in me for a time, because they are one male vibration. But it is sufficient that they are out of their astral body upcoming vibration goes through my astral body and for one tiny moment 'over there' can be seen. Because I assume that Domenico Alotti is waiting for this contact. I spoke to the phone earlier his daughter. This man was a knower! If he signal So perceive the connection will come about. Mr. Alotti becomes Send thoughts! Since this in turn is sent on a male frequency

You can only go through me through me. That takes place very quickly. But I will see the pictures during that. Thoughts are primarily pictures. Whether it will succeed that they also intended Words Get Men Alottis is uncertain; it would be possible, but since they are in We must not count on the same. " She rose: "So let's go over now. It will hardly be more than half an hour last. Astrid Xylander went forward and opened the connecting door. The room worked Just like the first time when Lukowsky saw him. Candles burned Five -armed candlesticks in the four corners, on the ceiling and on the floor to see the bizarre magical sun each. Astrid Xylander stepped into the middle of the room and knelt on the center of the sun's sign. Included She explained: "You have some things to do in the next few minutes Lukowsky. " She looked at him critically and asked: "Pull off this rough leather jacket first!" He pulled out his jacket and put her aside. Ms. Astrid said: "It's better that way!" And instructed him: "They kneel behind me - but so that that Do not touch our upper body. However, their legs have to be on the outside in parallel Close to mine, I have to be able to feel them. Do that! " Lukowsky felt a little strange, but he followed the instructions of the Woman. She said, "Good thing. You put your hands flat on my cheeks. Do the." He did it. Long in this way until I put my hands over theirs. Then pull Your hands slowly back and encompass my hair instead. These are Tied together, you have to touch the end of the tail at the bottom and so Keep stuck that I can't tilt my head. You then put your chin on My back of the head. Exactly above the place where my hair is tied together. How to close your eyes and take them all their ability to concentrate in order to recall the moment in the thoughts, Since Domenico Alotti gave them the key. It depends on you that Restore the picture of that moments in your thoughts! If it works you will suddenly have the feeling that you have a slight electrical blow To feel my hair on your hands. It's something else, but it feels like this. If this has done, let go, rise as carefully as You can and go over. If I don't call you, wait until I come. Did you understand everything? " Lukowsky insured, understood everything to have. He did to the best of his fortune, which Astrid Xylander demands from him

had. The minutes seemed like hours. Finally he managed The picture of Alotti clearly calls back into his thoughts. It came so plastic That he thought he felt the grotto's cool moisture. For a few moments, this picture was firmly in his thoughts - and in fact one winc Type of electric shock from Astrid Xylander's hair through his hands, a Strike of such astonishing strength that Lukowsky twitched together. He directed Carefully open and leave the room on the tip of the toe.

It took a while. Lukowsky would have liked to infect a cigarette But he was not clear whether Astrid Xylander and her goddess in would have liked to see this room. More than a quarter of an hour passed. Then Ms. Astrid appeared in the door frame. She showed a cheerful face when she said: "We have it!" She dissolved her hair and sat on her again Chair: "So," she started: "It is at Mondsee, not far from Salzburg." Astrid Xylander felt noticeably comfortable. She said, "It wasn't an easy one Thing - and you did your part well! " Lukowsky fell nothing else One to say: "I am pleased that it is happy." She smiled, but then became Ernst again: "We're not finished yet!" she emphasized that there is another one Procedure!" She got up, got from the small dark chest of drawers next to her Seated a brush and brushed her hair vigorously. She explained: "Now I have to take the vibrations from the amethyst -like crystal on one Translated Makara stone, otherwise we won't get any further. I hope it will go relatively quickly. She was finished with the brush and took the Chest of drawers the flat egg -shaped stone, which resembled the one he has already had seen. Ms. Astrid gave Lukowsky a hint: "You can now get your jacket. You probably have passport, wallet and such Keep in! It is still over there. " Lukowsky got up and got his jacket. Astrid Xylander kept the egg -shaped pebble at Bursthöhe in her Hair and pushed Alotti's heir into the hair ends. "Now," asked Ms. Astrid, "Please be silent for a few moments!" Lukowsky behaved as calm as he could. The woman in the throne -like chair was opposite As motionless as a marble figure; She literally winced with no eyelash. After maybe three minutes, she pushed out a sigh: "I don't have it yet! Please again Silentium! " This time it took longer, five or six minutes, Lukowsky estimated Astrid Xylander took the stone and Alotti's legacy: "We have it!" She raised a index finger: "Very good!"

She was in a dazzling manure, literally in driving. She got them with magical Ceramic disc from the chest of drawers, which Lukowsky had seen on his first visit to this room, painted characters and writings them to themselves. "We will be a lot more in a few moments knowledge!" Astrid Xylander emphasized: "It may be that we Astonishing will be determined! " She put the egg -shaped pebble on the In the middle of the creature of the creature and let it turn. He turned almost half Minute long. Then he came to a stand. Ms. Astrid looked at the advertisement of the Stone. She clapped her hands slightly, looked at Lukowsky and said cheerfully: "It is fully loaded!" Since Lukowsky looked at her at a loss, she explained in the she touched with one of her fingernails Alotti's legacy: "In this Small object, dear good Mr. Lukowsky, puts the strength, the gate too Open the stars! " She looked at him in silence for seconds and said Then: "But I still have to fathom all of the little things. I can do it And the next time you share everything. It's enough for today. You have yours Matt done very well! " She rose and asked: "Blow the Candles? I do it over there. "

As they went over to the living room, Lukowsky asked: "Want to not tell me a little more? I'm not curious, but that's Everything is quite strange to me. " She said: "Let me first serve. Meanwhile, you can smoke! "

Lukowsky gratefully accepted the proposal. After a few minutes, Astrid Xylander came and balanced a cold plate on the table. She disappeared again and next pushed the serving car Arrow, then distributed plates, cutlery and glasses and asked Lukowsky: "Please open a bottle of wine!" Two bottles of red wine stood on the lower deck of the serving car. Lukowsky opened the first and gave in. Astrid Xylander turned the shimmering flame sea of her red Hair together on the back and distributed sandwiches onto the plates, What she noticed almost motherly: "Eat, you have to go to strength remain!" Incidentally, it seemed rather streaked and almost exuberantly good in a mood. Lukowsky asked: "Now do you want to tell me what you are so happy true?" - "Yes!" She said: "I tell you: The stone in Mr. Alottis The key really comes from another world. But not from an extended one, as I thought earlier, but from another star - like me

already accepted it. " Lukowsky looked at her: "You don't think about it to extraterrestrial visitors or something? " She shook her head with a laugh: "No, that's not what it is meant!" She pushed her hair backed up again back and explained: "It is different: many, many thousand years ago - nobody knows how to say how many - there was a breed on our planet, which was mentally and also technically very advanced. The writings of the old Arya Varta - India - report on it in fragments, and in the language of the We have a Sumerer, who is not related to any other known language Certificate of that highly developed international. So many millennia ago - not now or in recent times - there was actually a connection too distant, distant worlds. But I also don't speak of aliens Visitors, but vice versa. That people at the time, an earthly people, flew Already to the distant stars! From there they brought some things with them - like that Stone in Mr. Alotti's key! As disasters unimaginable dimensions Coming over the earth through which almost everything was destroyed, parts saved that high -standing people in the distant space. " Astrid Xylander emphasized: "So it is our relatives who live far from there, none Strangers! " She raised her glass. In which connection would it be the matter now? " - "There is something," replied Ms. Astrid Ernst, "It is very difficult to explain. I have them Quoted a sentence from the RG-Veda: 'The fastest of everything that flies is that Thought. 'There is a lot in this sentence. It is possible - if a person his thoughts have very well under control - thoughts and thought pictures and to send here. We both have just done that too! You can still do that very refine. " She looked at him thoughtfully, smiled and said: "We'll talk about it another time. Maybe in a week. I Believe, I will take that long for the next step. Now ... "she leaned back in a good mood: "Now we want to be satisfied with this day. It was A good day for us! I also have to mention, I am grateful to you. They have made the find and entrust it to me. I thank you for that! If I for You can do something, let me know. But now I want to relax. For me it was more strenuous than you can imagine. "

Lukowsky drove back to his office. He and Astrid had an hour and a half Xylander still chatted, about irrelevant, simply amusing things. Almost it felt like he had only dreamed of the magical act of previously

When he entered the office and found that he had once again forgotten the To complete the door after midnight. He still got a cup coffees. The old coffee was still surprisingly warm. Lukowsky Picked the penultimate cigarette, which was still in the box. Despite the late hour, he chose Cornelius' phone number again. Cornelius removed immediately, he hadn't slept yet. Lukowsky called his Name and said: "Good evening. I looked at your things. You are interesting. If I can clearly show myself, I'll do it. " Cornelius replied: "I knew that. I don't ask anything crooked from them. It is also good that you call. Otherwise I would have with you tomorrow reported. Man - you know: 'Man' - may be under observation. I sit on a practical chair, you know exactly in the office, who is responsible for something like this. An agent was burned through the Americans, none Important, actually just a better employee of the local Ami consulate in The Cecilienallee. But her boss is pissed off. A top spy called Bolds, A shit guy. It also came out that they said an Adlatus Have beaten Scheißkerls in Toulon. They didn't find that funny either. Then It came out that they have spied on the boss. They were like that Stupid - sorry! - yourself in the hotel with your real name to enter. It is believed that the kitty might be tied with them, In any case, that they helped her. You really want the mouse again. Age 27, name Jill Hardford, quite pretty after a portrait, but According to the file, a bitch. Everything has been on my desk since this afternoon. Did you take the kitty under your wing? Otherwise it has sure here No contacts. Maybe she didn't know where? You could calm me say." - "No," Lukowsky replied and asked: "What else?" - "That you Be careful and are not stupid, "advised Cornelius:" Should the kitty appear with you - it has certainly eyed her registration slip You your fingers. The Americans believe it is here. Home They don't, they would claw them immediately. Now she is deep in the rue de la Merde. Don't play the cavalier. That doesn't help. " Lukowsky said: "I will hardly get into the embarrassment." - "Well," said Cornelius: "Then good luck!" Lukowsky said: "You too. I stir." He hung up, was the very last cigarette that was still in the one on the Was the desk lying box and went back into the room, that currently represented his apartment. When he snapped at the light, he saw on his

Field bed candle straight a young woman. This took a black one Wig from the head, as if they greet you with a hat. Do your ash blonde hair swing underneath. Jill Hardford from Texas said in almost accent-free German a few words that almost sounded like a current Cornelius quote: "I put in The shit! " She looked at Lukowsky expectantly. Coffee cup. Jill pointed to the cup: "I cooked it." That now explained Why this coffee was warm. Lukowsky said: "I'm already informed. Stay here! " He went up to the office and called in the Hotel 'Corona'. Fischer already slept. Lukowsky rang out of bed: "I'm sorry, Mr. Fischer. But I Need your hidden residence. - - yes, that! - - I will tell you everything. When does it work? - In order. In an hour I stand by car Your hotel. - and thank you! " He put on, looked in the desk drawers After whether a forgotten cigarette might find itself somewhere, had it Luck, she put on and went back into the back room. There he looked Miss Jill Hardford faithfully opposed. Lukowsky said: "I'm trying something to do for them. But you could tell me in a few words why They take this risk. "The young woman made a defiant face and replied: "That with the fat German in Nice was too much! He was one Fieser furniture! "With the last two words of this sentence, she had clearly under Proof of having learned your German in the Rhineland. She continued: "Incidentally, he was not a real German, but came from Maryland. He told me that, even though he has a German passion and mostly too completely as a German. But he treated me like a prostitute - or he wanted to do it. And the French colleagues I have for help Bat, just laughed at me. I think the French don't like Americans. I was annoyed and said we had freed them from the Nazis, but One of the French cheekily replied that our people had led to that that She wanted the Germans come back. I found that in common. " Jill's description of a fat German who was born in the American Lukowsky. He thought of Valtine. He researched: "What was the name of the fat?" She replied: "Valtine. But he expressed the name of German. I only had to do with him for a few hours, spread over two days. I should later - that Means now - work here for him. I didn't want that. But my boss existed on it. He said it wasn't easy to hire this man, he Would be important. "Jill showed a resigning gesture with both hands:" Well ... "

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Lukowsky asked: "Can you tell me anything about this Valtine?" She Shaked his head: "I only know that it has to be influential." Lukowsky nodded: "Well. We'll meet a friend of mine now. I hope he can Help them. - somehow we can do it! "The young woman smiled An unsafe smile, but there was hope.

Fischer was already waiting impatiently in front of the hotel entrance. Jill had on the Tiny back seat of the Mustang browses together. Fischer rose immediately in The car and said: "A evening, Mr. Lukowsky!" He noticed the woman, turned around, shared her hand and just introduced herself: "Peter Fischer!" - She said: "Jill." The foreign name threw a shadow over Fischer's face. He looked at Lukowsky: "Who is she?" - "An American who before her own Is people on the run, "replied Lukowsky," she is okay. "Fischer The forehead frowned: "Is your office safe?" - "at least until tomorrow," replied Lukowsky, "Cornelius would have told me otherwise." Fischer decided: "Then we drive there first. We have to probe and think through things. I want detailed information. In my private session it is definitely not possible. But I may have other options. "It was Fischer noticed that the matter was not exactly enthusiastic.

The parking lot at the office was still free. Lukowsky gave Fischer the keys: "Pass with Jill. I just move cigarettes from the machine the corner. Miss Jill already knows his way around. " Lukowsky won Fischer for the sake of 'Reval', an old German cigatette brand, whether Probably he didn't like her.

As he entered the office, the small desk lamp burned, Fischer had taken a seat behind his desk and on the phone - he spoke Spanish. Jill sat opposite him with big eyes and astonished. Fischer acted confidently Like Napoleon. After ending this phone call, he hung up, saw Lukowsky and explained: "I had to claim her phone. Miss Jill Has difficulties. But it's not a serious problem. "He turned Jill to the sitting on one of the two chairs opposite the desk. Lukowsky settled on the second. Fischer said: "Miss Jill, I own Small domicile in Garmisch-Partenkirchen. There they will be the next Spend weeks, maybe longer. I regulated that you officially arrive in Acapulco tomorrow, in a hotel on which the F.B.I. habitual

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According to one eye - or its Mexican liaison. One BND employee well known to me will play her role there, Miss Jill, Size, age and so on fit, you will accept that she would have her hair Black colored and plugged in. You will only be in that for a few hours Stay a hotel, not long enough than that civil servants from the United States could appear there; One will also assume that they stayed at least until for the next day and therefore not overturn. I know how this Procedure gentlemen. However, they quickly disappear towards Argentina, Miss Jill - that is, the friendly employee of the BND will make sure that it looks convincing. She is Mexican, and the Latin Americans is always relied. In addition, this lady is still a bit owe to me, we can be sure of your loyalty. You won't be pursuing your track. You are not an important one Target person, and if you go to Argentina, this signals that you Just have their peace and do not want to cause trouble. "Jill listened fascinated. Fischer continued: "As I said, all of this is only bluff. They leave Germany not. I need your signature and passport photos. The photos I do it myself. You won't change your appearance. The opponent expected that they do it, so they don't. In addition, I personally do not wish that you can color or cut your beautiful hair. You stay exactly the same as they are. "He reached back to the phone, chose a number and spoke in The listener: "Fischer! I'm sorry to wake her up, Erwin. - Yes - I need A birth certificate in the name ... Karola Julia Hold. Born on ... 14. 4. 1947 in Osnabrück. - - yes. - and a German passport in this name, adequately an identity card. Description: size 1.62, eyes blue, hair blond. Furthermore, a driver's license, issued in Cologne, as well as one Completion in English, issued by the University of Cologne. - Yes. - I will be with you the day after the evening. Thank you, Erwin - and good night! "He put on. Lukowsky had now also been amazed. Fischer supported the The elbows on the desk plate, put the palms together, saw Jill, then Lukowsky and Jill again, rather he explained: "From that moment on, Miss Jill, they are called Karola Hold. It is the first name of mine Mother. I just remembered. I hope you like it. - For the time being, they receive my domicile in Garmisch. There they will also be correctly police report. You can stay there as long as you like. Probably it will They like. You will be Düsseldorf and the surrounding area in the next few months

avoid. In Garmisch it is more beautiful anyway, and if you are after one Larger city should long, they don't have it to Munich. She will buy new things to dress. What else from the United States comes, leave right here. They also have one in Garmisch Car. It's just a Volkswagen, but it proves itself especially in winter very good. You will naturally settle there, get to know neighbors And so on - nothing is unusual. Fortunately, her German is very good. She will still perfect it through home studies. Care for learning material I. Your easy accent is explained by the fact that you have studied English and lived in English -speaking countries for a long time. This accent is will soon be completely gone anyway. They will be the Rhenish tone Don't get rid of it so quickly, but that doesn't matter, you studied in Cologne. I write them a resume that you will memorize - who Her parents are grandparents as they grew up - everything. To your They don't worry. I am not a very impossible man. You will be an account with Raiffeisen-Bank in Garmisch have a sufficient sum on which there is always a sufficient amount. If you are there want to stay, I will either give you translation orders Or a suitable position. I have quite good relationships with a big one Electronics company in Munich. So you do not have to endure feel. - You are in the picture? "Jill confirmed this speechlessly with an admiring nod. Fischer took the palms apart and turned Lukowsky's view: "I don't see any problems, Mr. Lukowsky. It is Just important to make things determined and not half -heartedly. I Will take a taxi now and get my car. He is in the garage of my conscious place of residence. In a good hour I am here again and Then bring Miss Karola to Garmisch. I'll be one or one and a half Days there remain a lot. Then I'll come back. I have to after Bonn to do the matter with the papers. Then drive I again to Garmisch so that everything is on the road. " Fischer put his hands flat on the table top, thought about a quarter - minute And rose: "Yes, we have not forgotten anything! There will be no difficulties." - Jill looked at Fischer like an superhuman who he may have been in some ways.

It didn't take a full hour until Peter Fischer appeared again. He took

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Jill's travel bag and asked Lukowsky: "Please eliminate the sorted out Things quickly and thoroughly! It's best to do this night. I also ask you To expect my call here tomorrow morning and what - we don't forget May: Please collect Busch from the airport. He comes with the machine at 2 p.m. 20 from Frankfurt am Main. " - Lukowsky promised to do all of this.

He accompanied Jill, who was now called Karola, and Fischer to his car. It was a Silver gray Ferrari 500! - Peter Fischer had Ernst Lukowsky that day amazed several times.

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Between night and tomorrow Lukowsky had sorted out the fishermen And to disappear certain things Jills, which was now called Karola, thoroughly eliminated. In doing so, he had tried to think just as perfectly as Fischer Would have done, and that wasn't that easy. If 'man', how Cornelius used to be expressed, actually looking for such traces, What Lukowsky seemed very unlikely, so in all places that are in Question came. So he decided to go where Heinz Kufner once handed over the flames to old car tires and it was superfluous with Jills to do things as well. The scene was a lonely heap, far and wide no observing eye. Lukowsky set the content of his Reserve bailiffs, made the necessary fire and woke up that There was nothing left of various clothes along with pearlon wigs. All that Reminded a little of childish Indian games with a forbidden campfire in Grandpa's garden. Lukowsky distributed around the fire site and made his way back to Düsseldorf. Dense fog pulled on, Lukowsky didn't drive quickly. In his thoughts he visited Fischer and Jill - Two adventurous outsiders of life, through a third of this The variety, namely him, had come together - who might know what would become of it? In any case, Miss Jill-Karola had a new one Get an opportunity and that was good.

It went to five in the morning when Lukowsky finally one in his office Coffee cooked. Since it had no purpose to sleep, he sat down in the Desk armchair, put the feet on the table and watched the sun

Stand. The sky gradually reduced. Slowly pulling clouds rose Like gray-violet veil.
The sun opened, purple and quiet.

The phone rang around seven o'clock. Fischer called from Garmisch. He said not much. He might fear that the phone could be listened to. The Lukowsky thought it was unlikely, but Fischer was in another life Get used to it, to a much more adventurous. Belonged for fishermen Such precautions are probably routine. He just said he was with a family Arrived safely and will now go on vacation. Meanwhile, may represent him a little. He should not forget to get his colleague from the airport to pick up. Nothing is about the family outing, but only, he have to do outside. He would call his colleagues in the afternoon. It is Everything in the best order. Lukowsky said that Fischer might be from Karola Have your nightmare telling you recently. He will be interested. Fischer was amazed, but said he wanted to ask about it. In any case, Fischer had overcome his hatred against everything Anglo -Saxon. Lukowsky was happy about it. After all, nothing has been good out of hatred emerged. Lukowsky played with the thought of whether the clever Peter Fischer the pretty Jill, or Karola, maybe also liked personally. Mrs. Astrid Xylander, whose image life -sized in Fischer's secret Hung on the wall was probably not available. But Karola-Jill Broken almost before admiration for her protector, nobody could overlook that. Lukowsky was a cigarette and thought that he might have worked as a coupler last night. Sometimes played Fate very stubborn games - like with him and Vera. Also this Woman was probably not available. He still dreamed of her - maybe even Not much different from Peter Fischer by Astrid Xylander. Such dreams could Be nice, even if they were out of life. Ernst Lukowsky had that learned now, as a one in medium years. Apparently that had nothing with that Age to do. His dream was so strong that there was nothing to exist Was it. He was amazed at it. In the case of Peter Fischers it liked it are different. - But maybe these were all stupid thoughts. -

Lukowsky couldn't really go into his life yet the strange events classify. He decided to ignore them as far as possible and used it In the morning to take care of the business. The one from an old customer in Viewed flight to Spain soon had to be due. Lukowsky called.

To its joy, the order was confirmed for the end of the coming week.

A little later Cornelius called and blew. The outline of the outline is not suspected that he doesn't need to worry about it make. But caution could not hurt. Lukowsky thanked And said that voice. They agreed to put together in the next few days and talk about all possible unimportant things. Perhaps also that Cornelius had something specific to say, with which he Did not want to move out the phone.

Lukowsky drove to Lohausen, towards the airport. For the first time in this Autumn was clearly noticeable year. The sun was shining, it wasn't Cold, only windy. First yellow and reddish-brown leaves blew from the one mostly green leaves of the trees and whirled over that in the wind Street paving there. They looked like small wind turbines in their movement. This was reminiscent of his childhood: wind turbines from the envelopes They had made old schoolbooks there and also over the asphalt of the streets let whisk as the first autumn wind with the fallen leaves today deed. It is strange that this memory came to him now of a time that was so far - childhood. But memories came and sometimes went like They wanted, took some tiny for the occasion to spread large and significantly at the moment, as quickly as they disappeared again. - Airplanes! They had already fascinated him back then. The Germans ME 109 and FW 190, the Japanese Zero and the Mustang of the Americans. The Junge planes, especially, which sometimes knew something like chivalrousness in the air and had formed around the legends, as well as the Famous pilots: Erich Hartmann, the most successful with 352 shots Junge pilot in history. On the last day of the war he got an opponent from heaven. Then Walter Nowotny, Werner Mölders, Heinz Bär, Walter Oesau, Jochen Müncheberg, Adolf Galland - and of course Hans Joachim Marseilles, the 'star of Africa.' There were many big names that remained unforgettable. More German fighter pilots had achieved over 100 kills than Opponent ten. That was remarkable. And yet the war was lost: Many dogs are death of the rabbit, so an old saying already taught it. But then there must have been relevant people in Germany, who did not know this saying.

Lukowsky passed the junction, which led to the parking space of the transport aircraft. That wasn't his way this time. He continued. Still Irrit colored autumn leaves over the trimming patch. Again they wander Thoughts back. There had also been quartet games with aircraft, thickness Aircraft books - and of course models, those made of plastic as well as entirely Homemade cosfolitan aircraft made of cardboard, which swelled wonderfully in the circle. They were also painted more naturally as possible. Just the one on that Hasters belonging to the tail were not allowed; That's why it had in the School once gave serious anger. As if this simple sign So dangerous is that everyone should be afraid of it. Ernst Lukowsky, Class 5 a at the time, that hadn't understood. But with this aircraft It dreams particularly well, dream of aviation adventures and the heroic struggle. He had never liked the bombers, but the little hunters who competed against the big bombers. Like Fischer, he also had as a boy of it get a lot, but not understood much. Where he in those Years of grew up with the grandparents in the country in Carinthia, he had one Experience like the fisherman was spared. He had really bad times only got to know after the end of the war when there was nothing to eat and arbitrariness ruled. The father was captured and returned late. The mother had survived the war, but not very long. Soon died too The father never healed the consequences of a really healing in captivity War injury. Ernst Lukowsky accepted relatives in the Rhineland. The Uncle had been a plane, most recently at the Arctic Ocean squadron in the far north. He sometimes told about his experiences. - that was how it was, very many years. Now these pictures sank behind this limit of forgetting.

Lukowsky was at the airport in time to pick up Busch, like Fischer him had called. Busch wanted to come via Frankfurt am Main. Lukowsky knew where he had to wait to take Busch safely.

There was not much operation at the airport. The holiday season was over, there was Hardly any vacationers, as they have in other times the airports in other times took. The private travelers were now in the minority. Accurately dressed Business people with small chicks on the hand and newspapers under the Arm determined the picture, as well as people in jeans and with sneakers. This Standed for individualists and were the most uniformed of all.

All of them somehow seemed to Lukowsky. Did you have a life? Or just an existence that might be secure, but weak and pale? The Sometimes he had asked himself, although he had nothing. A Everyone had to live their own life. He involuntarily thought of an old one Chinese tautology: 'The meaning of life is life.' Whether the kinked Götzen Mammon would understand what this meant? Hardly; And if one of them terms, it might be like Weiland the doctor Faust in his gray study room. Just that no Mephisto him would offer a pact. Lukowsky thought this thought for a moment Fixed: Had he closed a pact with Mephistopheles? Signed with blood and committed to the demonic lower world? Was bush who Should arrive right away, even his Mephisto? But the parable was not right. Ernst Lukowsky had never crouched in the dark wall of the wall like the one once Doctor Faustus, ghosts to liberate it did not need to summon, Because if there was a possession that he undeniably called his own, the Freedom. So Mephisto would have to look for others. Sacrifice would be enough for those of those today. Just liked the entrepreneurial journeyman from the dark Files the 20th century may be too unattractive. These days Hell thought else.

The 14 o'clock-20 machine had landed. All arrivals had the outcome happened. Her steps sounded over the hard floor of the airport building. Busch hadn't been among them. Lukowsky fell two waiting men Now open that pulled disappointed faces. Maybe these two also had Waited for someone who had not arrived. Busch was able to miss this plane and came with the next one. That would land in just under an hour. Lukowsky bought an X-Beliebige Zeitung; The same thing was in everyone anyway. Then he went to the cafeteria, got a coffee and waited. Time slowly passed like that always seems to be while waiting. Lukowsky flipped in the newspaper. In one of the articles, the 'consumer behavior' was complained about. The brought him to an idea: during this time hell no longer sent Mephisto from, because he had a good joke, was not a spiritless guy. In the modern present, the devil made people in empty lemurs, To: consumers! They didn't need to sign a romantic pact with blood - it was enough if they were enough to get their names under a loan contract

set. But they did not get temporary freedom, on the contrary, They quickly stuck over the ears in a dark wall hole from debts, interest and compound interest. From childhood brutal rock music hammered the People from the soul, the mind from the brain and the heart the body. The motto was called: 'You should let the sow out' and consume, consume, Something, the main thing is a lot and on pump, so that the feeling of freedom Not even up to which the debts would take care of. For that, that had The officer Ernst Lukowsky once said, was not worth fighting. He tried to look at the old Chinese saying afterwards: the Life is the meaning of life. - The nonsense of consuming is that lose yourself. - Then the hell brought plenty of harvest in this modern Time; And if it went on like this, people would soon have completely disappeared - Just consumers would populate the planet. But it was that far Not, there were others, such as Jill-Karola, Fischer and Busch, Astrid Xylander, Vera Jörgens and Ernst Lukowsky. And, who might know, maybe one day everyone would look in the mirrors in the mirror, before Disgust and learn to pronounce a very important word: no! Lukowsky put on a cigarette and folded the newspaper together. Printer blacks were soiled. It wasn't that bad. What there Printed stood the dignity of the spiritual being man - that was terrible. The view from the window showed a starting plane, another landed at the same moment: coming and walking - birth and death - end and New beginning - eternal round. He suddenly had to think of Astrid Xylander: There is a new ae. -

The 3pm-10 machine from Frankfurt am Main had arrived. Lukowsky Waited for Busch. This time he noticed: those two men who are already at Arriving of the 2 p.m. 8 p.m. And they saw Not like grandchildren who wanted to pick up her old grandma from the plane. The Torn him suspiciously, he thought of Cornelius' warnings and Fischers constant caution. Busch came with a brisk step, the bright raincoat over the arm, otherwise he wore nothing with himself. He had to see Lukowsky, but his eyes went through him and past him. This sign was clear. Lukowsky now behaved as well as he expected someone to others. From the corner of the eye, he received how the two waiting men welcomed Busch.

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men. There were no handcuffs, but it was an arrest, that was unless Doubt. 'Man,' So Lukowsky had to think of Cornelius' word, 'you' had Bush grabbed.

Lukowsky switched change when buying a cigarette and went to the next public phone machine. He chose Fischer's number in Garmisch And also reached him: "Ernst Lukowsky, she greet you, Mr. Fischer. How can you Them? - - Fine. Unfortunately not here. Busch was taken from. He came With a later plane, maybe had an idea. " Fischer didn't work Particularly worried: "I don't think you will hold bush for a long time. Did he have hand luggage with him? " - "No," Lukowsky replied, "nothing except his coat. " - "Good," said Fischer, "then there will be hardly any problems. In this way they already had me a dozen times, and also for Busch is not new. That is part of it, so to speak. But I will still alert our lawyer. Dr. Josef Delböck. Remember the name, he is in the Düsseldorf phone book. I come back the day after tomorrow. " Lukowsky asked: "What else?" - "No," Fischer replied: "Stay As inconspicuous as possible. To the day after tomorrow! " Lukowsky also said: "Bis The day after tomorrow, "and hanged one. Rested coins clinked in the return compartment.

The rest of the afternoon and the early evening Lukowsky had spent office activities, torturing the typewriter to renew various business connections. Finally, there were nine free typing errors Letters done, put in Kuverts and provided them with stamps. Also Such work was necessary, and if you didn't have a secretary, you had to do it herself.

He drove into the city, parked near the main train station, and threw the mail in the mailbox. He ate a little something in the next restaurant and strolled Then through the streets. It started to darken.

His aimless walk led in the middle of the city in the middle of the city Active side streets that only seemed to have been built as parking spaces for endless car chains. In one of the basement it had to be a discotheque give. The dull stamping of an always dull, stump -sensitive rhythm ' Wömen from there. In Lukowsky's thoughts, it formed involuntarily Pictures: The Neanderthals in his cave, always with the club on his Co -neanders. That was modern western civilization, un-

Finally every culture. Lukowsky continued in a still remote Alley. There, from the green, enlightened entrance of a semi -world melancholy music penetrated into the dark road. After a few steps, Lukowsky found, that the melodies that are not melancholy from the bar into the free urgent melodies, but were exaggerated. But it is precisely this excessive cheerfulness stuck something tragic. A thick lie tinted through the night alley. At the frog green barm entrance, over which the name 'Kakadu' was emblazoned in dazzling letters, a young couple passed by the Lying did not notice.

Suddenly Lukowsky stood in the greenish light of the cash entrance. He Hardly noticed it. His path led through the swaths of many cigarettes, Between plush portion, always the spanning cheerful music. He pushed against moving bodies, penetrated to a frog green flickering counter, moved on a bar stool and ordered from one in Rhythm of the music nodding keeper a drink, the taste of which Nothing told him. A light blonde danced in the green and purple ostrich springs Girls on a tiny stage in front of obviously grateful audience. The The girl's bright eyes testified that it was not reluctant to perform the old -fashioned dance to sounds from past days. On wavy blonde And glossy skin flashed the light of greenish headlights. The ostrich springs bobbed with every movement of the girl, which is now surprising A insert of classic top dance offered before it after deep kinks Supported the stage by applause. Several voices called: "Josi!" And still Once the applause increased. Josi stepped onto the small stage again, Known again, smiled lips with blood red and bright eyes, They looked like blue porcelain. Maybe Josi was a doll that you Was able to pull up and let dancing like the Olympics of Copelius? Then the headlights are gone. Soon they flared up again to illuminate a magician. The magician looked like a nice aged one Gigolo. But he did his job well, conjured up many dazzling silk towels From his cylinder, then paper flowers and finally, for crowning of the lecture, a white rabbit that was made of fabric on closer inspection and looked frog green under the headlights. He left flowers and towels lie the floor and the fabric rabbit - under the clapping of the audience - disappear again without a trace. Now a slim assistant and

pushed a small table with four wheels. On this The props for the further work of the magician are enthroned. Girl and table were also considered with a strong applause. The magician started Confusing game with countless glossy paper lived boxes and small ones Boxes that he put together at will and reenacted again, with some amazing miracle to look out, of filled Glasses up to raw eggs, the yolks of which are then in other glasses landed and disappeared again, which spoke to the fact that the eggs were not real eggs but magic artist tools. But it was nice.

Lukowsky felt a bite in his eyes, which was from stuffy air. The other visitors to the restaurant did not seem to disturb this or little. They laughed and applauded and apparently felt at home. Above a wide bottle wall behind the counter shone in green letters The name of the establishment: 'Kakadu'. In addition, different glued Big photos and posters on the walls that often do not fit together wanted. Reading on one of these posters: 'Alliance with Beijing brings Rescue! '. Right next to it there was the group recording of the football team by Fortuna Düsseldorf with autographs, a photo of Greta Garbo and one From Generalfeldmarschall Rommel. Karl Marx was also not missing, although this one in the 'Kakadu' did not seem to feel very comfortable, which is why he Frowned. His picture hung exactly between that of a Wehrmacht soldier With a steel helmet and heroic look and the poster of a Leopard tank. A Smaller photo of Nietzsche apparently had with the next to it Dali made friends. Then there was a film poster from 'Gone from the Winde' and Next to it a poster that John Wayne showed with a pulled Colt. The other Half of the wall shared Zarah Leander, Heinz Rühmann and Hans Albers. In A distant corner was allowed to fight a bull and grass a porsche over artificial paper. On the wall opposite, behind the stage, Hung a survival -sized portrait of Brigitte Bardot, beautiful and gold - framed, Like that of a national mother. There was a proud samurai next to her. Countless small and small pictures were added, which are only conceivable presented. As colorful as this gallery worthy of a cacadu, turned out to be also the audience. From the minor girl to the old man, everyone was Generations equally represented, you could sparkling wine or sparkling water Drinking, discussing the most contradictory opinions or simply silent

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Zen. - In the 'Kakadu' there was peace between all diversity. Lukowsky looked around again - a remarkable restaurant. -

The illusionist had completed his day's work. Five young men moved now stand on stage. Four instrumentalists and a singer. This lecture started with some stretched tones of the clarinet. Then came the drums and finally the two guitars before the singer a sad song of there was that returned to an Italo-Western.

"Have I never seen you here?" spoke a bright, slightly tipped Voice to Lukowsky. She belonged to a pretty stubic girl. - "That's right," replied Lukowsky: "I am here by chance." - "So," said The girl only, and sipped on a champagne glass, hung her head in her hands And the bare elbows on the counter. Dark blonde hair lifted over the mere upper arms. After a while the girl turned the supported head: "Do you know someone here?" - "No," Lukowsky replied, "Nobody." The girl worked the eyelids and slowly opened again. Greens Eyes looked out under long, shady eyelashes. The girl said: "There is another one who is strange here. He always looks over. Don't you know? " It almost seemed as if new guests were in the 'Kakadu' undesirable. Lukowsky peeked into the haunted space. At a table entirely in A slim straw blond man was sitting around thirty. His face looked like that of a big boy. He was wearing an elegant light Men's suit. The girl said: "He came after them and then got there set. I have the impression that he wants something from them. Maybe that is Schönling yes gay? " She shook her demonstratively: "Igitt!" - The man whom the girl called a beautiful thing made one Quite male and by no means unappealing impression. Lukowsky Didn't know him, he had certainly never seen him.

The music was now limited to a single guitar. The singer was disappeared. He came back with a small C trumpet. Trumpet and Guitar gave the 'Alamo' melody to the best, very sensitive, sadly beautiful. The stubnant girl got up and said: "I'm tired. Good good Night." Lukowsky also wished: "Good night!" Lukowsky saw the graceful girl figure behind despite slight drunkenness A curtain disappear next to the counter. Guilted became audible as

Find a wooden bead curtain behind the fabric. Lukowsky asked that Keeper: "Does she live here?" - The man behind the bar put on: "Who? - Oh yes, The Miss. - Yes. There is a pension at the top. But it is not part of the Kakadu. Would you like a specialty? " He handed a high, narrow glass full Green liquid. Lukowsky said: "Thank you. Zyankali with woodruff in Stronium 90 swiveled? " - The keeper laughed: "Try!" - The musician left the podium under applause. The drummer alone remained with His instruments to accompany a pianist from then on, whose piano the stage was pushed. In the pianist, Lukowsky recognized the magician who now began to play a tango, which the drummer also seemed to find special fun, because he occasionally called "bravo" in the smoky air. Now came Josi, now in a tight -fitting black Dressed, along with a violin and incorporated into the tango. The mood In 'Kakadu' rose. The illusionist pianist hit the keyboard and the illusionist pianist Mixed improvised cads into the melody. Different guests clapped, Others danced with a laugh or giggling. The places on the tables and the counter emptied. Almost all those present pushed to the dance floor. Lukowsky paid His colliery and went.

Lukowsky remained short in front of the frog green exit of the 'Kakadu' stand and breathed deeply. The strange atmosphere of this unusual bar still echoed like the tango sounds through the open front door.

The pedestrian traffic lights on the corner of Berliner Allee and Graf-Adolf-Straße just switched to red. Lukowsky was waiting. Then he noticed next to him the handsome straw blonde man, whom the girl had called a beautiful thing in the bar. He looked at him. The man smiled. Lukowsky asked Geradeheraus: "Is that a coincidence?" The man from the bar shook his head: "No. My name Is Hugo white. We should change a few quiet words. " Lukowsky asked: "Why should we think that?" Hugo white Smiled again: "Because I want it - with a certain right, like you then be experienced. " The pedestrian traffic light switched to green, they crossed The street side by side. Lukowsky asked: "I would like to find out beforehand." - "Good," said Weiß: "I am on behalf of Antonietta Alotti. Does that speak for itself? " Lukowsky looked at the younger man and said: "There is a quiet China restaurant over there." Knows. They went Wordlessly side by side. Something came to mind Lukowsky: a man

Vera Jörgens had searched for the Hotel Mondial when she was instead it met him; And he had stopped believing in such things in such things. They reached the restaurant that Lukowsky meant and went into it. Lots of operation was not. They sat on a quiet table with a view of one Chinese miniature landscape full of porcelain figures and a tiny Spring fountain in the middle. A friendly smiling young Chinese came immediately to inquire about her wishes. They ordered coffee, plum wine and desired tunes. When the waitress had moved away Lukowsky turned on the man opposite him and said with a requesting gesture: "Well? - Talk!" - Hugo Weiß replied and said: "I would like to know something about you first ..." - "No," waved Lukowsky from: "First you tell you who you are and what you want!" Hugo White smiled. His smile almost had the same expression as that nice Chinese waitress. Hugo Weiß said: "As I said, I represent the interests of Miss Antonietta Alotti." - "That means?" asked Lukowsky: "Are you a lawyer?" - the blond man increased His smile as if he just liked something. "Yes," he almost vividly replied: "This is how you could express it: I am a lawyer! Not a doctoral juris - but still in a way a lawyer! I represent the interests of mine Clients, and that very dutiful. " Lukowsky was a cigarette: "Then you do that in which you become concrete." Hugo Weiß seemed one For a moment to think about how he should best explain his cause. Finally he began: "Miss Alotti's father recently died." A lurking look mingled in Hugo Weiß 'constant-friendly smile: "As you should not be unknown." He put a little break again one and then easily tended: "Miss Alotti has the cause of the To take care of their late father's legacy. There are reasons from which she has to count on it from the authorities no such fair To be able to expect procedural way. " Hugo Weiß actually did not formulate Much different than a lawyer would have done: "The background is: Her late father, Mr. Domenico Alotti, belonged during the second World War II to the circle of axis loyal Italian officers, which until the end stood on the side of Germany. Since Italy after the overthrow of the Duc War resigned, these officers should have surrendered. You did it but not. For loyalty as for ideological reasons. Thereby gotten it into a legal conflict that naturally affected after the end of the war.

Also ... "Hugo Weiß showed a gesture that apparently the Roman greeting should indicate, who also had brought in Germany: "Alotti was of This currently very unpopular faculty. - Do you understand? " - The nice Chinese waitress served. "In any case, so much that if Mr. Alotti had had fortune, this could be confiscated?" Knows. "For example! But it doesn't work Just about substantial assets, but also and even more about ideals: Souvenirs, little things that are important for his daughter. The authorities claim certain things my client from her father's legacy open in all cases, there are no. It can be, that's lied - it It may also be that it corresponds to the truth. This particularly affects one Silver engraving from the German Middle Ages and various jewelry objects from the Italian Renaissance. These are heirs the family. Most of the substantive value would be Mr. Alotti's collection of stamps: altitals and old Germany. The value is considerable. " White His eyes were calm and expectant in Lukowsky's eyes. It was that Look of a man who is used to achieving his goals. Lukowsky replied openly: "I was looking for Mr. Alotti. The front door was open. He was open Wasn't there. Everyone could have gone in and steal everything they wanted. I didn't touch anything. " Hugo Weiß supported the elbows on the table and put the fingertips of the well -groomed hands against each other: "I think that Them. It was not my intention to accuse them of the theft of how they will probably have also taken from the kind of my speech. I have over Made it knowledgeable, as far as possible. What I expect from you - Request! - are possible indications of other people who are in question Feel less old -fashioned than you and I - say: less honest. " Lukowsky involuntarily thought of Busch. He absolutely had himself want to look around in Alotti's house, as Fischer put it. Meanwhile spoke Hugo continues: "Even if the front door is open to the open, dignity it was hardly possible to a thief, also a clever, to bring the objects said to them because they were excellently hidden. Domenico Alotti knew what could be expected - and he It was certainly a clever, extremely prudent man. " Weiß remembered the now cold-becoming wun tuning soup, but pushed them aside and took Just a sip of coffee: "No, no, nobody came up with these things Not from Alotti himself knew where they were hidden - or possibly everything syst.

At the Atisch Searching Specialists. " - Lukowsky asked: "Who would have been can?" Now the man smiled towards him and leaned back: "Mr. Lukowsky! Why, you think it was my wish to go with you talk? Do you have no idea who would be considered?" Lukowsky did sugar in His coffee, moved, took time. Finally he replied: "In Toulon gave It was a boy named Thanner who wanted to come me stupid. He had A C.I.A. ID card in the pocket. " Hugo Weiß put an doubtful expression On: "I heard of it; that means: from the C.I.A. background, from the person I didn't know the Mr. Thanner yet. Still - I think we have to think of a personal familiar Domenico Alottis, and there is Not many. " The men saw themselves in silence for half a minute to. Then Lukowsky said: "I will listen to myself. Where can you be reached?" The other smiled: "Nowhere in the rich - everywhere and nowhere! If you are right, I call them - do we say the day after tomorrow?" Lukowsky suddenly recalled the expression, 'everywhere and nowhere', and in the strange emphasis on it, the Cornelius replied where the 'bad' had their headquarters: 'Nowhere in the country. Everywhere and nowhere, 'Cornelius had returned. Lukowsky said: "It is right for me." Hugo Weiß showed a satisfied, behavior-related smile. He put money on the table and rose: "Thank you For your time, Mr. Lukowsky! Unfortunately I have to break up, the obligation calls today still other places after me. To the day after tomorrow! "

Lukowsky had made up for an efficient meal before he went to his neighborhood - so as not to do the nice Chinese waitress. This Obviously noticed that, and until then only a nice traditional Smile suddenly radiated warmth. Lukowsky had people Get to know and appreciate East Asia when he was commissioned once for a while a Japanese customer flew between Taiwan and Singapore. Always when he The people of these cultures that were so strange and yet admirable, it was as if there was a silent, very close connection. The American co-pilot, on the other hand, always felt strange there. Zen okada, be At the time, client from Kioto had meant that maybe there was an ancient Mysterious relationship between Germans and Asia. Zen okada Had lived in Düsseldorf for a long time; He knew the two worlds. Asia - strange - Lukowsky did not appear strange. He took care of HSÜ-Shui again

To visit once, the owner of the small China shop in Breitestrasse, with which he had been chatting for many hours. He still thought about that a little after. Hugo Weiß, this strange journeyman, that of 'everywhere and Nowhere came, it didn't work on that night. But he took to ask Cornelius whether the name is somehow known.

The sheet metal alarm clock on the desk, a counterpart to the even more bulging specimen in the back of the living room, showed a quarter after eight. Lukowsky was just in the process of incorporating the first coffee of this new day than The doorbell rang. Lukowsky went through the hallway and opened. A postman was at the door and held Lukowsky a package: "An urgent package," said The postman impatiently and explained: "I am banned from stopping." Lukowsky found a few of the remaining coins, which he was involved in the long -distance discussion Fischer had substituted and gave it to the postman. He called: "Thank you!" And hooked the stairs down to his vehicle that was banned.

Lukowsky closed the door, went to his study and placed the medium -sized package on the desk. It was extremely sloppy packed, so as someone would have done it, who was either very sloppy or in very much Big hurry. The latter seemed to be correct. The package had the sender 'F. Busch, Hotel Corona, Düsseldorf ', but was at the airport post office in Frankfurt am Main. It was not difficult to do it on it to make suitable rhyme. Lukowsky opened the package. It was at the top of it Note with the handwritten words: "Please ensure well! Busch." Apparently Busch had hastily packed these things together and abandoned at the airport post office in Frankfurt am Main. He may have missed his plane. He had probably suspected that he had the in Düsseldorf false people could receive. Lukowsky didn't like in foreign things Browse, but the encounter with Hugo Weiß the day before this package had this package in appear a special light. The content of Domenico Alotti's house in Toulon probably came. The package contained what Hugo had spoken of: three stamps Albums, a big and two smaller ones. Then several boxes, the Lukowsky closed. The conscious pieces of jewelry were presumably.

In between there was a stiff cardboard box with a diary -like Records in German, dated to 1862. An oval was striking Silber plate that at first glance looked like a tray that was too small. Hugo also mentioned this. The plate was engraved on both sides. The front showed a beautiful woman with long -running Hair, probably a goddess, over a strange figure that one Male-female double head, reminiscent of a Januskopf from afar. Above the top of the double head, at the same time approximately at the level of the Nabels of the goddess, which were emblazoned above, was inserted a small mountain crystal. A braid went from the female half of the head, which the double head like a pillar. To the right of this was a knight's cross and a snake on the left Or flash -shaped structures. The image of women towered over all of this, which was Not immediately Astrid Xylander's goddess, but still slightly another Display form of this could be. The engravings on the other side were bizarre and incomprehensible. Apparently indiscriminately compiled lines, arches, circles, ellipses and points of very different sizes. In between, there was a tiny sign, perhaps also a strange columns of numbers. While the silver plate itself and the goddess picture the front was visibly old, the engravings on the back seemed to have been added later, Lukowsky almost won the Impression of an encrypted technical drawing. This silver plate with engraving had been taken into a newspaper. As Lukowsky The package packed up again, noticed that the newspaper was old. One Edition of the Vatican Blame 'Osservatore Romano' from 1966. Probably something was that Busch thought was significant. Lukowsky took his knowledge of Italian, reinforced by the remains of the Latinum, and leafy. The only interesting thing seemed to him to be a reference to it, Pope John XXIII. I left remarkable prophetic verses. Some Of these were reproduced, and in one it was said that the winners of the second World War I would ultimately be the losers and the losers the winners. Lukowsky thought that Fischer should be happy about it and made one Photocopy of this article. It was a try to try whether the silver plate could also be photographed. He would like to have the picture at the next opportunity Astrid Xylander shown. The clearing was done quite well. He leafed into that Strange diary and copied the first pages from it. Then he put

Busch's package together again and considered where to go. "Ensure well," Busch had asked for, and maybe that was necessary. After the youngest Events had also become suspicious of many of Lukowsky. The appearance of the elegant Lord Weiß also attracted attention. However: the content of the package was undoubtedly Alotti's daughter, and This should also receive all of this; Lukowsky stuck to take care of this before. Mr. Busch was most likely nothing of it. Lukowsky initially opted for the most banal but probably because of this probably the safest solution: Rent a banking subject in the name of the company. The stamp albums certainly represented a significant value, and other objects in the Package as well. Lukowsky remembered that Vera also name the name Antonietta Alotti had mentioned and knew this. Thanks to Cornelius' dossier, had Lukowsky her address in Munich. Maybe Busch would not like it, but Alotti's daughter should get her property completely, she and never- Mand elsewhere, also no gentleman of 'everywhere and nowhere'.

After renting a Tresorfach at the 'Deutsche Bank' and the package Had stowed there, at Lukowsky in the China restaurant, in which he had been the previous evening, at noon and then went to the office. He considered Calling Cornelius, but decided to see it personally. After all, the police headquarters were located directly on the other side of the street.

Lukowsky experienced a surprise in the police headquarters. His question about Mr. Cornelius called out an almost shy astonishment. The older official In the porting lodge asked: "In what matter do you want to speak to Mr. Cornelius? Reinhard Cornelius?" Lukowsky claimed: "It's about one unexplained aircraft crash. I represent a private transport airline. " The official in the glazed lodge looked at him doubtfully: "And that's why you want to speak to Mr. Cornelius? Was the aircraft in question in Military mandate? " - "No," replied Lukowsky, "that had nothing to do with military matters." The officer in the porting lodge looked at him thoughtfully from underneath by armored glass. In the background a younger policeman, armed with MPI. The older one said: "Please wait a moment. How is your name?" Had all suddenly Lukowsky the feeling of stinging into an extremely dangerous wasp nest at the first wrong emotion. It was not a pleasant feeling. He called His name and waited, although he would have preferred to go back quickly. It

It took less than five minutes when a perhaps forty -year -old civil servant appeared in Civil and said: "Hello! You are Mr. Lukowsky? I am a senior inspector Großmann. Are you looking for Mr. Cornelius? " Lukowsky replied: "If he were there, I would have liked to visit him. He's not there?" - "No," said senior inspector Großmann, "Mr. Cornelius has an office in the presidium, but His main agency is not here. It is best to leave your personal details, Mr. Cornelius will surely contact you. " - "Not necessary," Lukowsky replied: "I know how I can reach him." This seemed to put the senior inspector in an insecure astonishment. Lukowsky noticed that he was still very close to the thick, dangerous To push wasp nest. Everything in him advised to disappear confidently as quickly and at the same time. He said, "Thank you for your effort!" He gave the senior inspector's hand, the farewell was quick and simple. Without looking around and without any recognizable hurry, Lukowsky left the police headquarters. He felt the following looks of Mr. Senior Inspector A thousand needles in the back. The name Cornelius had a amazing one Effect triggered. It was probably dealing with things that were outside ordinary police work. Lukowsky rarely had the smell of the Feeling danger as directly as during the past few minutes.

Back in the office, he took the phone and chose the number that Cornelius had given him as that of his office. It was a number with extension. Lukowsky let out the last two figures and chose Instead, a zero to come to the headquarters and to find out which institution reported there. But it didn't work. He tried again this time with one one instead of zero. That didn't work either. So the whole number - Cornelius went on. Lukowsky said: "Day Lord Cornelius. I just wanted to visit her in the police headquarters, but there The gentlemen reacted very strange. " Cornelius was silent for two seconds And then said: "That was not a good idea either. - want to inquire, there is nothing serious. " Lukowsky did not go into but asked: "Tell you the name Hugo knows something? So around thirty, Maybe also in the mid -thirties, but very young, big, blonde, cultivated Appear?" - "Not spontaneously," replied Cornelius, "but I listen to myself. Let's talk in the evening after 9 p.m. Call from an inn to." Lukowsky said to realize that Cornelius doesn't speak much at the moment

wanted or could, said: "Good," and put on. He looked at the phone that Now standing still on the desk: a little secret strap made of gray Hard plastic with a little electronics in the stomach. Perhaps this good one had Get uninvited participants in the meantime. The strange impressions multiply. Gradually, Lukowsky, Fischer's view of the To be able to empathize with things: the unpredictable pond from all corners And crack. He rummaged out the bank locking documents and stuck them Velvet the key in a envelope. With 'Wellmeyers 1A used car' would Certainly nobody searches for it. Lukowsky opened to the envelope there to be stored. There could be no safer place than this. May the Car dealers also cheat on every customer to line and thread, outside of the He was quite honest, even for convenience.

In the evening Lukowsky called out a pub in Cornelius' nosy road its private number. Cornelius was there and first explained: "I couldn't talk well earlier. You probably noticed. To your special Busch: It soon jumps around in the wild. I still think today. Oh well. As much as I got away from it, he is a hard nut. A few people who almost need the psychiatrist. " Lukowsky threw in: "I don't know that exactly. - What about the boy named Hugo White?" - Cornelius laughed: "No. But under the description of the person Hugo black, green and brown. - This is not a joke! " - "And?" asked Lukowsky. Cornelius replied: "Nothing tangible. The Hugo appeared Colorful - as I call it now - in different places. If the same is. Merano, Klagenfurt, Vienna, Munich, Cologne, Berlin, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Brussels, Paris, Dublin, maybe somewhere else, I don't know. Everywhere there were one-two unacceptable deaths on the edge. Can, must but not related. Also in no way sure that it always Man was. Does not give him anywhere. No police report, never In a hotel. Funny. - What do you have to do with that? " Lukowsky said: "Maybe nothing at all. I got to know him in a bar. He said open A strange cryptic way, he comes from 'everywhere and nowhere'. The Reminded me of something they once said. " A little break was created. Then Cornelius noticed in thoughtful voice: "So, so ..., see to ... " Lukowsky asked: "What does that mean? " - "Nothing at the moment," Cornelius replied, "give me more time. We're talking about it at the end of the Week on. "

Lukowsky came a strange dream that night: there was a Glittering starry sky, as clear as it did not exist over the big city. On the right, a moon of unusually green appearances stood. It was warm almost humid. The view of the quiet starry sky was very nice, but Despite the clarity, none of the familiar constellations could be recognized. Of the Green appearance coming up to the strange moon increased, and now it was too A gentle-hilly horizon recognizable-as if he appeared out of nowhere. Then said Lukowsky to hear the patient voice of Astrid Xylanders: "Look, this is the green country ... the green country ... the green country ..." he Locked the words that faded out like a quiet echo. And then Suddenly the oval silver disc above the horizon - huge large - And the picture of the goddess in it was that said: "The timeless eternity and the Spatial infinity includes the green country, and in it is everything, What has space and time. " Then the mountain crystal began over the double head To shine - like a light green sun - and the female voice said: "The have overcome, overcome ...! Who have overcome, overcome ...! " -

A shrill noise suddenly disturbed the miraculous atmosphere, the pictures disappeared. The noise remained. Lukowsky woke up: the phone! He Got a look at the lamps of the Weckers - 3 a.m. 10 - and went into Office where the phone rang on the desk constantly. He took the Hörer: "Yes?!" - Busch was on: "Did you get my show? housed? " Lukowsky said: "Yes! Where are you?" - "in 'corona'. I let me go for two hours: survey ended fruitlessly! What the hell! - I found a message from Freund Fischer that he was traveling. That's why I want to meet her. Not with you, not here. Do you have one Suggestion?" Lukowsky considered: "Are we going a walk?" - Busch joyfully agreed: "An excellent thought, yes! Expect me At the Königsallee corner of Graf-Adolf-Straße. In half an hour. " Lukowsky said: "In order," and put on. He got dressed, thought about whether he should insert the revolver - his gun license was still valid - said But that would not be necessary. When he broke off, his gaze struck over the Desk. There were the photocopies that he was from the silver plate and from the Had made a diary. Lukowsky took the goddess's image. He looked at it for a moment, tried to reflect. But the dream Now seemed unspeakably far away and also unimportant. Lukowsky

Remove the leaves in a desk drawer, took cigarettes and matches, took off the light - and left his office.

At this hour there was no difficulty in directly opposite the taxi rank the corner of Kö to find a parking lot. Soon a taxi slowed down. Busch got out And came to Lukowsky's Mustang. He opened the passenger door and let himself be in the low seat with the words Fall: "It was a good idea of you, dear Mr. Lukowsky, a walk on the moonlight! Slanting idea! Good afternoon!" Busch worked Sliced, but still in no bad shape. He stretched his head and Peek out of the car window: "Actually: moonlight! Only a crescent moon - but romantic!" Lukowsky went on and said: "Greetings, Mr. Busch. You have to have a huge success behind you, as well as you are in a mood. " - "I have, I have!" confirmed Busch and threw his merged together Coat back: "The trap for the old fox is not yet invented! Imagine: these lousy tölpel of state protectors thought they Could intimidate me first and then sew in! No, no, mine Gentlemen, neither one nor the other! " Lukowsky steered towards Bergisches Land. - "Ooch," Busch stretches: "Only knock on the bush. Literally, so to speak. You knew, or suspected that I was still in our friend Alotti Haus was. In which the mills grind more slowly than with ours. When they arrived, I was already going. However: it was about hours! " - "Want I told me, "asked Lukowsky," what was there so exciting in Alottis? " - "O yes!" Busch replied lively: "What I found and brought with me have! I gave it up in Frankfurt am Main by post as you know, otherwise it would be now gone! The stamps alone are playing a quarter of a million when it comes to no longer. Alotti has a daughter. She would never see anything of it if I it would not have been sure. " That Busch on his own is the lawful Inherited, was Lukowsky dear, it made a lot easier. He asked: "Why Actually, the authorities of Alotti's daughter should withhold their legal legacy. " - "Why?" Busch threw Lukowsky astonishing: "Because Our friend Alotti was such a dreamy idealist like our friend Fischer One is people who still want to win the war and improve the world, overcome capitalism and more such stupidity, more, Bring humanity and blessing ... you don't make you popular with that,

My dear Mr. Lukowsky, believe me! - I personally do not believe World experiences. The people who want to bring paradise usually bring The hell. It started with Lykrug in the old Sparta and planted with Marx and Hitler continued in the present. And even Christianity, what did it bring? Culture devastation and Inquisition! No, no, believe an old one Mann: It is still best to take the little people as a small human being full of mistakes, as they are. Napoleon Bonaparte was A big, clever man, and what did he do? A big, stupid War! No thanks! Our governments are really not good for them - whether they Germans, the French, the American, all parties, that applies to everything Like: Lauter small, selfish, corrupt human beings full of errors. But more Don't you want to be at all, just that waves yourself to the full and comfortably life. That is why they are not dangerous. Everything is very simple! I confess I am a piece of this world - I just want money! " He giggled over his Random rhyme and concluded: "My goal is to the last year of my life to enjoy in peace and prosperity. I am thinking of a nice possession in Salzkammergut, a car with driver - Bentley or Mercedes - the bare essentials of staff, and then indulge in a little nature and culture! " He turned Again the view of Lukowsky and emphasized: "You see how honest I am! Confess me to the flat materialism! As long as I'm fine, it is me The rest around me doesn't matter. I got along well with the Nazis Without being one, I get along well with the Democrats without being one, It would be no different with the communists, and if tomorrow the Mars people take over the power, I would also get out with them without one to be!" Busch continued to speak: "You can do that without character call, ok! It's true! But ... "He brought out a cigar and stuck it:" The valuables belong to the Alotti girl, it should all have. I get my prey somewhere else. I just want a few of the things Only take a close look. Where did you have them? " - "In the company's bank," Lukowsky replied. Busch nodded satisfied: "That is not Bad, yes, that's even very good! " They had left the densely built -up urban area behind. Lukowsky drove Not fast, it was a peaceful night walk. The crescent moon stood in the sky, only a few stars could be seen, but the touch of one Grünen Schimmers seemed to climb over the horizon for a moment. Lukowsky remembered - as if he heard of it many hundred years ago

Had: "The green country." He had expressed the words in a half without it this would have become aware of this. Busch noted: "How do you get it?" Lukowsky asked: "What?" - "The green country!" Busch pushed: "How Do you come to this term now? " Lukowsky took a cigarette and from: "This is the Bergisches Land - Bergisches Land - Green Country - One Association." Busch gave him an doubtful look: "My dear friend Lukowsky! Do you want to try to overtoll the old Fuchs Busch now? I rather assume that our friend Fischer told you about it about this Myth of the green land. " - "No," said Lukowsky: "It just felt that way to me in the sense. " And he truthfully added: "In a dream, I think, said one voice at night: 'The Green Country.' "He turned his eyes and Busch smiled at: "It's the truth!" - Busch did not replace the smile He suddenly looked serious and thoughtful: "I believe you!" - Now research Lukowsky: "How do you think is that - the green country? Because they seem to eat a special meaning. " - "Yes And no, "Busch replied seriously:" It is like this: According to the myth, the green is Land a way of surviving in which all other worlds, on this side, our cosmos, And beyond, many, many, are quasi embedded. The belief in it comes from the old Mesopotamia and Persia. I don't have that to things like that correct access. You would have to ask fishermen about it, that is more of his profession, I just have what I know about it. " Busch grazed cigar cutter in the Ashbecher at the center console: "What so thoughtfully me That's right, my dear Lukowsky ... I don't think anything about occultism and Such - although there may be fascinating pages. Significant Personalities have dealt with it. But I know this Term also in a different context, I want to tell you that: If this green country exists, so there are completely different spheres than our cosmos, in which it is embedded ... "Busch interrupted and started again from another side: "You see, Mr. Lukowsky, it gave the idea, for example around 1943/44, to build over -fast aircraft with which themselves distant stars could be achieved without any noteworthy problems. The idea It was very easy if it succeeded in overcoming our laws of nature on this side and, so to speak, ... "Busch showed some doubts:" To a certain extent flying through the beyond There are completely different natural laws - just through the said green country. " He waved off: "But that's all dreaming! And they are not the man, seems

me to add mystical dreams. So it amazed me to do this to hear me from her mouth only known to me by Freund Fischer. But let's leave that! " Lukowsky noticed that Busch was not these thoughts wanted to continue to follow. Lukowsky said: "Maybe they tell me why They absolutely wanted to meet me in the middle of the night. " - "Yes, yes!" made Busch, as if he'd think of it again: "I want you to do it ask - actually at two. " He interrupted and said after a little one Pause: "That is true, but above all I didn't feel like being alone now Or to crouch in a bar somewhere. My nerves have a lot have to endure so that I longed for the feeling, with friends be." He puffed it with his cigar and then became more lively again: "But too My requests to you. The first is not in the past. You are connected to this Cornelius. I want to talk to him occasionally. But under special conditions that want to be arranged. Can you move it to a meeting on neutral soil? It could be a quiet inn, somewhere on City beach, well manageable. I have to be sure that the man without colleagues appears. " Lukowsky said: "He would most likely They run after him without his knowledge. But I think he was skillful that he would remember. " - "Good!" Busch puffed on his cigar: "Then please thread that a. With diplomacy, without recognizable hurry. This Cornelius is worth gold be." Lukowsky noticed: "He will also want to have some." Busch laughed: "Yes? That makes him likeable. Well, well! We give him money!" bush Water his thread: "I don't want to have it with me, Mr. Lukowsky, This Cornelius should not get the feeling of being squeezed between two people. It always speaks best in four eyes. I can Tell them right away what I am about: he should spy, in permanent! I would like to know as well as possible what you now know about us, What you suspect and accept what the state of affairs is - always up to date. If the man works, we will be one step ahead at any time. The second: When the fools knew me, they brought me to one Trace that we all didn't know about yet. " He raised a hand and showed A restrictive gesture: "That means: maybe it's a trace. It must be one Give the ruin, or rather, a dilapidated building. Has only a few years stood. Was an engineering office with a small test workshop. With it it has to have something on it. I know what the company was called, but not yet where she was. In twenty -four hours, at the latest, I will know that.

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I just create old industry address books and look. What there It is interesting - I have no idea! But it has to be on it with this house. Certain domestic and foreign institutions are looking for something there And can't find it - apparently. It should be with that part of our cause Relationships that Fischer's part is. He should also do it have. I am only interested in the further track - or, if the dull mammon so spurned by fishermen can be found there, just this. You are young and strong, Mr. Lukowsky, you will do it! It is important that you look at the basement. Maybe there is one Secret course. Really scary! It will be because she have to go there at night and fog, dear Lukowsky. The terrain becomes Certainly guarded, if probably not particularly strict. Despite it: You can't catch them! I assume that we are nothing special discover. But later I don't want to accuse myself of any failure Our esteemed opponents asked me too intensely for that. They are Still behind the last secret weapons of the empire, and it is for them scary that they cannot find them. There ... "Busch emphasized:" There works It about what should fly through the green country in question! Maybe that's what Not everything at all, but that doesn't calm down as long as they definitely don't knowledge." Busch grinned pleasantly: "I was able to take the opportunity Throw a false bite on which you are capable of swallowing yourself like!" Lukowsky asked: "If I should browse around in a ruin at night, you can at least give me a clue what in Case of the case would be found? " Busch was amazed: "I said that: one Secret course! Or something similar. I meant that as I was said. What we are looking for, my dear Mr. Lukowsky, is under the ground, In one of a total of three, four or five hidden systems that had been built or completed between the end of 1943 and early 1945 must be. Not from official bodies, otherwise our opponents would be after The war came up because there would have been bureaucratic files somewhere. No, this story was a private initiative, secret As a secret - because on all sides. And there is no doubt that this is not a fairy tale. It would now be possible that people who have themselves Known, your house and the workshop built over one of these systems had and also knew access. Even if it were so and we would still not be said that it would be one of those two

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The facilities we are looking for is. We could also be unlucky and just a few Find rotted remains of semi -finished planes. But it could be different. Especially now after the interrogation, I don't think the opponent knows where he has to search. But ... "Busch made a gesture with both hands: "You will see! For them it will be a very nice little adventure, and Don't be caught. " - "I hope," said Lukowsky. - "Yes," Busch started again: "It is fine that we met. Nocturnal walking was very good for me. Since Peter Fischer is not present otherwise, I would have had to sit around my thoughts, because to the I didn't feel like sleeping yet. But now the tiredness comes, it Everything important is said. " Busch cranked the side window a gap and threw his cigar stub outside: "It is necessary for us to do things Accelerate, dear Mr. Lukowsky! And it is also necessary, from now on very To be very mindful, even more than before! "

On the way back, Buch had only spoken about irrelevant things in the chat tone. A few hundred meters in front of the 'Corona' hotel, he had Lukowsky settled and went on foot.

When Lukowsky got back to his neighborhood, the Birds of the young day and in the sky the first shimmer of the morning pulled on. The crescent moon was still clearly visible, and Lukowsky thought: 'That Green Land '...

Fischer called in the early morning. He was on the way to Düsseldorf, in Garmisch would be fine, he had already phoned with Busch. In the In the evening you should sit down. Whether Lukowsky in his office will be. Lukowsky said he would, and so they remained.

Lukowsky used the further day, about one machine for the next Week to take care of the upcoming flight to Spain. One of the Air Force Discarded 'Nord Atlas' offered itself, the French replica of a German construction, which is essentially from war. The dignity be available from Tuesday, just in time. The necessary pre -financing was to regulate. It worked with oh and noise, but it went. Then someone else had to play the co-pilot. -

When the evening approached, most of it was done. Lukowsky came up with the idea of

Call at Wenzl. He actually showed interest to agree to each other for next Monday morning. Lukowsky had brought all of this back into his usual everyday life, once again nothing of adventurous Stories, nothing of magical suns, secret wonder weapons or that Green country; All of this could be forgotten easily and without regret. Not forgotten, Vera Jörgens could be forgotten. Again and again Ernst Lukowsky had to go to her think whether he wanted or not. She might be in a distant place in one other country, for him it was close. However, the feeling of fear Having had to be gone. On the contrary, the great, quiet feeling had spread in him that Vera always does the right one in her clever way would, better than he could. So the thought of Vera had become an anchorage of certainty - in an inexplicable way. And at the right moment, he thought he would feel that she would also be there, look at him And speak to him - Vera, whose name meant 'the true'. -

Vera Jörgens, Astrid Xylander - now possibly still Antonietta Alotti - what Did this woman have to do with all of this? For the first time, Lukowsky thought about it Distance after. He was sitting at his desk. Through the large high windows If he saw the sun going down behind the roofs of the city. Vera had searched Hugo white, the man of 'everywhere and nowhere.' Why? Did she also need one - 'lawyer'? Probably, and that was now serious Lukowsky. Fortunately. Or if Hugo would have known her better can? This straw blonde guy with the calm and cool, but not cold look? Lukowsky tried to remember what color the eyes had this man. He couldn't think of it, just: very quiet and cool they were not like that of a young person; A strange contrast. So Vera had searched for it - probably. Most of the other actors of the action were known to her; Busch and Fischer - and Valtine, their enemy. But Likewise Alotti and his daughter. Did Vera also knew Astrid Xylander? Lukowsky no longer seemed impossible. In any case, these two women would certainly have understood themselves very well. - Lukowsky didn't go one thought More out of their heads: Not Vera Jörgens, the officer's daughter Canaris - from 'everywhere and nowhere? But no! She had a story, one Past, a fate. Vera stood on the edge of the event, maybe Also about it, but not in the middle.

The ringing of the phone called him back into the moment.

Fischer was on it, said that in half an hour he and Busch would come. Lukowsky went into the kitchen and put on coffee. Three of the four of the four Available cups were clean.

Fischer and Busch were in good spirits. Busch because he is as soon as possible Alotti's house -born things to browse, and because of fishermen the reference to the dilapidated technical company, which, as the two had now found out, was in Swabia near Crailsheim. At Lukowsky's desk they discussed their next plans Studied cards in the auto atlas and determined procedures. Fischer showed decided to carry out the excursion itself. Lukowsky's role was Not much more than that of a host, and he found that quite pleasant. After an hour and a half, his guests ended their war council. Fischer asked: "Mr. Lukowsky, would you like to accompany me on my exploration trip? There is no need for that, but maybe you have nothing else? " - "If you don't need me," replied Lukowsky, "I would rather take care of my shops here. You will can imagine that I also have something to do. " Fischer nodded: "I see that." Busch said to Fischer: "I'll come with me!" Fischer folded the Completed car card together and clamped the atlas under the arm: "Well. Then, I think, we all see each other again the day after the evening." bush Lifted a index finger: "We will then be the things from Alotti's house in Take a look! " Fischer did not go into this throw -in. He seemed uncomfortable to touch the legacy brought out of the house. Maybe he bushed Busch. In walking, Fischer noticed Lukowsky on: "I will be a better neighborhood than the Hotel 'Corona' for us seek. It is not good if your office becomes a hub of our affairs. " They gave their hands ahead.

Lukowsky stepped on the window. Fischer and Busch crossed the street. bush Talked and gestured eagerly. Fischer behaved calmly. It saw after one Consciousness between the two. They got into two different taxis And drove away in the same direction. That had something symbol: two very different men who only connected a common path to its Should be different destinations at the end.

Lukowsky sat behind his desk again, put on a cigarette and considered: "What did he actually go about the goals of the men's fishermen And bush? Nothing at all! The only meeting had been established made it clear to him. He was basically only a spectator - like it should be. Because what was he about? He wanted the culprit on Bring the death of his friends Felix and Heinz to the route - and Vera's death enemy Valitne - which was one thing in all. There were his interests there, because also his heart. Everything else? He did not want the Canaris from Mr. Admiral buried treasures still lift wonder weapons and possibly the world revolution or the like. It would have been much more important to him to save the company from which something could be done. There have been some approaches now, and for that he needed his time. Fischer had that obviously understood quite well. Busch didn't, it was a complete Obsessed.

Lukowsky tried to blow rings with the cigarette smoke. He succeeded rarely. What, so his thoughts, prevented him from doing so, Busch prevented him And to let fishermen do what they wanted and only take care of his own affairs? Nothing watch in light. Only that with The things from Alotti's house would still have been ruled, then he could do everything Forgot others about Busch, Fischer & Co. No problem. - he succeeded to blow a nice ring of smoke, but he evaporated immediately again. - Alotti's legacy, Lukowsky came back to the other. That was probably included also, maybe even in the first place, that strange little thing that is now at Astrid Xylander was. In general: Astrid Xylander. Something went from her Seriously - whatever that may be. He was still Far from understanding this. But the connections have now been peeking more and more. The silver plate with the engraved goddess - for example - or the myth around the green country ... Lukowsky expressed the excavated cigarette and lit one new on. So what was there: Peter Fischer and Astrid Xylander. But also Domenico Alotti, probably also his daughter Antonietta And - Vera? She had told of Alotti and his daughter, remembered that Lukowsky very precisely. Vera said he would like Antonietta. - On All cases: that was one circle that really mysterious, almost mystical. - Everything else had nothing to do with it. Busch, as well as certainly

Valtine, were just after money, that had nothing to do with the first circle - The 'first circle', so Lukowsky's thoughts named. Yes, there were two Completely different circles, temporarily pushed into each other but strangers: the 'first circle', the spiritual, and the second, the material. Didn't Astrid Xylander's magical act, Ernst Lukowsky, make it unintentionally an integral part of that first circle? - Lukowsky just put himself in the armchair, pressed out the cigarette and said Halve to yourself: "There is no such thing!" He reached the phone and chose the number of information: "Good evening. Please check whether you will find an Antonietta Alotti in Munich. - Thanks. - - Ah yes! - Thank you, I have the area code. " It was still in the evening. Hesitation chose Lukowsky the telephone number mentioned by the information. After Mel-, a pleasant, bright female voice with the Name Alotti. - Lukowsky said: "Good evening! Sorry Telephone raid, they don't know me. My name is Ernst Lukowsky. I received some objects from the estate of her Lord's father to forward them to them. " The pleasant female voice at the other leadership said: "I am amazed, but of course delighted at the same time. Do you call Mr. Weiß on behalf of?" - "No," Lukowsky replied, "although a man this name spoke to me and report to me again tomorrow intended. But an old friend of her father has the things for her in Safety brought. " - "An old friend of my father ...?" wondered bright female voice. Lukowsky confirmed: "Yes," and asked: "How do you want get things? I have to do in Munich next Monday and she could hand over to you on this occasion. Otherwise I will send them to them by air freight. A safe way. A handover to third parties, such as the Lord Weiß, does not take place. " Antonietta Alotti thought for a few seconds and then decided: "It would be right to meet her in Munich on Monday. Mr. I will teach white accordingly so that he doesn't get tomorrow Take effort. " - "Good," said Lukowsky: "I'm on Monday morning a customer. Where do we meet afterwards? " The woman thought and Then suggested: "In the 'Café Roma'? Do you know that? Maximilianstrasse, right away In addition to the 'four seasons'. So around noon? " - "I know it," said Lukowsky: "Monday around twelve o'clock in Café Roma. I think I will recognize." The woman agreed and thanked him for him Call. She didn't seem to have expected anything like that.

Lukowsky was happy to have the regulation of this matter decided. In fact, everything fit very well. To Wenzl had to Lukowsky anyway. Only now, afterwards, did a clear feeling wanted him to him say that Busch's declaration of intent to really send all the valuable owners' valuables, possibly not so honestly was meant. How easy it would have been, for example, some of the most precious To make stamps disappear. Fischer had things out of things Alotti's house no word, in almost demonstrative ways. The topic seemed embarrassing to him. Possible that afterwards had even given an argument on the street and this explained why Fischer and Busch had taken separate taxis. Fisherman Was a man of honor in his own way, Lukowsky had no doubt, he belonged To the 'first circle'. Busch, on the other hand, was just about money, he belonged to the other, to the 'second circle.' Lukowsky looked at the remains of the cigarette stomp in his hand: two Very different circles, bizarre in a bizarre way. That was it. He, Ernst Lukowsky, was probably outside of both circles, that was First a little connected, but the second, completely strange. What he in All of this moved, was and remained very personal, especially: Vera.

An inner unrest drove Lukowsky to the city again that evening. Without deliberately being too controlled, he suddenly found himself nearby of tango sounds and frog green light. Both penetrated from the entrance of the 'Kakadu' on the sidewalk. Lukowsky entered the bar. This time the Illusionist pianist not only from Josis violin, but also by a cello Accompanied that a elderly white -haired man devoted. On the Parquet offered an elegantly costumed couple a tango according to all the rules of the Art. It was too early for numerous guests, most tables were still empty. But the man who called himself Hugo Weiß was sitting on one. Lukowsky had that Not expected, but it wasn't surprised that the strange gentleman knows felt attracted to the strange Kakadu bar. Lukowsky sat down Unless his table and said: "Good evening, Mr. Weiß!" Hugo white smiled, replied the greeting and pronounced in reverse assignment what Lukowsky had just thought: "I didn't expect it, but I was also not amazed; that this remarkable bar attracts a man. " The Lukowsky amazed the thought of the thoughts, he said: "Put it

Presperate: That is exactly what I had just thought about them! " White intensified his smile: "Fine! That speaks in favor of we something together may have. " - The waiter came, Lukowsky ordered a glass of red wine. White stuck a filterless ornament on a silver cigarette tip and ivory. A silver lighter opened in his hand and ignited the cigarette. Hugo Weiß pointed to the cigarette tip: "You have to admit, it fits very well here!" Lukowsky took up one of his cigarettes The usual just type: "You may be right. - By the way: I have Before calling Miss Alotti. " Hugo Weiß was interested in his head: "Oh yes?" - "Yes," Lukowsky confirmed: "Early next week when I I'm in Munich anyway, she gets her father's legacy. " Knty knows in a friendly man: "Where did you get the things from?" Lukowsky said the truth: "An old friend of Mr. Alotti was in time in the House to advance the possible confiscation by the authorities. Since this old friend is not safe, he directed things into mine Hands. I will also hand it over. " Hugo Weiß considered the concentrated Cigarette on the cigarette tip found that they were not entirely in it And rightly turned her: "I think that's nice of you, Mr. Lukowsky. You should hand over the conscious things - preferably me and the same. " He was now with His cigarette satisfied and smiled at Lukowsky coolly. Lukowsky smiled Kindly back: "I bring everything Miss Alotti! Is that clear?" Hugo White kept his smile, but shook his head: "I wish you give me everything! That would be the better way. " The pitch of his voice had hardly changed and yet accepted an unmistakably threatening undertone. Lukowsky said with unchanged friendliness: "It happens as I want it. You can write on the wish list for Christmas. " - suddenly the air seemed to be over the small round table to be overflowed by arctic cold. The soft tango music sounded infinitely distant. Hugo Weiß looked at Lukowsky with cool bright eyes, his Despite the apparent kindness, voice seemed like an icy wind: "Then Let's assume that tomorrow would be Christmas and I now write mine Wish list: I want you to hand over the pieces to me. Even. Still in That night! " Lukowsky smiled unmoved: "Lord white - or black, red, Gold, as always you may call yourself, listen to my voice: No! " - "No?" Repeated Hugo deliberately knows the word and suggested: "You are A brave man! " - The waiter brought the red wine.

His cigarette tip on the glass: "It almost looks like your blood!" Lukowsky shook his head amused: "Listen to: don't try, one to scare old soldiers. You probably have a shooting iron at itself. Maybe me too. Before you could touch yours, they would be dead! Is that clear? " Lukowsky was unarmed, but the other couldn't knowledge. He looked at Lukowsky thoughtfully and spoke slowly, without everyone Emphasis: "Yes, yes, Cologne, Hotel Mondial ... Jesse James rides again ... I wasn't lucky. Fortunately for me - maybe luckily for you. Men like her and I shouldn't argue if it is not absolutely necessary. " - "A reasonable word!" said Lukowsky on it, took one Sip from his glass, put it on the table again and looked at the man to the man. The arctic atmosphere lull. Hugo Weiß suggested: "I'm waiting until tomorrow at noon. Until then, Miss Alotti will be called me and have taught. Basically, I believe you what you say. If the conscious things then completely in their hands until the middle of next week I am satisfied with my client. " He raised his glass, which apparently contained orange juice and nothing else. Lukowsky held against it with his wine glass: "That's how it is done!" They pushed with their glasses and drank. As well Suddenly and totally how the cold had risen between them, she was now disappeared again. Nevertheless, Hugo Weiß suddenly waved the waiter, expressed his cigarette and said to Lukowsky: "I'm going better now alone. Who knows where else it leads. " He said. "Goodbye." Hugo Weiß held a moment as if he had to do something Think, then said: "Yes, maybe! - Who knows!"

The small chapel had now been completed on stage by drums and trumpet. This night seemed to be only consecrated to the tango, the specialty of the house. The pretty stubnant girl, That had been sitting next to him at the bar last time, came to Lukowsky's table And asked: "Do we want?" - that was a long time ago that he had halfway tango can dance. But the girl had already taken his hand and pulled him with itself. So they danced and it wasn't that bad. They danced one To the other time. The girl was at most seventeen years old, nice and Pretty, but only a little over a meter sixty size. So they formed in Several ways of unequal couple. But that didn't matter in the 'Kakadu'. Had a giraffe and a kangaroo to the tango sounds waltz

Dancing, hardly anyone would be surprised and sure Nobody came across it-this was the Kakadu bar.

The tangomelodies still followed him when he entered the office's familiar rooms between late night and early morning, threw the jacket over the desk armchair and went into the back room that his resident was. How he went into the bathroom and inserted water into the tub, he asked himself, Whether there was really this strange bar, the 'Kakadu', or whether that - in that Eternal frog green light - not possibly an enchanted island of the was a legendary green country, of which he heard a lot and even had already dreamed. But no, this green country was certainly completely different, more dignified, a realm of the goddesses and the gods who did not dance tango And don't drank a red wine - or maybe the latter? - "You spider confused Thoughts, Ernst Lukowsky! " he said to himself, "Don't be so stupid! There are not a 'green country', but there is the Kakadu bar, and in the goddesses are Stub -wet and the gods can conjure up white fabric rabbits out of the hat And play Tango on the piano. " He took a look in the mirror, turned The tap at the bathtub again, said loudly: "Fuck the dog on it!" And lay down as he was.

In the early morning it rumbled on the door. Ringing, knocking, throbbing, everything Possible, which caused noise. Lukowsky rose from the bed. He was Attached from the previous day, went to the door and opened. Cornelius said: "Thought already. They would not be there - or were dead on the ground with a ball in the body. But your cart is below - by the way in a ban on holding. " - "Well, great!" said Lukowsky: "Come in!" Cornelius only took a few steps into the hall: "I don't have a lot of time. Just wanted to tell you: if you are colorful with this colorful Bird met - white, black, green and so on, they Knowing, then you should tell me everything about it very quickly. I Would be very interested and they could benefit. " He let himself be on the Hellen synthetic leather sofa, turned a cigarette between his fingers, Without putting them on and looking expectantly: "So? Tell me!" Lukowsky said: "I don't even have the first coffee intus today." Cornelius showed a emphatic gesture with the cigarette that he was like a cycle floor Between the fingers kept: "I don't care! I don't have the time now, on Waiting for coffee. I just want to know what to do with the colorful bird have!" - "Nothing at all," said Lukowsky: "He spoke to me miracules

Nothing else is. I also have no idea where he is and will Probably never again. If he annoys me, I step in the ... You already know! The guy only seemed strange to me. That's why I became curious." Cornelius gave him an incredulous look: "That is just Part of the story! " - "But the most important thing," said Lukowsky and promised: "You, with her strange stories and dossiers, have me that way made curious. If the boy appears again or even cause trouble, get it served by me. " Cornelius got up hesitantly and persisted undecided at the door: "I mean it well! In this case it would be wise to to trust me. There are a few things that I can do better than She." Lukowsky remembered that Busch for a meeting with Cornelius had asked. But he did not speak of it, but said: "If something of I call them interest. " - "Well," Cornelius nodded and repeated: "Well, let's leave it at the moment. But keep them Eyes open and put your whisper to you! Possible that you are on Move the edge of a dangerous zone - so to speak. I have to continue now. " She their hands gave themselves. Cornelius left the office. Lukowsky went to the kitchen, Put on coffee and then went to the bathroom.

After he all the old and possible new ones have not yet worked out Business contacts made, typed eight letters and had six telephone calls, he fell the departure from the strange old man Diary in the hand, which was under Alotti's things. What was about it Actually so strange that Lukowsky had meant a couple To copy leaves from it? He remembered again: from the 'light of the Goddess had stood there that reminded of Astrid Xylander's mystical world. Now Lukowsky looked at the leaves more closely. The handwriting was like that Pierced as people understood how to write people in the past. The time and Local notice was: Vienna, August 15 to December 15, 1862. A name stood Nowhere, instead a small printed coat of arms with a nine -sac Crown. The coat of arms showed sloping sharply from top left down to the bottom on the right; This meant the color green. In the middle a sword stood up, with the tip up. On the right of it there was a cross and left a lily. Quite Above, above the tip of the sword, and also at the bottom, were radiant To see gemstones or crystals. All that liked this too have meant not much Lukowsky's mind of heraldry. He started Reading, the manuscript was pleasantly clear:

This year, when it comes to the autumn, in the soon approaching Light of the goddess, the view opens up in the first circle for those who too Understanding and calling are from the blood. Still is the time To go a good bit, but the Marduk steps are easy to count now. A hundred year, then the young light will touch for the first time Earth world, more than half a century more, and it becomes powerful And develop victoriously. So I calculated that our Ancestors have been right for the years and centuries. No longer far away, even close to the cosmic period, is the bloom of the New Äons. It may well be that it is not exactly for a year can be predicted, but roughly, I think to be able to say: Around the years between 1998 and 2001 it has to come But then complete in the decades. Between the Marduk steps can be calculated exactly, the years 1934 And in 1990 to be aware of what is to be expected. Now, however, has had some unexpected ones since the year 1243 took place, since our old anlight could not overlook it, What might happen through the centuries was handed over by the language of the blood, not captured on visible papers In effortlessly readable words. The centuries have gone as if in the flight, while the sexes of the mortals were little understood. We mean that we The dying have overcome, formerly the one, later the other, but Yes, we have to prepare us, because time is close - what mean 150 years, You will go there soon. Now I tell you, dear ones, that you are quite vigilant! Because the powers of darkness will be struggled with, with which im The last century can be expected that will come soon. You know, first The beast of hell is still terribly over the earth Calculate before she falls. It is not that far yet, but not either More far away, the 13th chapter of the Apocalypse Johannis, in which the wars of the beast against people are lively spirit described and the power of the bestial number, which is 666. What this means, it is already written in the so -called old one Testaments of the Bible, in the 1st book Königen, there in Chapter 10, verse 14,

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I mean the money, the gold of darkness, and the greed after what the head should be full and you have it in your hand must; Because that's how it is to be understood. The worshipers of the beast will be rule in the coming last century before falling into the Abyss of their darkness; This is then important to get through. What I write down here for you is already given from the green country. Read it! Make it well! The last piece of way to the first circle will be the hardest. So you speak to the following, teaches Above all, the way to the green country! Maybe it will often be necessary Be a refuge when the darkness is completely on earth End time. Those who have overcome! Remember. So in the following I want to tell you what I have experienced while Five months, on the one hand here, to the other out on the Holy Berg Wotans. None of this is surprising, it may also be so thin to you Because what has to be done, it happens, now and for this.

The subsequent leaves were mostly full of mysticism, partly Christian But pagan, mostly to understand most of it. Discovered every now and then Lukowsky a term known to him by Astrid Xylander. Domenico Alotti also seemed to have dealt with such things. Lukowsky planned to copy the entire writing before passing it on. Maybe Astrid Xylander would be happy about it. He himself did not know A lot to start and did not feel a desire to get into the regions to move mysticism into it. The clearing of the goddess image of the Silver engraving got into his hand. It was undoubtedly a nice picture, it had even a certain charisma. Maybe it came from another world.

He had driven to Wellmeyer and then to the bank, had the strange one Gewed diary out of the locker, it copies - 42 pages. Apparently the 43rd sheet showed the copper engraving of a beautiful woman, plus A seal with a rose and the initials J.M. as well as the year 1532. It was written below: 'The Messenger'. The picture of this woman reminded - whole From a distance - a little bit of Vera Jörgens. But maybe Lukowsky came that yes Also so. After that he had brought all of this back. He took the Locher and inserted the sides into a fast booklet: on occasion one Souvenir for Astrid Xylander. The thought of this remarkable woman Now seemed as far as the mystical content of those leaves. Lukowsky

looked out of the window. - The sun was shining, very everyday and pleasant. - in general, all the events of recent times ... he wasn't there advise on all crazy people? Cornelius not excluded from this? Was that Whole possibly a kind of psychosis, contagious by touching interests of any kind? Could really go out after decades large German estate can be found, according to which secret connections and Powered services? Crazy, yes, it had to appear crazy!

Sun rays felt through the window into the office, and Lukowsky felt an almost physical longing to pursue his work, like it, like it It was like that to strike around with everyday things, but - no ghosts! After all, what other than ghosts were they all looking for the Admiral Canari's treasures? - or whatever it was. - Spenster of a special kind! - Vera. He had to think of Vera again. What Was she? The unfathomable fate! And this fate had felt the thought, guessed the hour. Vera called and said: "I am in Essen, im Kaiserhof. Please come. "

He drove from Düsseldorf to Essen as quickly as you could only go from Düsseldorf to Essen. Any or even most likely Advertisements due to crossing the division do not take care of that Everything was completely the same for him now - Vera! -

He was in Essen and held in front of the 'Kaiserhof' hotel without having to keep any impressions of the journey in the head. He left the car and went to the reception. Vera had deposited the news there that he might go up in come your apartment. He hurried up. In front of the door with the brass number 112 Lukowsky held that. He thought: he should have brought flowers with him! But Then his curved index finger also knocked against the mahogany. Lukowsky said Vera's voice to hear - he joined.

Vera stood in a long morning mantle with a concrete waist made of ivory -colored silk in front of the window in the backlight. Her hip -length brown hair were open and with two small ivory combs from the middle parting backed. The brilliant of a white gold ring flashed on her left hand.

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Vera stopped and looked at Lukowsky. For a reason he doesn't If he knew, he stopped in the middle of the room, did not quite go to her. It was an indefinite feeling in him as if that was her wish. He said, "It is Nice to see you, vera! " And her gentle voice sounded: "I'm happy Also that you are here! " Only now he went to her and took her hand Your beautiful narrow white hand with the long pointed fingernails. Vera smiled, but it was a very strange smile. She said, "Please sit down quiet. I want to stop here. " Lukowsky crouched on a chair and looked at the woman. Except her. Vera's large gray -blue eyes under the dark rays of the curved eyelashes looked at him with a strange calm. Vera said: "Today I want to tell you something - two things - and show something! - And I Please: don't interrupt me. " Lukowsky just nodded. Special curiosity more and more. The beautiful woman there in Light in front of the window looked like a ruler, an undisturbed Monarch, or more like an ancient goddess - her word alone. She said: "I have prepared something for you that will help you. Take it Kuert from the table there and insert it. You can look at it later. " Lukowsky inserted the available DIN-A5-KUVERT and directed His gaze completely at the woman again. She said, "Now I want to you from mine Tell plans for the next time. I will be gone for a long time. Far, in another country, in a place that nobody knows except me. A Inheritance of my grandfather in southern Sweden. I will be fine there, I'll be Feel comfortable - without people. An old couple alone will be there and take care of everything I need. I will not be reached for anyone be, nobody will be able to find me. You don't, although I am very like to have. " She turned her head for a few degrees and said: "I have I decided not to continue the project, which is called the 'Z-Plan' track. You will do it in my place - and better than me, a woman, it I can. You will force success, you will do the necessary. I trust you a lot, more than ever before. You will be in mine Name and meaning do what my father would have liked - from the man his daughter. Because my father was a dear, great idealist. He had one Believe that he never lost, however difficult it was. " She put a little one Break and then continued in the same calm tone: "You I will also destroy my mortal enemy for me. You will do it - I am secure. I trust you completely!"

She pulled the ring off her hair from the finger and the two ivory combs And put the objects in a pocket of her wide silk morning mantle. Then she said: "Ernst Lukowsky, Don Quijote, my friend, now I want to show you something. You should see it so that you know me entirely. Before that, however, I would like to tell you: I will not be a lover like you like You, like a man, she wants, not the woman you need. To it, Please don't think. Something made me sick a long time ago - mine Spirit, my soul, my body. Maybe I'm just mistaken in This world was born, but actually belonged to someone else. Subsequent I felt so puzzling. But I don't know all of this. But it often hurt me. Now the pain is over, I can't Something, everything is good. - You will understand that later. - I have you Very happy - more than anyone else, maybe I love you - in my way. But I can't be your lover, your wife - because the eternal No miracles do gods of the Olympus in this world. " She lowered for For a moment your head, her brown hair slid forward. Lukowsky was when he dried by his voice. He just looked at the woman and he knew that he More than everything loved. She raised her head again and said: "But I want that you live a good life! I want you to have a beautiful lover who Gives you what a man needs. I want it that way! I know you love me. This Love that I feel warm does not break. But you should be a nice one Take the lover! One that is worthy of yours and mine! Maybe one who looks a little similar to me. Then you also have me in her - then it's good. " Vera's eyes now shone moist. Lukowsky saw it, and an irrepressible Pain tore in his chest. He would have been crying out loudly and brought it no sound. He only felt that his eyes also became moist that that Crying to have forgotten long ago. Vera stood upright, she proudly looked at him. She said: "I know that I am beautiful am. And I want you to see me - see completely - and this picture in Hatting you. If you have seen it, please don't say anything, then please turn Around and go away quickly. Don't wait here in the city, drive immediately further. I travel in an hour. - We'll see you again - again. If The winter sun rises in half a year, I'll call you - on one Day. Then you should come to me. Don't calculate more. " - she saw him firm and let the silk morning mantle slide off the shoulders. Naked You in front of him - bright, beautiful, more beautiful, more perfect than any other woman.

Lukowsky looked at her like in a trance. He took up this picture - how they do it wanted. A hot quake flowed through his soul. Vera looked at him - beautiful and Proud - but her eyes filled with tears and asked: 'Now go! Please now Go quickly! '

He was sitting behind the steering wheel of his car, which was still in the parking lot, And didn't know exactly how he got from Vera's hotel room to there Was how he went through the corridor into the elevator, then then Through the hall and here to the parking lot. He had on these minutes No tangible memory. Somehow he had to have put the way Otherwise he would not sote in his car. He had the feeling that he had to emit a right scream. But he was still not a loud one capable. At that moment he would have liked to go to any God, Which name to be able to pray. And he only thought: 'Fate, you the only god: protect vera, my dulcinea - or let me die in front of her, take my life for hers, let her find joy and lust alive. 'He reached for the steering wheel and his hands trembled, it was him, As if the skin vibrates on his whole body, and at the same time shake it one glowing cold. -

He was simply driven on it, always straight ahead until the city laid back, the Houses became less and came open country. He endured indiscriminately on the Chausseerand, exhibited the engine and lit a cigarette. The fingers that They kept, trembling. He opened the envelope that Vera had given him. The First look at the mixed content made him calmer. Two folded photocopies of any plans were in it. On one An old stamp from the war with the word 'secret!' Then a little one Books, like a pocket calendar, fully written. Also the Copy of a letter from the Federal Ministry of Defense. Lukowsky put on All of this aside and took the smaller envelope, which was in the larger one. His hands started to tremble again. There was a photo in the envelope From vera. It only measured six by six centimeters, but it was beautiful. Then there was a clearing check over a very high sum, signed by Vera. In addition, a card on which a few lines were in their spacious handwriting, written with Umbrabraun ink:

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Dear Don Quijote, You will definitely do everything right. When the winter sun comes Pure and clear, you will tell me. If you think of me, I will feel it and be happy, but do Not too often, I want you to have a nice life.

Your vera

He read these lines twice, three times. He looked at the photo and stroked tenderly With a finger along the four edges. Finally he gave the letter and photo in The little chocolate back and put it to his passport. He did the other in the larger envelope. He would look at that later, not now.

He had still driven around, how long, he didn't know. Sometime Had the tap reported that the gasoline went out and the reserve canister Was empty. So he had stopped at the next petrol station to let the car open. The gas stationery had himself about the question of where he was Word and answered: "Five kilometers before Aachen." It had also become cooler, even though the sun was still shining.

Now he drove through the familiar streets of Düsseldorf.

The farewell to Vera, he felt very deep, had been an irrevocable, even if they would see each other again - for one day, so Vera said it - when the winter sun came. - basically, that was also He was clear, he had never really hoped for much more. The unreachability had Standed in Vera's eyes - since the first moment of her encounter. Dulcinea and Don Quijote - there could be no better symbol. And yet Was he, who had already had some things behind him, caught by this dream. The now made his demands. It was like a sacred legacy too Fulfill: that of Vera Jörgens and her father.

In the office, at his desk, he saw the factual content of Veras Kupert closer. First the two sketches. He couldn't do the first remove. The arches and lines almost reminded Alottis silver engraving and were completely different on closer inspection. The second Sketch was a map, carefully and precisely drawn, a compact Terrain cheating. But without any hint in which area this area this found. Then the letter from the Ministry of Defense, six years old. He

held an otherwise meaningless proposal for cooperation in national interest. Signed by a lieutenant colonel Ludwig Fokke. Finally the notebook. It probably came from Vera's father. However, there were additives in various places, even glued note, with Vera's handwriting. Lukowsky suddenly touched this: her handwriting! And to what topic? Lukowsky moved the armchair to the window, leaning back and began to read; Vera's insertion first. It got fast Clear that it was deciphering aids without which the booklet remain inexplicable would. Nevertheless, Lukowsky did not get any further for the time being. The thoughts Didn't really want to concentrate on it. He put everything back to the envelope and pushed it under a cards in the middle desk drawer. The spirit simply didn't want to obey the command of the mind; The memory wandered back to Vera. He closed his eyes.

When he woke up, the night was outside. A cool wind blew through the open Window in. Lukowsky concentrated the view of the dark: on the Other side of the desk was the scheme of a shape. A short Lukowsky flinched up. He had the revolver in the back room under the bed. But the dark shadow of opposite spoke to Peter Fischers Voice: "I'm sorry to start up her, Mr. Lukowsky! But the door Stand open - and I need your help immediately. " He stretched out his arm and Take the desk lamp on. Lukowsky winked against the sudden Brightness. Fischer stood in an unfamiliar black gear, to which he was equally black turtleneck sweater. Fischer said: "It's a Little mishap. " Lukowsky asked: "Namely?" - "We found what we were looking for in a way," Fischer explained factually, "but is Mr. Busch now in a dark hole from which no lawyer helps, but only Four strongly gripped arms. A man alone can't do that. I would therefore be very grateful if we could break up immediately. " Lukowsky rose from the armchair: "Where do we have to go?" - "O," said Fischer: "It's a nice piece of gone. If Mr. Busch because of his previous one Has to lose any fault, he will do it now. May be, there is Numerous rats in the hole. But otherwise there is no danger for the time being. " Lukowsky put on his jacket. Fischer was already in the direction of hallway and I noticed: "What we may need about aids, I have now worried everything. My car is below. Come!"

This time Lukowsky closed the door and followed Fischer, who without haste, but But in a noticeable hurry was preceded.

They drove with Fischer's silver -gray ferrari, and that continued very quickly To the south, frankfurt am Main motorway, Stuttgart, Nuremberg. Fischer meanwhile gave a sober report: "The half -decaying building itself is not under cellar. Rather, it is located directly on the platform of the system, which should be opened as a whole. Of course, nobody can do that come that nothing knows about the design of the systems. This is certainly none of The two we are looking for, rather it must be one of the little ones who were still built, but probably no longer put into operation. Latter We don't know yet. That means: Mr. Busch now knows because he is inside and no longer comes out. I told him right away because I know that the systems have such devices. But Mr. Busch already saw himself in my thoughts. should - and that overflowed his mind. - it almost has something from that Ali-Baba fairy tale. - Anyway, I've been owned for years The schemes as to how these systems are. There is an outcome that I've already found. He has not yet been secured, that is, at the same time In all likelihood, system should not be active. For two it will do not cause any significant difficulty, penetrate there and ours To reproduce Mr. Busch to daylight - or the moonlight, Because I think it won't take too long. That is encouraging Failure to find terrain, apparently no one suspects anything. Probably nothing is there either. "

The silver -gray car continued to race through the night. Fischer told how he Jill-Karola accommodated, everything went completely easily, it would be because there are no difficulties. In his part, Lukowsky shared Fischer of his Call from Miss Alotti and also mentioned the man named Hugo Weiß. This name said nothing, but Cornelius' reaction in this regard he took note of with a lot of attention. The way, Alotti's daughter that Fischer supported her father to personally deliver her father. He was with Antonietta Alotti known, although probably not closer.

There was no lively entertainment. Fischer also liked Busch some dismisses, the two of them have probably been so far over the years

Worked away that Fischer felt honest. Lukowsky also didn't feel like chatting. The encounter with Vera still sounded strongly in him; In a strange way: Firstly These moments still immediately present, on the other hand, as if they were already many years back.

So it became a silent journey on long distances. The light leather The car of the car were comfortable. The Ferrarimotor surfed under the long, flat radiator hood, and the headlights grabbed the night, always Faster, as it seemed, to Fischer turned off the highway and on the The main road towards Crailsheim continued.

"This area," explained Fischer like a trained tourist guide, "' Kaiser Wilhelm II called the little Siberia. She was always considered to be rough, And that is still a bit truth on that today. But we are right now Only a few kilometers left. "

Fischer breeded the flat sports car along a dirt road -like route And finally slowed down where this path ended. The headlights were on half -dilapidated, formerly white walls of a one -story building directed by medium size. The glassless windows looked like there Black rags. Fischer parked the engine and headlights, got out and said: "Come!" Lukowsky also got out. The moon in the sky seemed So bright that the outlines of the ruins were clearly recognizable. Lukowsky and Fischer went to the trunk of the car, from the fisherman several flashlights, two crowbar, two hinged feldspar, a mountaineering pimple and a tow rope took. He pressed some of it into the Lukowsky Arms and then went ahead. "We are not interested in the house," Fischer noticed in sober tone: "The mechanism is about hundred and twenty Meter behind. Take care, the undergrowth has thorns partly. " Fisherman Following the ray of his flashlight. It was not easy to penetrate through the densely growing scrub everywhere. There was probably no one here for many years. There was also far and wide no other building. If someone was looking for a remote place, so far There was still one in the densely populated Central Europe, he had it here found. Lukowsky kept right behind Fischer, who occasionally "Caution!" noted when something was lurking in the undergrowth, which stumbled across let. He had already explored the way in daylight and was surprising

right. After maybe ten minutes they got an inconspicuous Spots meadow. Fischer stopped and said: "Here!" He checked with the Foot tip the floor and then said: "Excit why only grasses and No shrubs or trees grow? There is not enough earth! Below lies Concrete or steel. " He took the mountain pimple and interpreted Lukowsky, one of the To take field sponsors: "Let's start! It cannot be very difficult."

They worked for three quarters of an hour until that came to light and exposed Was what Fischer suspected: a concrete slab. Fischer knelt down And examined their edges and joints. Then he straightened up and said: "The system certainly does not contain anything because it has not yet been secured. I said that. Otherwise there would be a steel lock instead of this simple concrete slab, under sufficient soil to access by planting to be made without being found. Busch can be happy. Otherwise we would take a lot longer, might not be able to do it at all. Mr. Busch should have tried to eat gold bars, which is not going very well. " The moon seemed bright enough to see a sad smile on Fischer's face to make. He took one of the crowbons, Lukowsky the second. After Another quarter of an hour were ready. Fischer had come up with a lever mechanics that worked with the help of the two break iron and the rope. The concrete slab rose a piece and then slid to the right, far Enough to allow through. Already by the moonlight was a Stair approach recognizable. The flashlights then clearly showed that this Stairs only led down to a concrete platform about two meters. Fisherman If one of the stembelles clamped in the pointed angle of the opening gap to the safety, then they rose down the stairs. The air became moist. Of the Concrete platform from a metal ladder continued steeply down. Here was the air at once at once. After three and a half or four meters, the heard Metal ladder on, Lukowsky and Fischer stood on the solid concrete floor an unmistakably large basement. From the opposite side, the call suddenly sounded with Busch's voice: "Fischer! Fischer! You good, Best...!" Busch was in a hurry, his steps were clearly closed hear. At first only the excited flickering was a very weak To see flashlight that Busch had apparently had with him. This light Going to the ground twice because Busch probably stumbled over anything or just fell out. Then he stood fishermen and Lukowsky

About, sank to his knees and included Fischer's legs with both arms: "Me Thank you, dear Fischer, you good, thank you, thank you! " Busch's organ was one Mix of cheers and sobs: "You don't know how terrible it is, So terrible, alive to be buried, so terribly ...! " Fischer was Busch's deprivation gestures. He said in a strict voice: "Get up! A German does not kneel and doesn't complain! " With that he was developing Buschs Arms and pulled him up at the coat scribe. Now Busch caught a lot fast. He also thanked Lukowsky and then started with trouble Law: "And everything for nothing! Nothing about it is worth it in this cave! There! Do you crawl into the belly of the earth, and for what? Scrap! Nothing but useless Scrap!" He stamped his foot with anger and disappointment. Something seems to be there. " They went through the dark. No moon shone here, and the dry The light of the flashlights seemed to suck up. Busch held close to them. Fischer estimated: "The area could be on the eight hundred Quadratmers are, and apparently built with only one pillar. The front part, on which the crumbled house is now standing, rises like a huge one Case door. That is probably not, because it may have remained unfinished. " The rays of the flashlights captured an elongated structure with wings. In fact, there was an airplane, a me 109 K, the Last execution of this type, with which it was once again successful, from which a superior fighter plane was already ten -year -old at the time make. Lukowsky accelerated his steps and was very quick with the Machine. A thick layer of dust covered its metal, but it seemed undamaged. Here, in the basement room, the one-sich had small single-engine Airplane big. Lukowsky felt a little like a child on Christmas Day. That had always been his dream: a me 109! The chassis was supported with goats. Fischer stepped next to Lukowsky, put an arm To his shoulder and said: "It doesn't fly away." Lukowsky considered According to: "Why should someone assume such a hunter here. Every technical Museum would tear, but that was hardly the point. " - "I I don't know either, "Fischer said thoughtfully:" Maybe it's not an ordinary Me 109. We'll still see you in peace. But now we want First look around. " Busch nagged from behind: "I prefer to get out of here!

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There is nothing of value, almost nothing except the unnecessary aircraft! " Fischer overlooked it and turned back to Lukowsky: "There is back there something else. " They continued through the yawning basement. It would be difficult to open it again. An elaborate mechanism. It is set up in such a way that it does not open when an unauthorized person play around on it. Then the flashlight rays felt on the left side. There was a strange frame there. Fischer and Lukowsky went to take a closer look. It was a kind of three -footed, maybe two and a half Meter high and on a metal ring of a lot of eight meters in diameter attached. Fischer looked closely at this frame. Finally he said: "Well good. There is nothing more to see here. I already thought it was this system has no longer been put into operation. It was probably too late. " Lukowsky said: "This execution of the Me 109 came in early 1945. It became finished with every enemy hunter. " - "Yes," Fischer nodded: "But everything was around time Extremely difficult. Maybe this ME 109 was stationed here to protect the construction site against low -flying attacks. I assume that. Back then, a lot looked different outside. On the way we came the machine could probably start and land - directly from the basement out and back. It will have been like that. The 'Brandenburg 1' facility, from which I know some things, had an FW 190 D for self - protection. "He Stand and looked around in the extensive darkness. "Like that Also, "he said in a satisfied voice:" A first important step! " - Busch pushed out of the background: "Can we finally get out of here now?" Lukowsky said: "I would like to watch the plane again." Fisherman smiled: "Do that, although, we will definitely come back, And then we bring good lighting. " Lukowsky went to the Me 109. It Was not noticeable in her, nothing that was not a me 109 k belonged from the spring of 1945. At most: she didn't have the usual mat Tarn paint, but a smooth, light gray paint. If you go straight out Had been able to start the basement, a camouflage was not necessary either been. The machine did not show a squadron or relay marker on, only the usual sovereignty, the beam cross. Instead of the swastika A bizarre lightning was painted on the tail unit. Lukowsky had this sign Seen before, but he didn't remember where. There were also shock lines; Lukowsky counted 61. He looked closely at the machine. A whole

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Own fascination went from her, from the me 109, every plane, indifferent Which nationality, probably felt the same. Were with no other hunter As many air victories have been fought as with this, not even with the FW 190, Especially not with a foreign. But above all: the shape, the perfect line, aesthetic, beautiful like no second aircraft in the world. Until now Lukowsky only knew that from books, but he had it at a young age studied thoroughly. A little thing finally noticed: under the fuselage, Where else the drop -down additional tank was attached, a small thing was attached, which he knew from any book. It was elongated and flat, only easy Daulted upwards, hardly larger than a children's ski. Lukowsky climbed The wing root and took a look at the pilot's pilot after it had pushed a thick layer of dust aside. It wasn't much to see And so easily she couldn't be opened. Fischer was right, better lighting would be necessary. Lukowsky went back to the patiently waiting fisherman and the increasingly urgent bush. They left the facility together. Covered outside You very thoroughly the concrete slab. Fischer insisted that even a few small ones To plant shrubs to this point. A one -half hour gardening activity in the moon. Finally they packed up all the devices and kicked the return trip. Busch crouched somewhat uncomfortably in the back of the car.

At the Würzburg motorway service area, they stopped, cleaned as well as It went and treated themselves to eat afterwards. Busch, the now had found his lively self - confidence back suddenly Lukowsky the word and asked: "I remember something! You said earlier, for this old plane there would tear every museum. What, do you think you could get it in an arithmetic currency?" Fisherman Lukowsky took the answer and replied Busch: "Thirty silver."

In late noon they arrived again in Düsseldorf. Lukowsky was on Discontinue Jürgensplatz. Fischer and Busch drove on to their hotel. The two were now exhausted. Lukowsky had slept in the evening.

After he had climbed into the bathtub and then a jug Had cooked fully coffee, Lukowsky took the plans sketches from Veras Kuvert again. He still did not become wise from the first. The But now he looked at the map with different eyes. He made a photocopy

on not to damage what came from Vera, and dealt with the Copy. The card drawing was extremely precise. Like a military measuring table. Lukowsky considered - somewhere in one of the desk drawers Had to lie a broken diabetrayer, that meant: a magnifying glass. He found her and Everything looked very closely at, square centimeters for square centimeters. Then he discovered it: the same sign that he on the ME 109 K control unit Had seen - and also somewhere else without being able to remember it. And right next to it a second one not unknown to him Symbol: the strange object from the back on Alotti's back, the Astrid Xylander had called a double key! Without question, it was exactly that symbol. As it seemed, even in the same size. That had to be one Having meaning could certainly not be a coincidence. The first circle started to close. - the 'first circle'? Lukowsky paused in the thought. Where had he read that recently? In the records from 1862 Alotti's utensils! But that was not his own idea first, in to distinguish two circles and to call this one the 'first circle'? - His idea. What was an idea? Something that comes to mind! From the outside? From somewhere? Through the thoughts and will of other people? living, deceased - from that green country possibly? - He shook such bizarre thoughts. Lukowsky was a cigarette and referred all Mystical things in the realm of the unreal that did not concern him.

But Vera would not have given him all of this without an explanatory help. It was her wish that he should do something, something very specific. Of the puzzle The solution had to be found in her father's booklet, which she had given many comments. Lukowsky took it out and Leafed in it. He took a coffee pot and cup and moved into the back room. He lay on the field bed, took Vera's booklet and started reading.

The night was soon over. Lukowsky had got the desk lamp And placed on a chair moved next to the field bed to study her father's little book that Vera had given him in peace. Thanks to their comments, it was quite possible to read everything and to understand most of it. The content was a summary of which

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What Vera's most important had to appear. The year 1962 stood on the artificial leather cover of the booklet, and the content emerged that the notes had also been made that year. Lukowsky put on it deliberately on the chair with the desk lamp and switched the light out of. He put his head back and thought about everything he was during the read or deciphered past hours.

Lieutenant Captain Eberhard Jörgens, Vera's father, initially on a auxiliary cruiser on several capers and then first officer on board one Destroyer, finally in the service of the Great German secret service, had in had a special task for the last two years of the war; so special And tricky, as it was possible to do: Emergency measures in the event a military defeat of the empire, preparations for a very last trump card in the hindquarters, thought in the long term, with a view of a Reconstruction - maybe only after decades. That had on all sides must remain equally secret.

Lukowsky read, deciphered, and insights into the time of World War II, a story that was already very distant and yet came so close to the thoughts and feelings from back then seemed, railway broke into the present, powerful and desperate at the same time.

Back at the end of 1940, a group of officers and industrialists had one Fund created from which new technical developments should be promoted that were promising, but from the official side, especially through the Reich Aviation Ministry, no support. 1941, after the First quick successes in Russia, grew the mistake on the part of the tour Confidence that the war has already been won. Experienced officers and not Finally Admiral Canaris warned of such a deceptive assumption. But it Fell the serious decision, new gun developments that do not could be completed within a year of three quarters, no longer tackled at all gain weight. The early victory was missing. At the same time, the raw material bottlenecks increased. With America's entry into the war, mathematically precisely calculated in which period the quantitative superiority of the opponent People, raw materials and armor material while closing the Technical gaps had to lead to the defeat of the empire. The requirement

of the enemy after 'totally whirring', unconditional surrender that no one Leaving scope for a decent peace closure was explained from this perspective. It was clear that fought would be fought until the last Because those powers that are already through the contracts of Versailles and St.Germain donated so much mischief, the German people did not want to Voluntarily subject, many Germans thought it was better to die. This caused, as it were, that the state leadership is now largely safe Could now know all Germans firmly behind them, even those who did not love National Socialism. The opponent had reached what he wanted: put the stalks into the hopelessness. This was the total war that Dr. Goebbels had tinted, not from this, but from London and Washington from dictated. Certainly, not only would many Germans suffer and die, but also many British, Americans and Russians. But what took care That already the rulers. The front should not have called Germans against Americans, English and Russians, no, the true front was: German, Americans, English and Russians together against those who dominated them. Maybe, in an upcoming new age, they liked People understand this. It wasn't that far yet, but a new ae would come ... In all of this there was a piece of worldview, idealism beyond national interests - even a certain spirituality.

The German espionage under Admiral Canaris had extensive background Information procured. The only thing that the opponent is still in uncertainty Weighed, the knowledge of the still big, even bigger, was bigger expectant, technical lead in Germany. Although it was known that in Germany had already been made the decision, the atomic bomb not to be built because you have such a weapon in the category of the outlawed Seen poison gas. And had an emigrated colleague Otto Hahns who Word of honor made his research results accessible, not her word broken and revealed the secrets to Einstein, it would also be on the The opposite side did not give any atomic bomb. But Germany owned others Dangerous technologies: new submarines, remote missiles and breathtaking Powerful aircraft. There was the unknown, the only fear of the opponent and Germany's only chance: in the consistent use of the technical advantage. The political leadership did not take this. The consequences

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were serious. The end of the successful submarine war came and, The worst thing: The unnecessary defeat in the air was bought, the Bomb death for millions of German women and children, the loss of the war, The tragic fall of the empire. Of all things in that area where Germany's technical lead was greatest, he was the least used. After Udet had already committed suicide so as not to carry the debt on it, his successor Jeschonek shot himself for the same reason. Korten, who followed him in office, did his extreme, supported by capable men like Adolf Galland - but everything remained in vain. People like Göring remained unreasonable, unrealistic and stubborn. So The avoidable fate started. In this situation, a research funding fund became a secret association: 'The chain'.

That was, so to speak, the prehistory in Lieutenant Captain Jörgens' booklet, partly supplemented by historical comments and repeatedly with the words: 'In the end we win!' - Then came the core:

In an inconspicuous place in the Salzburg region had around Admiral Canaris gathered the heads of the 'chain': conspiratorial officers, designers, industrialists, members of the technical team of the SS and men And women from the former Thule Order and the mysterious Munich Vril Society, which did not exist on the outside because spiritual associations were long since been banned. But there was one VRIL company: The 'drive-technical workshops'. So people gathered very different alignment, but which of an association: the will, to oppose the extermination plans of the western powers against the German people, something that could also work out of the hidden, the silent threat with a possible counter strike of unimaginable dimensions. The enemy should be given some details about it so that he would like the desire for merchant and Morgenthau plans or atomic bombing. Einstein's team was able to Do not finish alone, but in the occupation of Germany would the enemy the missing basic research research easily fall into the hands can. So the conspirators of the 'chain' discussed all those in question Eventualities and how the limited existing agents are best used should be. To stop the near-military low position, it was also

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In any case, too late. The instrument for a last counter -strike would not can be completed before spring 1945. Only as a single piece, maybe, If it is good, in two copies. Also should be over the last miracle weapon are determined by the members of the 'chain' alone. No government, too No German, should use them and possibly abuse them. The 'Zplan', as Admiral Canaris named this initiative, could inevitably only be geared towards the future: 'Z-Plan'-future plan.

At the end of this strictly secret discussion of the 'chain', the decision was made to the 'Project 7' under the two tangible possibilities Priority. There was even several talk of this in the booklet, Without being recognized what exactly this 'project 7' should be. Other projects discussed, 5 and 6, were than the jet bomber Arado 555 And Focke-Wulf 1000 named, they should at least be built as a single pattern. However, there was no details about project 7. It was obvious that it was a aircraft, a very special one. It was a previously completely unknown technology about its Nothing was noted. The 'project 7' had to be a real miracle thing. What was indicated in the booklet, Almost blew up the limits of imagination: the 'project 7' should be as good as be invulnerable, be equipped with completely new weapons and - it should be able to attack from space! It would not be about To devastate cities, but only and exactly the centers of enemy power to make it harmless - it should hit the rulers and those responsible directly. There were also a few philosophical sentences about the spirit of the new Äon, the struggle between light and darkness, which has been in since 1914 its final phase occurred and finally with the victory of the light will end.

Lukowsky had to think of Astrid Xylander - and then of Peter Fischer, the old film that he had shown him: the 'flying saucer' with the Radiant cannons that could make themselves invisible through the dimensions FLOG - Fischer had expressed himself in a similar way and mentioned a name in which the number of '7' occurred. Lukowsky no longer remembered exactly. But that had to be: 'Z-Plan', 'Project 7' 'UFO!' - it sounded crazy and Nevertheless, seemed credible.

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On the edge, the booklet reported that there was no agreement on it for the time being whether Hitler should be taught about the 'Z-Plan' or not. Some Members of the 'chain' were for it, others against it. It was also decided to build several hidden systems, partly underground, partly in the Alps, possibly also support points in overseas. This was from the Text only recognizable because Vera, who are amazingly well known seemed to explain many of the code words. Lukowsky was important to have a note on the Mondsee before: the Mondsee in Upper Austria, of which Astrid also had Xylander spoke that she would have duplicate due to Domenico Alottis Key', ...

On the last page of the booklet, Vera had a note with the instruction glued in, all of their explanations written with pencil Make memory and then erase very thoroughly, better still destroy the whole notebook as soon as he no longer needs it.

Lukowsky snapped the light again, took the booklet and read again. He Milked the explanations of the code terms inserted by Vera. It Almost seemed like learning vocabulary during school days.

He had then sat at the desk for an abundant half an hour and also Carefully and thoroughly etched as Vera wanted. That was he The whole thing through the head again: when things actually behaved that way - or even calculated certain people with such a possibility - then Suddenly a lot was understandable. A dangerous weapon of completely new, unknown, tower -highly superior design, which their cannons come from space could focus on the centers of the prevailing powers? That had to be almost trigger a hunt, be it also according to phantoms! And maybe it was yes More than that. In addition a German or probably even overentary secret covenant, an uncanny counterpower of 'everywhere and nowhere' The world age, fall of darkness, victory of light ... loud mysticism! What Did that have to do with technology and wonder weapons? In the end they were just Other indecisive code terms? Or even the other way around: stood the mysticism The focus of all things? - others might break their heads, people like Astrid Xylander, perhaps also Peter Fischer; not the Transport plane Ernst Lukowsky from Düsseldorf am Rhein; He would hardly are suitable for mystics.

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Reading the tiny, albeit clean script had strained his eyes. Lukowsky worked the booklet, packed it back into the envelope and Put everything under the cards in the middle desk drawer. He Leaned back in the armchair, took Vera's picture and looked at it. Vera - Dulcinea - fate and unfathomable secret! -

The next few days passed in almost unusual normality. Fisherman called twice, said he was in the process of renting a house in Büberich, one of the Nobel suburbs of Düsseldorf, maybe also a separate office for yours Affairs. He asked Lukowsky, from both sides of the silver plate Alotti's estate to make prints, preferably with a mass how dental technicians use. He will be able to get it. Then he should hand over everything Miss Alotti. Fischer said, he said with Busch talked about it; Mr. Busch now doesn't attach any importance to things to take a closer look. Only the output of the 'Osservatore Romano' should keep Lukowsky that this old newspaper has No value for Miss Alotti. Lukowsky said to the nuances of the tone recognize that Fischer had enforced it against Busch to prevent, that this may be tempted to attack the valuable stamps.

Once, Cornelius reported, but just to chat. At least it had made such an impression. If more should have put it behind, If it hadn't noticed Lukowsky, it was probably nothing else.

Lukowsky had called any dental technician according to the industrial directory. He was amazed, but was ready to do some of the necessary one To leave the impression mass. He eveningly explained to him how to is handled. Lukowsky got this stuff and then the package with the Things from Alotti's house. It was amazingly simple to the prints from the To make the silver plate, you get astonishingly well. Lukowsky cleaned the The plate and then grabbed the package as neatly as it could. Alotti's daughter Shouldn't get a bad impression. He made a list of content on, made it cleared, prepared everything carefully. Decent, When it was otherwise his way - maybe because he always when he was doing it Thought that Domenico Alotti had entrusted him with something personally. That was an apparently very absurd feeling, because Alotti was already dead

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Being when he met him. Met? - found! - Or? How would Astrid Say xylander: there is no death! -

Sunday, pretty much at midnight, he started. The appointment with Wenzl was early Monday morning. During the night on the highway Covered Lukowsky over the past few weeks. A lot was done!

Munich showed itself from a friendly side. Already in the early morning that blunt onion tower of the Frauenkirche were still from lifting lenders flirt, the sun announced the coming of a pleasant, warm day. Summer seemed to roll up the sleeves again want to defiantly prove that it has not yet been ceded. Lukowsky steered the Mustang through the city's streets. Monday morning, The traffic was lively, and sometimes the car strings build up for the traffic lights. So then passed an abundant half an hour until he Parked opposite the Wenzl's company's building. There was no longer time for breakfast coffee. But it would certainly Give in Wenzl.

There Lukowsky experienced a surprise: everything new! The whole company shone in fresh colors, and the entire office technology also seemed to be renewed be. Nothing more of the adventurous underly and over, which used to be a trademark of this company, so to speak, no, now everything worked Very clean, neat, almost noble. Just the colorful receptionist, which was called Putzi, still offered the impression that it was like Your main job The care of slot machines in one of the flickering Dandruff in Goethe-Straße, where you were taken to a police raid every evening. But Miss Putzi had also learned, she greeted Lukowsky With astonishing courtesy: "Good morning Mr. Lukowsky! How nice that that You are there! Mr. Wenzl awaits you. May I serve you a coffee? " Lukowsky replied: "Thank you, that would be very friendly!" Miss Putzi handle to the phone and reported her boss Lukowsky's arrival. Immediately opened a door. Mr. Wenzl stood in full size in the door frame - Shirt -sleeved as always, nothing had changed. And the pitch also remained the same. Wenzl made his bass baritone sound: "Ha, there Are you yes! Morning! Come in! " He waved one of his huge prices and then stretched them out Lukowsky.

Wenzl's chief room had also changed. It was the same room as always, but completely re-equipped; Everything kept in teak, chrome and dark brown leather. A huge desk stood at an angle in the back Third of the room. On one of the white walls there was an almost twice twice one and a half meter of paintings. It showed the battle cruiser 'Derflinger' during the Skagerrak battle in 1916, the 'Queen Mary' has just sunk. The fact that it was this scene was documented by a labeled brass sign. Wenzl noticed how Lukowsky looked at the painting, and did not explain without pride: "Bought at Weinmüller. Best bid. It had to I really have, I find these old warships extremely impressive. " He sat down and pointed to an armchair opposite the desk: "crouch They go! " - Miss Putzi served coffee. Wenzl pushed Lukowsky a silver cigarette box, said: "Use you itself!" and put on a thick black cigar. one of the cigarettes and noticed: "With them the business must go well!" Wenzl made a movement with his hand that held the cigar: "I'm satisfied." He looked at Lukowsky, with a long, suspicious -looking View. That was not Wenzl's way otherwise. Lukowsky was a little surprised about it. Wenzl Paffte, leaned back in his huge executive chair and Asked: "So? How do we do it?" Lukowsky was amazed at this start the conversation, however, endeavors, as it were, that it is not possible to note that let. Wenzl apparently assumed something that was still unknown to him. He replied: "Maybe you want to submit a proposal to me?" Wenzl looked at him with a broody expression, paffe, paffe, obviously considered. Finally he took the cigar out of his mouth, leaned forward, supported the Up the elbows and said dryly: "Shit pants!" He showed a resigning Gesture with both hands: "You came up. The other was closed stupid, unfortunately not. Well, you can't do anything. But I play them Still not the clown! And you also have no rights! So? What She?!" Lukowsky term: "You exchanged the green package, what in it Was fraudied, her shop renovated, probably a few more made nice investments ... "Wenzl interrupted with an impatient gesture And with repeating his expression: "Shit pants! - Yes, yes! Let's do it But no bitches! I offer you something: twenty -five percent of that, what is still there. " He tilted far over the huge desk plate and Fuch with his cigar: "This is my first and last word! You can

Say or no, I don't act! Then we just have gossip! " He leaned back again and added more calmly: "Is not yet out how that Out going! Are you the man to run to the police? But without trouble - that Would I let myself be cost, all to me - I'm not that bad. " Lukowsky asked: "What was in the green package?" Wenzl made one Annoying gesture and let the cigar circle: "Kilo -way crap and some of value! And since we talk about that of value, I'll tell you right now - I'm not a crooked dog, if I tell you now, it is also like this: A bag full of diamonds. All good; River and Top River, like the experts Say - by the way, which I think all of the crooks, they have me sure shitty. Two wind eggs were in the bag, but otherwise everything was good." He graped into a bowl full of office clips and other work utensils, searched for something and threw two almost thumb -sized stones on the Table top. "There!" he said grumpy: "One is a mountain crystal and that Others an amadeus or something like that, at most is suitable for cheap fashion jewelry. " Lukowsky improved: "Amethyst," and took the two stones in the hand. "Also good," Murrte Wenzl, at least worthless. Can you keep right away if you want. " Lukowsky put the mountain crystal and the amethysts. Not everything very well either, because sometimes not sanded. That does something out of. Brought together, everything together: DM 787,000! Of that ... "he went after a sheet of paper and a golden fountain holder, but without writing: "420,000 house - bought a house because married and baby on the move. Rest mortgage. Inserted into the company: 121,000. Stay: 367,000 that For you - 25 percent of it: DM 91,750, let's say round and generous: 92,000 marks, cash into your hollow hand - and then let me go for everyone Early in peace! " Lukowsky did not go into this for the time being, but asked: "What else was in the package? It is relatively large and difficult. " Wenzl let a bitter laugh hear, shook his head and made a disposable gesture that flew through the air: "One Figure, a strange! Something like maybe the Dali does when he is right now Has abdominal pain. But worth nothing. Just bronze or something. Heavy and useless. I asked such a border-debil modern artist, because right around the corner. Didn't want it. Also good." Lukowsky asked: "How does it see Figure? " Wenzl said: "Crazy! A braid with a head on it, the two Has faces, a man face and a women's face. So where you 'surrea-

List calls, I think. " - A whole swarm of thoughts whizzed in This description by Lukowsky's head. He remembered well: the representation on the silver plate made of Alotti's house. Lukowsky asked: "Where did you have the thing?" Wenzl laughed dry and replied: "In the garden! Our house has a small garden. My wife created a nice rock garden there. With Edelweiß and such. There is the thing and plays the garden gnome. " Wenzl laughed This time really cheerful, the tense atmosphere gave way. Lukowsky laughed. Then he said: "I would like to have the figure! I don't want money. It stands not to me, as little as you. But they have family. For honest orders I would be grateful, however. I want to try my company over the mountain bring to." Wenzl looked at him suspiciously: "Is that serious to her? You shit open 92,000 Märker? " Lukowsky nodded: "If you think of me as soon as it There are transport flights that I can carry out with my possibilities - entirely Fair prices - but possibly with a certain sales guarantee - that would be for Not a bad exchange at all, it would be exactly the chance I needed. " They saw themselves for a few long seconds over Wenzl's mighty desk plate over. Wenzl put his head wrong: "You mean that honestly?" Lukowsky Nodded: "And I get the crazy figure!" Wenzl thought about half a minute. Then he rose, Lukowsky stretched his bear prison and said: "All of the interesting flights that I have to award. Annual turnover estimated 60,000 to 65,000 marks. I guarantee you 50,000 minimum in written form. You can get 10,000 advances immediately, will be charged later. - OK?" Wenzl had set up to full size and was still holding his hand there. Lukowsky also got up. He took Wenzl's hand, thought she was one Moment and said: "And I can do the double-headed garden gnome figure pick up me this afternoon! " Wenzl's handshake was determined: "In order. I Call my wife, she should bring that thing. She finds it scary anyway. That's why it ended up in the garden. " Lukowsky drank from his coffee. Remembered: "You mentioned earlier when I understand it correctly Would someone else have come to you in this - matter? " Wenzl put on a pleasant face and held his hand with the cigar in The height: "Last Tuesday. Came unannounced and chatted Bockmist. Turned it out! " Lukowsky asked: "What kind of guy was that?" - Wenzl bloated the Back: "A fat bag. Has done too stupid. I immediately noticed that he had no idea. How then she called, it was clear to me that they

men had to be. You were the first at the syringe, had the green package Before and afterwards in the claw. At some point it had to come that way. Am glad that we have become trade! " Lukowsky researched: "What was that called Fat bag? " Wenzl scratched his head: "What was called ... I think he even has not given. Only his first name: Valentin. That will hardly be Have been Arschname. " - In Lukowsky's head, the thoughts in the circles again whispered: thick man - Valentin - Valtine. Lukowsky shook his head: "No. But it may be someone I heard about. Nothing Good. If he should appear again, would you inform me? " Wenzl laughed deeply from his chest: "It doesn't reappear here! Because that Next time, I told him, he doesn't go out to the door, but to the Window!" Much had changed in the Wenzl company. The old man had undoubtedly remained. Lukowsky remembered one more question: "On There was nothing in the package? " - "Papers?" Wenzl was amazed: "Well! Only the one in which the useless spinner work of art was wrapped. " Lukowsky Researched: "Was that wrapping paper, newspaper, or was there something on it?" Wenzl Leaned back with a shake of the head: "What they ask! - it was so What like old architectural drawings that nobody could need anymore. " The Lukowsky made listening: "Where are they?" Wenzl gaffed him without understanding: "Do you want to plant me? Of course in the trash!" Lukowsky nodded: "It was one stupid question. Please greet your wife from me! "

Munich now actually offered the impression of a city that ignored autumn and had brought back the summer. The mood was pleasant. In addition For Ernst Lukowsky, the results of his visit to Wenzl also liked contribute. After a long time, the business prospects were able to mean the famous silver streak on the horizon. And then: the contents of the green package! Also not unimportant: Valtine seemed to be in the events, Veras Old enemy, whose head she wanted ...

Lukowsky found a parking lot on Herzog-Rudolf-Straße, near Maximilianstrasse. He was early on, there was still time until noon. He strolled past the Hofbräuhaus towards Marienplatz. He rummaged in a large bookstore and provided himself with reading material, two books, one in German and one in English, about the me 109, that fighter plane of the Second World War, with the most air victories had been fought. He attached great importance to precise

Images of the late series. So cared for, he went back, crossed Maximilianstrasse and went to the 'Café Roma'.

Antonietta Alotti was on time. Lukowsky recognized her immediately. How did it Vera said: Antonietta would like that she was a little similar to her. The right. She was perhaps two or three years older than Vera, a little Smaller, but a beautiful, a particularly beautiful woman with a wonderful Gang, smooth, graceful, almost floating. Your face was beautiful Fine nerves and noble, as painted by Botticelli. Your dark brown hair was Wanted to the side and braided into a thick braid in front of the shoulder Almost reached the hip. Oh yes, if you were not already in love with Vera Jörgens, Certainly could easily fall in love with Antonietta Alotti - provided, of course, He would have been another man than the old Haudegen Ernst Lukowsky; because The woman there certainly had other ideas in this regard, and with good law. She was wearing a wide pink summer dress with large white Score on the fabric and a not too deep but noteworthy Extract. This dress seemed to you on one of the last warm days Year to go for a walk again. Lukowsky's eyes noticed her, and She really interpreted him. With the touch of a smile on her lips she came At Lukowsky's table. With her voice, whose unusually pleasant sound sound He had already noticed on the phone, she said: "Hello! You have to Be Lukowsky! " Lukowsky rose. A well - groomed hand, the touch of which felt gently and soft. Lukowsky said: "Hello, Miss Alotti!" He pulled her chair and she pulled her up sit down. The woman said: "I think it's very nice of you that you Make an effort; I am really grateful to you! " Lukowsky replied: "You Do not need to thank you, it is a matter of course. I am happy, you to see. " He pulled out the list he made by the content of the package had reached over the small round table and asked: "See first, Whether everything is worth it. Except for an old newspaper, the one for Packing was used is everything your friend's friend is still got out of the house, here. " He pointed to the third Chair lying on the table. The dark brown eyes of the woman judged on the package. A blonde waitress came. Antonietta Alotti ordered himself a coffee. Then she took a narrow -framed glasses out of her handbag, Submit it, flog the sheet of paper and quickly put it out of my hand: "I

Can only say I am very grateful to you and the helpers unknown to me! So Wide I can see, all important things are there. " She folded the sheet of paper Together and playing with it. Her smile now seemed a little unsure. "Mister Lukowsky, "she started:" I don't really know how I would be grateful should! If I ask you if you had expenses, you will be offended I look at them. But I would like to thank you, you have to understand that. " She left the paper alone, looked at Lukowsky and asked with more determined Voice: "Tell me how I show myself gratefully or a joy for you can prepare! The things they bring me are not only of material Value! They mean a lot more! That's why I insist on performing! " She tended her head: "What about the unknown to me My father's friend? You notice that I don't ask for his name. She Would certainly call it to me if it were opportune. I know my father Had some connections that ... "She made a searching gesture with her graceful hands, "... which, how should I express myself: special nature were. I assume you know that. " Antonietta Alotti offered at once the impression of a woman who knew very well what she wanted and too to assert. This woman was not a shy deer. Now she offered one another impression than that of the first moment, but nothing Less attractive, on the contrary. Lukowsky replied: "The name of the person concerned is no secret. It is called Fritz Busch. Do you know him?" The boy Ms. slightly tended her head and thought: "No, this name tells me nothing. But I know my father had a lot of German friends, sometimes already from the war. Can this be?" Lukowsky nodded: "From age, yes. I assume that it will be like that. Can I ask her now? " She interpreted one Tiny head nod: "Please!" Lukowsky said that Domenico Alotti's daughter thought little of the question of question, it was as a penetration deep from their inside a cautious but energetic willingness to defend The surface. Lukowsky nevertheless asked: "Are you taught about the circumstances how her father died?" She again showed a tiny nod. Lukowsky clearly felt that everything is now lurking and caution was. She replied: "I know the circumstances - essentially. My Father was a passionate sports diver. He has to exaggerate it have." - "That's how it will have been," said Lukowsky, although he was aware of that the woman now logs. The tone of his voice had to tell him that he Something else believed. After a moment of the hesitation, the woman asked:

"You know something you want to tell me?" Now it was Lukowsky who hesitated. He decided to say what was to say: "There are some strange things with all of this. You probably know a lot about it, but after that I don't want to ask. They would talk about themselves if they wanted it. It also seems better to me. Maybe they were still in Difficulties, and I'm sorry. What at that moment through the Head goes, but is also something else: Miss Alotti, I found her gentleman Father - before everyone else. And now I tell you - at the risk to be misunderstood because I am anything but an occultist or how to Nowadays would rather say, esoteric. What comes into disrepute changes his name. " Antonietta Alotti smiled: "And whoever changes his name will Do not honor the new as little as he did the old. - Says Schopenhauer! But behind what comes into disrepair is sometimes unnoticed, a white innocence. " The woman made it easy for him, his thoughts To get rid of: "Miss Alotti, I had when I found her father strange feeling that this man was still there, that he perceived me Although ... "Antonietta Alotti spread her beautiful hands over the little one Round table, her dark eyes behind the glasses looked at Lukowsky with the greatest naturalness, and also sounded Her voice: "But of course, Mr. Lukowsky! There is no death! Certainly My father noticed her if you were relatively soon after his abandoned earthly body! Is on it Nothing amazing! " Lukowsky was surprised. which he now put together here in the 'Café Roma' in Munich, probably to that Very small and as it were, as it were, like Astrid Xylander? Did these two women even know each other? Directly or in detour? Maybe even through - vera? Was that all a coincidence? The woman at the table towards the factual voice again: "It would be me Interested to find out how it came about that they found my father - and It would also be valuable to me if they told me a little more about it. Do you want to do that? - not now and here, because I'm a little in a hurry, but Soon in peace when you are again in Munich? Maybe you will also write it to me in a letter if you like? I would like to answer you! I think something of the good old postal culture. " Lukowsky thought on the fact that the closer, which was not completely ordinary, Business relationship with Wenzl probably lead him to this city often

should. He said, "I would be happy to meet them again. I write to you. I understand that this is important to them. " She smiled: "Good! But: Nevertheless, you have to give me the opportunity to give me to be grateful! I owe you more than you guess! Maybe I can Be useful for business? I have some quite good relationships! " She took the paper with the list, folded it together and put it in her Handbag. Lukowsky watched her hands and their movements. With Vera would have put the paper on the same handles - strange. An old one Wisdom said that external similarities and essentials went hand in Hand. Someone had brought the parable to this: a ball could Only rolls, a cube only collers. - C.G. Jung liked that once have. Maybe it was right. The woman apparently felt something of his thoughts without being able to classify them. That seemed nervous close. She stroked in her braid with one hand, as if she were counting With the fingertips in silence, the individual lichens. Antonietta Alotti Asked, it almost seemed pressing: "What is? You don't have anything the heart? " She was embarrassed. on the heart? Lukowsky watched her fingers, again on that Dark shimmering braid. He looked like a soft chain Interlocked heart, actually, like heart. He had to think more about Vera. He said without actually wanting it: "That sees that Very nice! " She didn't immediately get what he meant, but then She smiled: "The long braid? It is very old -fashioned! But that's me probably too. I could never separate from my long hair! At most A little piece would have to be off again so that the tips are nice remain." Lukowsky noticed that this woman almost literally The same said, as recently Vera Jörgens. Antonietta Alotti looked at Along her braid, then looked at Lukowsky again and smiled again: "In short, Or at a few shorter than now, might be more practical and Would also fit better in the current time, but - I have this Time not a good relationship! Said in the fraud: I find them cultureless and Housing! " Antonietta took off the glasses and leaned slightly behind, behind It started to shine her eyes. Her words suddenly came very lively and Lively: "A different time will come, a new and at the same time ancient! The Kali-Yuga dwarfs of this Äon will pass and the Sadjä giants- Mental giants! - Back in the rebirth of the golden age!

Then I will feel comfortable as I am and how it is probably too Like, because it is the divine correctness! Woman and man are beings of Different nature, which is why it is so wonderful to complement each other. It is Important to consider. The frequent equalization kills in today's world The divine in humans. Therefore, the darkness can prevail - still. How do you need a little patience, have to hold out - and also something yourself do! The victory of the new light cannot be stopped! This is an intercosmic Law! - You see, I don't guess myself about such thoughts too talk." She smiled, an almost embarrassed smile, and spoke in more objective Tone of tone: "But sorry! This is one of my favorite topics! I am interested in old myths and legends. I really think too to it!" Lukowsky involuntarily had to think of Astrid Xylander again and also to Vera. The young woman here at the table in the 'Café Roma' would have very good Passed the other two. Antonietta Alotti continued to play with her braid. Lukowsky said: "Since you are interested in such things, allow me Please be curious. You may know what the silver engraving means: the goddess over the strange figure with two faces and one Women's braid? I saw that because when I received the package it was badly torn and had to be grabbed again. " Antonietta considered For a moment, as if it were to find the right beginning. Then explained She: "The goddess represents the mistress of the upcoming new age. Aphrodite, Ishtar, Venus, Freyja, Astarte, Aramati - the goddess has many names. She stands above the 'figura', a magical idea that in this form of Templar mysticism comes from, but goes back to the old Sumer. But ..." Antonietta Alotti showed a graceful gesture "... I would have to do that once in Tell peace! It's very interesting! In any case, it has to do with what moves me personally. That is why this silver plate is special for me too Valuable and I am very happy to own you now. " She let go of her braid and put the fingertips together: "But my braid has nothing with that of the 'Figurea'. Couldn't it be much more that I have her to another woman remember? The way you sometimes look brings me to this thought. " Lukowsky made this question unexpectedly. something painful in him. She leaned forward, her voice sounded Very soft: "I was stupid and tactless. Forgive me!" Lukowsky tried a smile, but it wasn't very good: "There is nothing to do that she is for Excuse me, believe me. " Antonietta Alotti looked brooding.

Maybe she even suspected that the woman who was now thinking of Lukowsky was her Girlfriend Vera Jörgens was? - Antonietta's voice didn't sound quite as safe As before: "Maybe she is happy when I assure you that I I will always remain similar to me who love you. At least approximately. It is not a great thank you gift because I have it anyway no other way. That is not just a question of female beauty, it Has a completely different sense. " Lukowsky's thoughts once again steered this to Astrid Xylander and their astral body philosophy. Was that what too The young woman here meant at the coffee house table when she was still of one of a 'still had spoken completely different? And vera? Did she know that 'completely different meaning'? - Vera, who was now as far as on a foreign star. - Antonietta touched his hand with her fingertips, Your voice became even gentler: "Be happy again!" It was a Small, naive, apparently meaningless sentence, but he worked. And Lukowsky felt almost strange. But he said: "An officer I Years to get to know each other, a famous fighter pilot who shot more than 100 opponents, once said: 'A man who is ashamed of his feelings is that Not worth the sunlight! '" - Antonietta Alotti smiled, an open, full Smile. "I think that's very nice!" - they had hardly sat together for almost twenty minutes, and yet it was suddenly - for a little moment - as if they knew very well.

Lukowsky accompanied Antonietta Alotti to her car and provided the package The things from her father's house to the passenger seat. Then he fell something. He asked: "Miss Alotti, the name Valtine tells you something? That is not curiosity. I heard this morning that this man was in last week Munich. It is considered dangerous. I think he was an enemy of hers Mr. Father. " The young woman indicated a shake of the head: "Know the name I don't, but I have opportunities to inquire. " Lukowsky said: "I haven't seen this man personally either. He is as far as I White, big and thick, probably in the end of fifty. Maybe it's good if you Knowing. We didn't talk about it, but we both know that we move us on the edge of an unusual field. " Antonietta Alotti looked Lukowsky thoughtfully. She said, "Thank you. I'll be careful!"

The encounter with Antonietta Alotti had brought him out of time for a while. She was a beautiful woman, as there were few. But not that

Had thrown it out of the rhythm of everyday life. It had been her unconscious alluding to Vera who had done this. Because he did not get rid of the oppressive feeling that Vera Jörgens left the circle of his life Had - irretrievably - that it was a thing for him.

In the early afternoon he went back to Wenzl. He was not in the house, Had an away date. But the receptionist named Putzi held two Ready things for Lukowsky: a envelope with a check for 10,000 marks And a large cardboard box. Lukowsky opened it and looked into it. Under Wirer wood wool came out a dark bronze statue. It corresponded Exactly the engraving on the Domenico Alotti House.

He enjoyed the return trip. His thoughts revolved around the events of this Day. The most important thing: thanks to the completely unexpected pact Wenzl had the economic side of his life a gratifying perspective assumed. No question, Wenzl had simply stolen. But who Had he stolen? Beekn? He had now left this world. And would Beekn have been the rightful owner of those things? Probably not! Also: maybe the gods of the Olympo had how Vera would express herself, this time her fingers had in the game. Possible that it should come so that it was fate, the strange figure in to give his hands? Now it was time to visit again To take Mrs. Astrid Xylander. This frequent lady could too All of this, to the figure, the stones, the silver plate, also to Antonietta's comments, certainly say a lot. And Miss Antonietta Alotti? What could it be with her? She was Not an ordinary woman. Not just because she offered such a pleasant sight And was certainly smart. Antonietta seemed to be in the middle of the things, the Lukowsky still couldn't really see through. She had that strange Mr. Hugo Weiß had committed, the man of 'everywhere and Nowhere. 'He may have been her lover. Why not. Or but, Antonietta Had to do with this "anywhere and nowhere? She also seemed to know the mystical views that he found out by Astrid Xylander had and about the one between the lines in the booklet There was a lot to guess from Vera's father. And again about Antonietta Alotti: Es Would be almost too coincidence in the prevailing fashion that it was just as much as it should be, in the spirit of Veras and the mysterious Astrid Xylan-

the. Antonietta was also very aware of this, it was not just about beauty. She had well thought -out views, spiritual and secular, the at least sounded very similar to which Astrid Xylanders, even if Antonietta other terms used. Lukowsky knew so much that 'Kaliyuga' and 'Sadj-Yuga' were. Finally: from the possession of her father, the silver plate came with the Image of the goddess and the figure who had probably portrayed the true secret of the multi -sought -after green package. Maybe also liked it Have given secret position plans that now rotten on a garbage dump, so the 'Figura' was certainly the heart of the green package. Antonietta apparently knew quite well for their meaning. There was a lot to fit Together - and yet there was no complete rhyme. Lukowsky thought Suddenly: green package - green country. - He was a cigarette and Gas accelerated.

The dusk was already over Düsseldorf when Lukowsky was back Office entered and the heavy box with the mysterious bronze figure in it put on the desk. He went into the kitchen, put on a coffee and Then took a look into the mailbox. There was nothing except in it. He Went into the bathroom, set fresh. The coffee was now ready. Lukowsky filled the thermos, took cups with a spoon and sugar can and pulled it in this way Equipped in the study. There the cardboard box waited with a strange thing that had two faces. He unpacked it and put it on the sliding table plate. Apparently Wenzl's wife had bothered to carefully clean their former stone garden decoration. The figure was good Five of five centimeters high. The double head had about half a life size. Two braids came from the female half. One of them is changing the Neck of the male half. From there the two braids united A thick column that the double head wore. This braid made about two thirds of the figure. The braids dissolved below and formed one Round base of maybe thirty -five centimeters in diameter. Below was an additional wooden base, about six centimeters high. The whole Was visibly old, but was not damaged and made an extremely stable one Impression. Lukowsky cleared the box and some of the wool in scatter

Aside, snapped the desk lamp and got the clearing of the Silver plate. The engraving did not correspond to the last detail of the figure, But without any doubt a very similar one had formed the template. The Gravure showed a small tip on the top of the double head. Lukowsky Then looked at the figure. Indeed, there was a four -edge opening, there Maybe almost two centimeters. And apparently it led from there A millimeter -thin hole to the bottom. Lukowsky disrespectful Insert - the air went through. He remembered something. He reached into the pocket of his Jacket hanging over the back of the chair and looked at the two stones he had received from Wenzl: the amethyst fits exactly into the opening on the Wage of the double prophesy! What about the mountain crystal. Lukowsky turned him Between the fingers. Did this also belong to the figure? In the end they were Diamonds only camouflaged for the two apparently worthless, but possibly much more important stones? Lukowsky examined the figure, also the wooden base. Inscriptions could not be seen anywhere, none Numbers or characters. But a drawer discovered Lukowsky, inconspicuous, But no lock blocked. It only needed a little patience and Teensing, then she was opened. Inside the tip was one Dark blonde women's braid, it measure about fifteen centimeters. The fine Gold string band, which she artistically revolved together, was already brittle. As a precaution, Lukowsky did not touch the topping tip. It had to be very long ago, probably centuries that a woman is this end Cut off their braid and put it in there. Lukowsky came Thought: Maybe this was a particularly noble pillow for the second Stone, the mountain crystal, thought? He put the mountain crystal on the top of the braid and pushed the drawer again. She closed almost seamlessly. This also had cannot penetrate moisture in Wenzl's garden. Now everything seemed too voices. He leaned back and looked at the figure. She was undoubtedly Strange, however, did not radiate anything scary, it was even beautiful. The The male face was that of a forty year old. It looked Roman. The Another face was that of a young woman around twenty. Maybe like one could imagine a Germanin. Possible that something stated should become: the Roman-German Empire; The marriage of Roman and Germanic world. But the Holy Roman Empire German Nation had been Christian. This figure certainly had nothing to do with that do it was obviously a work of pagan mythology - which too always.

Lukowsky pondered it for a while. Then he carried the figure in that Back room, put them in the wardrobe and covered her with a couple Shirts too. Somehow he had the feeling that they didn't let them stand open to be. He went forward again, sat down at the desk. Fisherman would inform you the next morning. But Lukowsky considered, to call Astrid Xylander that evening. It was just ten o'clock It would certainly be awake. But then he also postponed that for the coming day. Not because he would have been too tired, but because he had inhibitions to call this woman so easily. Why? He didn't know himself Exactly. Maybe because something was afraid of it, too deep into the realm of the To dive into mysticism. There was a border, he had that after every visit Astrid Xylander noted, which was very easy to cross, behind which the fabulous green country was perhaps. But it was probably not everyone for this Way suitable. Maybe it was better to talk to Fischer first.

From the side of the green country, his thoughts came to the the green light of the 'Kakadu bar'. Maybe the strange Hugo would Knows to be found there. With that he would have liked to change a few more words. Lukowsky took his jacket and broke up to try it.

The weather difference between Munich and Düsseldorf was very noticeable. Here a cool wind blew, drizzle stob of dark clouds, between which a moon came to light every now and then. Barely Lukowsky had climbed into the car when the raindrops were already thicker And more and more numerous, a flash of lightning the sky and duller Rolled thunder. Soon a downpour splashed and drummed onto the sheet metal of the car roof, according to all the rules of thunderstorm art. If Lukowsky at 'Kakadu' would not find a cheap parking space, he would get so wet Like a deep sea diver. But there was the possibility of in close proximity to park the cash entrance on the sidewalk. Even almost without the risk of a criminal ticket, because at this hour there were no political meals around, and the Strip police officers had more important things to do.

In the 'Kakadu' the C trumpet just blew again Alamo's song. general Santa Anna had let it play his military chapel continuously, While the Mexican troops besieged the Texas Fort Alamo and finally income. The Americans defended themselves heroically, letters

Lich up to the last man. The Mexican general had women and children Pull off before the start of the fight and have it escorted in a safe area. Last chivalry in the middle of a cruel war that had happened in the last century. In the present, cities were bombed after the Motto: women and children first in their death. The gentlemen had to do this, Oppenheimer, Teller & Co. still provided the atomic bomb so that as many people as possible can be killed at once and even coming Sustainably damage generations - of course in the interest of the 'good' and the Democratism, as Cornelius would say. The melody from Alamo sounded A little like the wistful farewell to real heroism and the last rest of the knightly. The current century was undoubtedly one Housing, Miss Antonietta Alotti was absolutely right. A new one Time should come. How and where from? Maybe from 'anywhere and nowhere'.

The man who came from there, as he had expressed himself so cryptically, sat on the same table as last. He noticed Lukowsky, smiled and interpreted A wave: "I thought it was!" Lukowsky sat down with him Table: "Should I say the same thing now? Good evening, Lord knows!" - "Good Evening, Mr. Lukowsky! First of all, thank you for having a say, "said the Elegantly dressed straw blonde man who smoked with a cigarette tip: "It It's good that they come. I would have had to visit her otherwise. " Lukowsky asked: "Why is that?" - "My client gave me another order by phone," said Hugo Weiß: "This time especially in relation to her." The Kellner came through the crowds of the particularly numerous that night Kadadu guests at the table. He had a good memory, asked if he was again Should bring red wine. Lukowsky said yes. He was a cigarette and Asked his counterpart: "Tell me, I'm excited!" Hugo white said: "Miss Alotti has the desire to be grateful towards them. To do this, she complained to me, they didn't want to give her an opportunity." White emphasized: "I, as a man, can understand that! I wouldn't have any other way either Behavior than she. But ... "he smiled:" What should you do: the lady has it Sets yourself in the head! She would and also the unknown to you Friend of her father, who recovered the things from the house in Toulon, gladly Thank you. Maybe also that you don't have the feeling want to be guilty of someone. Miss Alotti has a lot of proud. Here is But it is probably more gratitude. The estate of her father

Does she really mean a lot. " He smiled again: "That's how it is! Now we have to Both think of us what to do! It will find a way, mine Client to fulfill her well -intentioned wish, don't you think? " Lukowsky replied: "As for the unknown helper - I called Miss Alotti his name - so I don't believe that it is morally committed to him; He probably did not act entirely unselfishly. " Hugo white Nodded: "So I would also say Mr. Buch, according to my information, also assess. According to the practical effect, it did something useful. And I think he won't close himself to a money gift. Do you want to talk to him about it or should I do it? I would prefer it if you did it. For me it would stay with a single contact. I would prefer that. " Lukowsky said: "I'll ask Busch. IM Moment I don't know where it is, he moved, but I will soon find out. " Hugo Weiß expressed his cigarette button that was already glimmering in the silver: "Good! So to you! My client does not want to go through a material offer. But there is a very nice sealing ring, From one of her great -grandfathers. Miss Alotti thinks the symbolism on it would Well suited - I don't know what it is, but it will make sense. She would like to send you this ring. Do you agree?" - "If the ring is not equipped with precious diamonds or the like," replied Lukowsky, "so there is no enormous value, yes." Hugo white showed a satisfied face: "It is probably a simple seal ring. Made from gold, But not of great material value. - Fine!" He groped a new cigarette to his top, lit it and continued: "Then there is still something - a bit strange, but it must have a background that you will understand. Miss Alotti, as you have seen, has beautiful long Hair. Most of the time she simply wears a braid. I like that very much. I accept you too. You probably told her that or she noticed it. Now, two years ago, her braid had apparently become so long that she said that it was too much of the good and a piece of it. I accept that. This braid tip had lifted them and would give them them like to send along - as another symbol. I don't know for what, but you will probably know. Miss Alotti attaches great importance to telling them that they did not do the point of cable now, but two years ago, because they are in principle, because it is generally delivered to a hairdresser not off. " In the word 'braid tip', Lukowsky had to go to the strange figure

Think that was now in his wardrobe. Could Antonietta Ancest something? Certainly not know, but - guys? - Hugo Weiß interpreted this Pause wrong, he smiled: "It should be a few personal words have come between them. My esteemed client generally has the reputation of incorrect. It would not make sense to get her on the Pelle To want to go back. It is certainly a particularly desirable one Exemplar of your genus! " Lukowsky agreed to this view: "So you are right. " - "Good!" Hugo white cut up with his free hand The table: "We agree! I will notify my client accordingly. I'm going open now!" He waved the waiter. Lukowsky asked: "You go back to 'everywhere and nowhere?" Hugo white saw him for one Moment brooding, then said: "Yes. Probably we will meet not again. Although - everything is possible. I wish you the best! " Hugo White gave him his hand and disappeared. Immediately afterwards Lukowsky heard through The Pasodobel sounds that are now sounding from the stage a sound that reminded him of something: the hidden wooden bead curtain, through which that too Pretty stubic girl had gone. There was a pension above, had the keeper said. Had Hugo Weiß temporarily opened his camp here? Albeit. Ernst Lukowsky was none of it. The chapel stopped playing, but used other Spanish rhythms again. Loud Clapping the audience sounded. A remarkable appearance appeared on the stage Pretty flamencot dancer, probably a new addition in the 'Kakadu'.

Lukowsky hadn't stayed in the 'Kakadu' for this night. Gradually, fatigue was noticeable.

He had planned to sleep out once, but it became nothing. Around a quarter after eight, it stubbornly crept on the door. Lukowsky got up, slipped into his pants and threw a shirt over. Whoever Was on the door, continued to rings steadfastly. Without a certain reason, he remembered Cornelius' advice and put the revolver in the waistband. A young man stood in front of the door, barely older than twenty. He was neat dressed, but on his face aggressiveness was written along with stupidity. Lukowsky left the visitor at the door and greeted: "Good morning." The young man did not return the greeting, but asked with unmistakably threatening undertone: "You are Lukowsky?" This replied: "You are Certainly the garden gnome from the caretaker's radish bed. What

Do you want? " The young man pulled a dark face and held Lukowsky one Business card: "The boss wants to talk to you! You should come along right away!" Lukowsky took a look at the map, it was only the name 'Mark Valtine' on it, no address. On the back it was noted: 'Cologne, Domhotel, No. 284'. The young man repeated: "The boss wants her to do the same come along! " Lukowsky said: "People want many things. I have No time today. Your boss can call me tomorrow morning. " He handed the Card back, said: "If your boss has bad manners, you have to do not necessarily take over from him. Adieu!" and closed the door. There were noisy footsteps against the door. Lukowsky made them Turn up again and grabbed where he suspected the collar of the brazen boy; And that was exactly right. Immediately he had it with the right one Hand at the collar and tie, while his left-handed hand of the boy is designing an FN high power pistol. Lukowsky's rights let go and missed two slaps in the slaps, the claps of which echoed through the whole stairwell. They had been strong enough to throw it on the opposite stairs and there to the ground. The boy had a fire red Bake and stared at Lukowsky stunned. Lukowsky said without special Emphasis: "You heard: I don't have time today. - The crispy is Requires. " He went back to the office, closed the door and stayed for a moment stand to hear the young man's passing steps. Then he went into the study and stepped on one of the windows directed to the street. So Mr. Valtine merged immediately! Vera's old enemy! It was finally serious. It rained outside. The played boy hurriedly crossed Man the street, climbed into a black Jaguar sedan parked there and drove away. Lukowsky was unable to defend itself in an inner excitement. Well Don Quijote was asked to do his dulcinea the service she wanted show!

He acted immediately. Now Fischer's Ferrari would have been useful, but also with Lukowsky had to be faster than the young guy in the black sedan in Cologne. It didn't take long for him to overtake it, Before the highway came, certainly undetected. The rain became more violent, Dark clouds hung deep in the sky, from which it was increasingly poured. No Weather for a rapid car ride if it didn't necessarily have to be. At the The Mustang was literally overtaking with flood waves

pour. But Lukowsky reached Cologne in record time, steered over the Rheinbrücke, past the cathedral and directly into the underground car park at the 'Dom-Hotel.' As he He was certain that he had driven out at least a quarter of an hour ahead compared to the Black Jaguar, probably probably more.

He passed the reception to the elevators, drove to the second floor And looking for room number 284. Mr. Valtine had meant that he was immediately want to see. He would be surprised at how quickly it came about. In this case, Lukowsky missed the courtesy of the knocking. The door with the Number 284 was not closed. Lukowsky picked them up and directed the Run of his revolver into the interior of the room. It was a big luxurious Equipped room with a view of the towers of the Cologne Cathedral. In one The armchair was sitting in one of the two windows, the man, the unmistakably mark Had to be valtine. A big, strong, thick man, gray, around the sixty in a dark needle strip suit; At first glance, by no means unappealing or even repulsive. Otherwise nobody was there. For safety Lukowsky took a look into the adjacent bathroom. It was empty. Lukowsky inserted the revolver. Mark Valtine was not moving. He stared Lukowsky on - with a facial expression that neither fear nor noticeable Showed astonishment, just curiosity. Valtine said: "I can assume you Are Ernst Lukowsky? You will excuse me when I stay, but me Don't feel very comfortable. " Lukowsky said dryly: "You are sitting on yours Shooting iron and don't want me to see that. Don't grab Cologne A city where, after green packages, desirable people can die quickly. " This promoted a cool smile on Valtine's wide face. But that Mouth angles surrounded a bizarre twitch, like from sick nerves or one Increased madness. Valtine replied: "Maybe you have So right. Maybe they're wrong, and I have instead of a pistol A Bible, a deep black; Because the Bible is a black book! " He saw Lukowsky lurks and said: "You should understand my caution. comes in particular that I have to expect to you from Miss To have been described in the most horrific tones. She holds me For an birth of hell, for the abysmal evil evil, the satanic darkness, The cause of all mischief! And maybe I'm yes? In any case, I know Exactly that Vera believes it from me. And since it is beautiful and men

Garnen understands, I assume that they should kill me in their name. " Valtine spoke factually, even more in the chat tone than dramatic, and yet Again and again through unnatural emphasis and strange twitching of the muscles of his face: "Do I judge that correctly?" He interpreted with one of his big hands that mechanically with a red one Rubbing played a free armchair: "Take Place! We have to talk to each other! It's about business. Kill you can still do me afterwards. What about Bert, mine Messenger? " - "He will come soon," replied Lukowsky, "he is by the way poorly brought up. " Valtine played an unfortunate smile: "You have that right! It's a miserable with some young people these days! " Then interpreted He on the house bar, with the hand, the continuously with the Red rubber band performed; That seemed to be a mania of him. "If you Want to drink something, "offered Valtine," use it. Nothing is poisoned. I'm just not a friend of alcohol. I don't smoke anymore either. " Valtine twisted his head in a unnatural manner and scored of downwards: "Did you know that Hitler did not smoke and drank? lost the war! A bad sign! I should smoke and drink! " Lukowsky settled on a side back of the free armchair and demanded: "So? Talk! It was your wish, not mine." - "That," said Valtine stretched, "applies! But I want something personal in the first place Clarify us - try to clarify because I have little hope that it will fruit. Nevertheless: I would like to ask you to listen to my page what the Difficulties with Vera Jörgens concerned. Do you agree?" Lukowsky nodded. Valtine focused on the opposite wall, But it was clearly felt that he was not there, but in the fund looked at his memories. He spoke calmly, in a tone to be noted was that it was about something that had not left his life unaffected: "I know Vera Jörgens is convinced that I am to blame for her death Father, on his suicide, "started Valtine:" She believes that, so is hers Uncutability understandable to me. There are also others for that Reasons where I am not innocent. I also want to be very open about that speak. But one by one. " He breathed deeply a few times Look seemed to slide further and more into the distance. Then he said it, it Almost seemed like himself: "I have certainly broken a lot in my life. But the death of Vera Jörgen's father is not to blame, at least

Z-plan

Not immediately, not through bad intentions. I appreciated him even though we were up different sides. It would be exaggerated to say we are friends. But, yes, we liked each other. Vera thinks I would have too far in her father drove the Z-Plan matter in it, because of that he had business Ruined and finally shot - everything caused by me. But it is completely were different. This already testifies to the fact that he used money because he wanted it himself!, But was by no means ruined. Still Today the Jörgens family is wealthy; that is, the two children are Because the mother no longer lives. The reason from which Vera's father Shot, is clear, obvious and simply explained: he was a secrecy during the war and afterwards. Often and again and again So he was interrogated, even long after the war. It was about an alleged last miracle weapon of the Germans who do not own the Allied was advised. By the way, you are still looking for it today! Than then too His son and daughter were interrogated and one clearly tried To put Jörgens under pressure with threats against his children, he shot so as not to become a traitor out of fear for his children. I know exactly that it was so because he once said to me; Before he let them blackmail against his children and possibly he would be weak, he would shoot himself. That's how it came. " Valtine took a break. His right hand played an increasing nervousness with the red rubber ribbon, the other massaged the wrist. Before The sky moved on to the windows, it was almost dark. Valtine Fore to tell: "My guilt, if there is one, limited that I actually unintentionally put a track to Lieutenant Captain Jörgens. Because the Allied places now had it Lost from the eyes or even forget. To rush them again is Not my intention, but apparently it happened through me. The I'm sorry, but I can't change it anymore. This too has me all of this in one Location brought that I didn't want. But insofar as I do it said Vera has a certain right to me for the tragic death of her father, who was a fine man to blame. But the way you do it Probably depicted, things did not behave! Vera However, all guilt saw me from the start. Immediately after my appearance The difficulties of the Jörgens family began, interrogated and so on. So Seen Vera's conclusion was not wrong, in any case understandable. She

It was also very young. If I had stayed away, it would be too. Maybe not have come all of this, that's probably true. But it is anyway. Not my evil intention, I have to highlight that again. But Vera said that I was recognized in me, so to speak, the fateful one Destroyer. At that time she devoured ancient literature, Homer, Virgil, the Nibelungen and so on. That certainly shaped her imagination. " Valtine breathe A few times deeply before he continued: "Vera is, you know that well enough, A terrific beautiful woman. You can see something like that very rarely. Even as a young Girl was like that. Vera was always fascinating, even unwanted. And she soon knew the effect of her charisma very precisely, even if it was. It was not their way of using it often. She has always inclined to prudence. Vera Was always proud, stubborn, self -centered - all of this combined with icy Unapproachability. And she always prevailed her will against everyone. I I admired Vera's beauty, as well as other men, but have never been in love with them. For me, women are not the most important thing in life. " He Swam down to Lukowsky and said in one suddenly completely different Tonfall: "I don't know why I will come back on it, but: Hitler was Not exactly crazy about women either? He lost the war! A Bad omen! " The red rubber band torn into Valtine's hand. Together again patiently, the view again against the wall and said: "The other thing ... she must have told you Raped. That's correct. But it only happened because they open with a dagger I started! She was extremely irritated in those days. Her mother had Vera Against their will, apparently behind, the one to the skirt hem Have the princess hair cut shorter. The mane was still enough to the belt. Vera's pride didn't break that. But this event drove them to frenzy. Without this overexcitement bordering almost crazy Her complicated nerves anyway would never have occurred to the mischief of my conviction, she would not hate me today. Because I wanted yes Talk to her! I had found some things that belonged to her father. More precisely, I had decreased her to a third - her today Partner Fritz Busch! I wanted to bring these things Vera and talk to her in peace on the occasion. First of all, I was surprised as I saw her because her princess hair, which they always so special on Had placed value, suddenly noticeably shorter. I don't remember More exactly what I said about it, but it was definitely nothing because of

The opposite, it should be a compliment. I probably have an awkward way Said it was reasonable that she had finally agreed to her mother. I Didn't know that it had been something like a raid, against Veras Wish. The mother has always wanted to stop the mane Leave, but her father always protected her. That's why I remember the arguments. Vera's father held his daughter Always iron. Everyone believed that he was in love with his own daughter was. - but that would be an issue in itself. "

Valtine turned the head and saw Lukowsky on: "They actually knew that the story of Samson and Dalila is completely wrong in the Bible? Like so many biblical stories, it is A plagiarism, or an adaptation. This goes to an Assyrian legend Back, she reads like this: A big hero has a lover, the priestess of the goddess Ishtar is and has hair reaching to the ground. With every act of love, if The hero reaches into the long hair of his lover, he receives the The goddess stored in it. A jealous sister cuts in This hair in, and the hero cannot do the supernatural powers receive more. - So is the real story. All of this is in the Bible twisted, actually very stupid! You should read Delitzsch or Jensen! As you notice, I am not one of the 'Silly Americans', but long ago educated German! " Valtine's view was wrong, as if he was looking for one lost thread. He found him and continued to tell: "Yes, vera ... It was probably remembered that I was in one of these quarrels Because of her hair, when Vera appeared particularly rigid and almost malicious, had taken the mother's party. It was also my opinion. This brat you would have had to get small! - Yes, that apparently also weighed me too with on. "He turned his head back towards the opposite wall Organ became quieter: "I had long forgotten. When I then again saw, the hair wasn't quite as long, I wanted her a compliment make. I don't know exactly what I said. But it is something Were friendly. But Vera, who saw the ancient in me, put it my words wrong. And how I give her the things from her father Wanted, she suddenly turned and started me with a deer. Vera is tall and strong for a woman. I felt pain through a stab Because she had wounded me. I didn't know where, but I was bleeding heavily. Then something came through me ... something terrible that I didn't really understand myself ... I didn't want it. " A shower ran through him, his voice

It became even quieter: "I don't like to admit it, but it's true, I have it then raped. I think it was less about lust than Therefore to get them small. I thought it was justified; She was one Any proud, arrogant person! But I don't even know exactly what I felt at the time, I don't even know ... when I finally let go of it, She immediately took her dagger again and stabbed me. I woke up in one Hospital and can assure you that it was very lacking, entirely few! Vera thought I was dead. Fortunately, she thought that, because otherwise she would have given me the rest! Vera Jörgens can be freezing cold Ice cold! - I didn't show them. That would be very much for myself too was uncomfortable. So Vera did not get any difficulties because of the matter. " The red rubber ribbon torn around Valtine's hand again. falling on the floor and turning the view that gradually returned from the past to the present, he seemed hard, bitter and suddenly too Not free from malice. "Now," said Valtine with a changed, rough voice, "Now we are an unforgettable enemies, I and Miss Vera Jörgens! I can they assess! She won't give peace, she wants my head! Vice versa Is it no different. But not so much out of hatred, more out of self -defense. Because as long as she lives, my life is acutely threatened. It has now result. If Vera Jörgens thinks I would be the evil spirit of her life, then It may even be right - even if that was not my intention at the beginning, no, that wasn't it! But it just came. - or, I don't know it Have always been like that ...? " He went out of a bowl on the table Next to the armchair a new rubber band and began to play nervously with it: "I also have to say," Valtine continued: "Looking back I don't feel so wrong anymore. Vera Jörgens sees me Monstrum from the abyss of hell. For me, however, she has something demonic! Even her unusual beauty comes to me when I Remember them demonic! " He sighed deeply and said: "That Tragic is probably - because the truth is usually on a simple level - If Vera's mother hadn't insidious her beloved princess hairs Let it crop, then Vera's delicate nerves would not be so extremely overwritten she hadn't been going through, she probably had heard me And learn how it really was with her father's death didn't start with a dagger, I would not have raped her - And so on - and we might even be quite good today, on

in any case not so hostile. But it shouldn't be like that! It should be through whatever evil influence that I became a devil and she Demonine! Because in Vera Jörgens, they believe that, there is something scary, already from the beginning! That is not just my opinion. She is never one was normal young woman. Sometimes a voice speaks in me - a whole But quiet inner voice - which says: It is the seventh angel of the Apocalypse ...! " Valtine was silent for several seconds. Lukowsky looked at the hands loudly, with a look in which unmistakable the lights of the madness rose. Valtine asked in a raised voice: "Do you want to kill me the beautiful vera now? Ha? I could Don't defend me! " Now there was also a tremor of the fear of Mark Valtine and captured his whole massive body. It was a strange moment. Lukowsky did not doubt that Valtine essentially told him a true story, as she got out of depicted in his view. Lukowsky said: "When I leave this room I'll turn your back on your back. Should you then have a gun on me Creating - and I feel something like that with a sixth sense - I would Turn around and shoot them, simple and quick. " The sparks of madness in Valtine's eyes sank back inside. He nodded with his head and Let the rubber tapes snap. Lukowsky asked: "If things Behavior, then do not think that this is apparently fateful of them Referred hostility flies over time? Maybe even that each of Take a look at both the background of the other? " Valtine shook with A silent laugh, which in turn exuded something of madness, his head: "Mr. Lukowsky! You are an idealist! You believe in the good in humans!" He turned his eyes back into the hollow that he supposedly pretends saw himself, his voice sank, the shadow of one lay over his face impenetrable darkness, much darker than the deep -gray clouds on Heaven in front of the windows. He said, "I also wanted to be another, one, who likes people and like people. But there was the possibility of Grippped for the great wealth, as in an oriental fairy tale. " He interrupted his speech by laughing again. Only after half a For minute he continued to speak, dark and dull from the depths of silent horror in front of yourself: "Wealth, what kind of word is that! Maybe Nobody what it means because everyone imagines something else. Can do you have too much of something shiny? Luxury, gold, money, - or, like Vera

Jörgens, beauty and cleverness? - because it is not only very nice, she is Unquestionably also highly intelligent. A particularly dangerous combination! I want no longer think of this woman! - I don't know ... as a child I read the book 'Robinson Crusoe'. You certainly know it too. I remember that it says in The history of the sentence: 'SMEs is the happiest stand'. But Didn't the rich have to be the happiest? In the meantime I think and Again, maybe the poet was right, maybe ... or not - Who knows ... "He breathed deeply before he continued: "What vera concern - I don't hate her, I'm afraid of her. I would have with her back then A lot would have turned out differently, even for talking and clarifying things me. I might not be the slaves of my actually senseless goals become. I always wanted to get rich, that's true, but not on this Way. Now I'm reasonably, but no longer master of my decisions. The The donors of wealth are my employees - I call them in their thoughts 'Selenless gray men'. And the signatures on the checks directs the Satan personally. In it, the demonic vera is far ahead of me, I admit it. She only does what she wants. - It is very powerful! " He turned his head Sparks of madness literally sprayed out of his eyes in swarms, he Suddenly said in a raised voice: "And do you believe in the good? But That doesn't exist! This is just a dream! Do you think Vera is good? Because she has an angel face, an angelic figure and flowing angel hair? " He giggled inside and massaged his face with both hands: "Vera Is a foreign being! A foreign, foreign being! Not good and not bad But: differently! And your power never ends! If she were dead, she lived Nevertheless further and would come from somewhere ... "When he looked again, it took Organ a more normal tone: "Let's let it all rest! I would find it reasonable if we do not bother each other now because it could only give common interests. I am obliged. I have Lords! "He said bitterly, "I could not avoid the action, myself If I wanted to. That's why it will come like this: sooner or later I kill them or Kill me! And of course I kill Vera Jörgens if I have the opportunity to do so get! Although ... "A shower of horror shook its whole heavy Body. He looked at Lukowsky and screamed the question: "Can you dead kill? Who knows whether Vera Jörgens is a living at all? Ha?" Valtine Sacked together, he suddenly spoke very quietly again: "She rushes me Through this life! " He was silent, then gave a crazy giggle, pulled him

Head between the shoulders and turned it back and forth unnaturally: "It is one Fight of the different worlds! Listen to: Hell against demonium - me I'm a devil, Vera is a demon! We both don't come out of peace, but from the war, because ... "He raised his hand with the rubber ribbon and stretched out the index finger," ... the sky is sluggish! Devil And demons carry the fights! The devils serve hell. The demons, on the other hand, are like Lanzknechte who serve this god, the others That goddess ... the angels of the apocalypse are actually demons! " Sporadically twitched between the gray clouds in the sky in front of the window Weather lights, but no thunder followed. Mark Valtine saw Lukowsky Now with the view of the completely broken madness, he lowered the Head, looked up from the bottom up and said in an even quieter voice: "People don't know who determines them! Rather, most of them don't know. You think it would be people. Yes, it's on earth now The seleny gray men. But they also have nothing else to report. All of them are controlled - either by devils or by demons! At the moment, the devils are currently at the helm. " He had the crazy look circle and Likewise the hand with the rubber band, speaking sank to whisper: "Here Around us! Here! Now! Always and everywhere: devils and demons! You hear And see our thoughts! And Vera Jörgens, she can do that too because she has already died. That is the most terrible. We live, on the other hand, are so weak ... "Valtine was silent and looked around as if he took Last invisible figures true. He seemed to have completely forgotten Lukowsky's presence. The rain clapping against the window panes sounded in this silence. Lukowsky broke through: "To speak of Vera Jörgens, they started. I have the impression that they were open. Thank you. Now have I still ask for two others: Felix Schäuer, a young pilot who unexplained, and Heinz Kufner, an old man who in his Motor workshop was shot. Both were friends of mine. Which Did you share it? " Lukowsky now paid an eye on the door. The stupid guy was able to appear soon. Valtine got stuck in his Armchair on. He winked with his eyes as if it helped him to reflect. "A pilot? Crashed with a plane?" he asked with a raised voice And shaken up his head emphatically: "I don't know anything about it!" Valtines Right -hand hand performed faster and faster consecutive tricks. He pulled the eyebrows together, it was as if he turned

With the help of these hectic finger exercises from his trip to the depths Madness back to the surface of normality. His voice won one calm, factual sound: "A pilot? No! I wouldn't talk around it, If it was different, I wouldn't have that. - Old man in one Motor workshop? I know of that. He should comment on some questions and didn't want to do it. " Valtine showed a fatalist gesture: "The Man who executed it was killed with his car. As far as I am oriented, did you work on it? " Lukowsky asked: "You have the murder arranged? " Valtine made an astonished face and said with emphatically emphasis: "Murder? Mr. Lukowsky, a murder is when a bank robber the cashier shoots - for example. The liquidation of a person who is not willing to cooperate, on the other hand, is an unofficial official act! " He stretched One hand in front of: "Not on the part of the German authorities that they are not wrong understand! They are good, almost harmless. " Lukowsky asked: "Who are talking about Then you? " Valtine grinned, his face mashed into a grimace, he laughed soundless and shook the head: "No, Mr. Lukowsky! Now you will join the border! Let it be heard: from me that could Old locksmiths, or what he was, still live! But from a higher perspective - out The perspective of the gray men ... "Valtine raised her hands and left her Again sink "... maybe it is also the one deep down! - is the individual As unspeakably meaningless as you cannot imagine! " He had the red rubber band snail twice against the hand plate and Kiggle: "A mechanic! A pilot! Or you and me! That doesn't count! Imagine you are high up at the window of a New Yorker Cloudskratzers and looked down. What do you see? People? No: Movable dirty splashes! If some disturb, you wipe them away! " He laughed again silently and stroked sweat with the back of the hand from the forehead: "But you won't understand that! Mr. Lukowsky, you don't fit in that Structure in. That's why they cause so much trouble. People like you have Always trouble, from old Siegfried to Michael Kolhaas! Typical German! Others are afraid of it: idealism! How should that be with tolerated a materialistic world? That doesn't work, just as little as Jesus Christ could get along with the Jews. No, that doesn't work! See You don't? - I used to accept such German features, although I am a American; One of the many with German heritage. I feel I often have a lot more German than American now. That would have me

Almost head and collar costed, because my employees didn't find that worthy of funding! So let's leave it. There was no murder! Only an inevitable process. Very emotionless. The top boss ordered to." Lukowsky asked: "Who is that?" Then Valtine stared at him with wide eyes and whispered, very clearly articulating: "The Antichrist!" Valtine let a crazy giggle heard again, then still spoke whispering, but in Clear pitch continues: "He blesses the earth through the number 666! He frees it People from the constraints of freedom and, above all, from the tribulation of the Intelligence! He wants to equate all of them, so from white and black dull -minded Mix gray. A 'fist' should never be poetry or a Jupiter symphony are composed, only Batman comics and negradau. Male And female should become hermaphrodite - he also liked to miss the Vera A short hairstyle - everything is supposed to convert in the same jeans and T -shirts and Romping around the golden calf after idiotic rock noise. So puts it the Antichrist before. Yes, the beast the apocalypse rules almost everywhere! Just a handful of stubborn, like her or Vera Jörgens, stands out tough towards and makes life difficult. Do you understand? " The Madness was completely owned by Mark Valtine. He long in his armchair, but instead of a gun he actually pulled a black -bound one Bible out: "The apocalypse Johannis!" he said with pathologically shiny Eyes: "Everything is in it! You just have to understand how to read properly! I know Every verse by heart. Hitler failed and therefore the war against the Number lost! The apocalypse is defeated, and that Comes inevitable, because the apocalypse is always right! " He scratched With the nails of his fingers over the Bible, his organ became louder: "Listen You, here: 'and the smoke from your agony will rise to all eternity, and You won't have any peace day and night who worship the animal and if one accepts the painting sign of his name. 'Apocalypse .Johannis, chapter 14, verse 11! - this affects my employees, the seleneless gray men - And also me because I serve the number. I'm afraid of it, yes, fear ... the Bible is otherwise worth nothing. The Old Testament belongs entirely in the waste bin. But there is still a lot in the New Testament, especially the open to John, the Apocalypse! " He showed a bizarre nod of bizarre violence: "Chapter 13, that is now, the rule of 666 and the worshiper of the animal. But when Chapter 14 comes - and it is approaching soon! ... "Valtine held his head now rigid as if he were suddenly petrified, his words came clearly but without

Every emphasis: "Then it becomes terrible for the servant of the number." He left the Bible falls into his lap and looked at it like a toxic animal that is the same would crawl on him. His whisper was hardly heard: "And Do you know how do I know all of this? From a German officer we Had caught and knew in 1944. He only said: 'It comes Chapter 14, the 14th chapter comes. 'It was horrified to us. He already had Not much life anymore, I went secretly to him and asked what he was that meant. He revealed it to me! " - Valtine Sann finally If he looked up, his voice rose, took a crazy shrill sound sounded to: "And Vera Jörgens ..?? She revenues without it! She is one Angel of the Apocalypse! " His muscles sagged for a minute for a minute he completely quiet. Then the waves of madness divided. They seemed to withdraw into his interior. Lukowsky said: "I'll go now. It there is nothing more to say at the moment. " He rose from the chair. Valtine found his current reality. He was directed in Armchairs and spoke in a sound -sounding voice: "I wanted them submit an offer. It's simple and fair. We should try to separate business and personal. I'm still on the Search for a conscious green package. It is, so to speak, disappeared But it still has to be somewhere. I got a tip the other day. If One knows a trace, then they have to be. That was the reason that she is today To want to meet. I offer you a good price. I am recognized fair in shops! " Lukowsky turned away: "No, Mr. Valtine." He went slowly To the door, the thick man in the armchair at the window, turning his back. Valtine called for him: "If we meet the next time ..." Lukowsky paused and turned. Mark Valtine had risen from his seat Only the silhouette in front of the window with the deep -gray sky was too recognize. Lukowsky said: "I know - she or me! It will be that way." As he left the room, he heard Mark Valtine Murmeln: "There is still it Thirteenth chapter, the thirteenth ... "

When he came back to his office, the freight letters and all others were Necessary papers for flight to Spain in the post office. That meant Work, and immediately. Lukowsky called 'Corona' in the hotel. Maybe that

Z-plan

Fischer and Busch left a new phone number. But that was not the case. Lukowsky chose the number of Fischer's house in Garmisch. Jill-Karola went on the phone. She also did not know where Fischer was currently available. Lukowsky asked her to teach Fischer that he was a day and a half would be traveling professionally if she had the opportunity.

The next one and a half days were in almost miraculous ones Normality run: start preparations, loaded, customs formalities 1st act, Arrival, customs formalities 2nd act, unloading, deliver, wait for the return flight load. In Spain he thought that this ME 109 until the beginning of the 1960s had served in the air forces. Then it was said again: loaded, customs formalities 3rd act, return flight, customs formalities 4. Act, unloading, handover of the Fracht, return of the aircraft, billing. - It was Thursday afternoon.

How Lukowsky came up the stairs and his view of the office door fell, he saw that there was something in the mailbox slot, which the postman obviously didn't Had been able to squeeze entirely. Lukowsky pulled the elongated package out of here. It was from Antonietta Alotti. He opened the door and entered the office. He discovered further mail on the floor. Two not particularly important Business letters, the inevitable advertising and a hand thrown in hand Card without stamp. There was only one phone number on it and P. F. - Peter Fischer's handwriting. Lukowsky put everything on the desk, tore it Window up and went to the kitchen first to put on coffee. Then If he returned to the front room, leaned on the windows because it rained in and looked closer to the post. First he chose the telephone number written down by Fischer. The call went through, but nobody picked up. Now he picked up the package of Antonietta Alotti. It was relatively large. Lukowsky opened it. First, a box of pink wrapping paper came out. There were two more, smaller ones in this Boxes, also pink packed. The gaps were careful with a lot of tissue paper stuffed, very conscientious. At the top there was a letter of plenty of one and a half sides. Tipped with a machine, only salutation, Greetings and signature with hand. Then there was a small cube -shaped and A larger elongated box. Lukowsky first opened the bigger one. In it, it was wrapped in tissue paper again and tied together with pink ribbons, a thick braids made of dark brown shiny women,

Maybe almost fifteen centimeters long. Miss Alotti at least had not too raged. But the interface looked very cruel. Lukowsky involuntarily thought about how bad vera would have felt. He immediately closed the elongated box. He opened The smaller one. In it, covered with ocher-colored cotton wool, the announced seal ring was in it. It was completely made of gold, not small and not big. The seal surface had a deeply stabbed coat of arms. It showed one with the tip Upstairs the sword between a knight's cross and a lily. The Coat of arms was surrounded by the braid of the strange 'figura', which Shield raised. Lukowsky had seen this coat of arms before Only the other day, not the same, but very similar. Nevertheless, he didn't come immediately To where that was. But then he remembered: on the diary leaves from 1862, which is in the package with Domenico Alottis things had found. Lukowsky searched for the photocopy. Yes, that was exactly this coat of arms. Only that there was a crown instead of the 'Figura'. Now he took Antonietta's letter and read. She initiated with some renewed words of thanks. Then she wrote that the seal ring comes from one of her original UR-URGROSS fathers on the mother's side that had been Bayer and in the service of Emperor Rudolph II. stood. This monarch, said Antonietta, was a very special one Personality, an adept, a with the secret sciences Confident wiser. Later descendants of their family would then have Vienna Kaiserhaus served. She was unable to miss out about details. The ring, So she wrote, should bring him luck and strength. He may infect him and If possible, do not give by hand. Some hints followed if one Throw again, or there would be an ongoing correspondence, she would tell him details about it. On the second sheet wrote them extensively about the point tip. Every year she cuts one Little little bit her hair, never very much. But her father would have two years ago You asked to give her the tip of her braid. However, he has expressly requested that it should not be more than fifteen centimeters. Otherwise Wouldn't she have been so stingy with a gift for her father. This was a strict man who always attached great importance to his Daughter no fashion, but let her hair long. She I had her father very nice, even if she often didn't see him for years had. Then letters came, sometimes from afar, from America and Canada, Argentina and Brazil, from Arabia, Persia and India, even

from Japan, China and Australia. Her father was a great man. The memory of two years ago was in one of the boxes of the package found that she had received from Lukowsky. Therefore, the braid is in Certainly not only a gift from her, but also from her father.

The letter was kept in a personal pitch, but in such a way that one certain distance remained recognizable; Similar to how he would have written to her in his part - and he planned to answer her soon. The thought of corresponding to Antonietta Alotti had something very pleasant. Also: Maybe he would receive some information in this way. She seemed to know a lot to know what else he would have Astrid Xylander can ask. This was an admirable woman, but with Antonietta said it was easier or more correct: it was largely his closer to life -coated life, the respect was not so Astrid Xylander, which is so confident about all things, even if it was basically a humorous person and often joked - he always felt it as a person of respect. Aside from that: Writing about difficult things was often easier to talk about. Lukowsky folded the letter back together and returned it to the envelope. He stuck the seal ring. He fit on the ring finger of the left hand. Now he also looked at the top of the braid. She was very firm tied. He carefully picked her up. She was amazing Difficult - like Vera's hair. But Vera would not give up a braid. Or for her father, if he was still alive. Lukowsky fell something On: Vera's father and Antonietta's father - two men who paid attention to that Her daughters had pole -long hair. Only out of cultural and beauty sense? Or Maybe because they have special knowledge, like Astrid Xylander? The Suddenly Lukowsky seemed likely, almost a matter of course. Did the mysterious circles gradually close? - he thought To Domenico Alotti, this man who found him so strange. For The memory of his daughter had to be something like a sanctuary be. With a hint of awe from the father's love of a deceased, Lukowsky put the braids back into the elongated box and Packed them again. So this too had also in the package from Toulon found. There were several boxes of different sizes, also Such an elongated, now Lukowsky remembered it. Whether Antonietta Alotti

about much more of the statue, the representation of which on the Silver platter called it 'figura'? She knew that in their base that Was the end of a women's braid? Or possibly knew her father about it and want to have a fresh braid to replace the old one if he Find a lot of hunted green package with the 'Figura'? The expressly desired Measure of almost fifteen centimeters would be exactly suitable ... Lukowsky shook the thought out of his head. He stowed Antonietta Alottis Post carefully In the middle desk drawer and lock. - It was already very strange. - he considered, opened the drawer again and took The two drawings from Veras Kuvert. Maybe that he is now something discovered what he hadn't noticed so far. The map spoke with high Probability about one of the secret systems. At all four corners of the Pools were recognizable. Who knew what They meant, probably would have known which area the card in the area belonged. But Lukowsky couldn't get any further. He saw the second sheet to. Was that really a rudimentary technical drawing? Probably yet not. It could just have been an incomplete astrological constellation. - or something completely different. Lukowsky took the degree the back of the silver plate for comparison. On closer look they proved the lines and arches very differently from them the paper from Veras Kuvert. But the way was similar. With a lot The imagination could have been interpreted the garland -like border on paper as the heart -shaped braids of a women's braid, plus sun and moon representative structures from which the heart chain ran out as symbols for the Both faces of the figure. That would have been together with the unemployed illustration make sense on the plate. But which one? And the inexplicable lines inside? - Lukowsky did not become clever. But all of this had his In his opinion nothing technical, had nothing to do with weapons, rather With magic, astrology, magic - green country - rich of the gods ... he grabbed Everything back, closed the desk drawer and fastened the key on his keychain.

He had drunk the third cup of coffee and tried two in vain, To reach Fischer via the new telephone number when this called. Fisherman Lukowsky didn't let Lukowsky have their say. Either he was in a hurry or took Furthermore, the phone could be listened to. Fischer only said: "Good ones

Day, Mr. Lukowsky! Can you come to Floridabar in a quarter of an hour? Not with your car! " Lukowsky replied that he could, and set off.

When he got out of the taxi in front of the 'Florida bar', the striking horn was one Not to ignore big light blue wagons. It was an old Opel Admiral. The elongated rectangular headlights of this car dazzled twice on. Lukowsky went there. Peter Fischer was behind the wheel and said: "Please Get in! " Lukowsky circled the light blue battleship, opened the Wedding door and sat on the wide bench made of blue besides Fischer Plastic. Fischer handed his hand: "As you see, I have this car purchased. You may be surprised, but he is for our purposes ideal." Lukowsky replied: "I have nothing against the ship." Fisherman went on steered towards Schadowstrasse and then to the Rhine. He explained: "You get a second office, Mr. Lukowsky. It is quite nicely located, City hall bank, second floor, with a view of the Rhine. I have cheap to do that acquired a GmbH coat: 'Aurora GmbH'. I think that sounds pretty. " Lukowsky said: "You will surely deal with all of this in peace." - "Of course," said Fischer, "for this purpose we are now together. What have you experienced in the meantime?" - Lukowsky reported it in tight sentences. First of the handover of the things to Antonietta Alotti, as next over Wenzl and the contents of the green package, most recently from his Encounter with Valtine. " Fischer literally ranked for air, it was too much for him at once. Above all, however, he was deeply concerned: "Her life is from now on In permanent danger, Mr. Lukowsky! " He said almost excited: "For Valtine Are you the extended arm of Vera Jörgens, the executor of your revenge him; And before Vera Jörgens, Valtine lives in a pathological, panicked fear. I've already seen it on him. Common sense leaves Valtine then completely. You have to expect an ambush at any time! It's very serious! " He repeated: "Very serious!" - They had reached the town hall bank. In front of the house with number 17 Fischer off the wide car, two wheels on the sidewalk.

At the door on the second floor, the fishermen opened, there was a sign with the Company names attached. It seemed serious. The logo showed a sun in stylized form. The offices were Big and bright, they also had everything a company needed. The industry was

Textile wholesale. Sample collections hung on chromeed, rollable Clothes. At the moment not much more than decoration. Fischer led Lukowsky through the rooms and meanwhile explained: "From now on there is a Outside only 'Aurora GmbH'. Telephone connection, car registration and such Next, everything - Aurora GmbH! I liked the name, it seems a lot to me Senserreich: Aurora - the dawn. " Busch and me have as a residential area rented a villa in Buderich. That means it is not much more than one already habitable shell. Of course, Aurora GmbH also rented this. " The sightseeing tour ended in a medium -sized neatly equipped meeting room with Rheinblick. "It doesn't go on here. It really doesn't go on. Behind it are located A bathroom and a clothing store. This used to be an apartment. I have massively gone up the doors and had everything re -papered. Man Can knock and search for how you want: here the rooms of the Aurora end GmbH! " He raised a finger and emphasized: "So it seems! From This window can be reached almost effortlessly through the bathroom window in The bricked -out rooms. I attached two mountaineering solutions and got appropriate equipment so that you can secure yourself when climbing over can. There is space for things over there that is really not an unsparer should be able to find. Because with any attempts we have to Colding, sooner or later Aurora GmbH will no longer be a perfect camouflage. Then, however, ... "he said with a confident smile, " ... then we should already be our goal! " He put the fingertips of the outstretched hands together and showed a joyful face: "But now for her fat prey! I hadn't dreamed of that we would need our treasury so soon. Leave us Afterwards, create the statue there in a night-and-fog campaign. Nobody can watch us. There is hardly a person at the bottom of the street at night, and The Rhine is behind it. From the Rheinallee on the other side Nobody even noticing anything during the day, let alone at night. " Lukowsky said: "I would think it is good to show the figure first Ms. Xylander. Likewise the photocopy from the silver plate. " Fischer showed a emphatic Approving head nod: "I just wanted to suggest that! But here. Ms. Astrid will be entirely out of the house for enthusiasm, I assure you what to understand in this case is. I think she will honor us here by visiting. "He threw one

View of his wristwatch: "Do you want to get the statue right away? I Will now make calls with the dear lady and get them. It will definitely be at home, it rarely goes out at this time. " Lukowsky said: "In Order." Fischer rose, as well as Lukowsky. Your coming, take care! Since Valtine has been in the picture above them, they have an unpredictable, intelligent and extraordinarily tricky enemy, the again is not without a helper. He now has his quarters sure changed so that you couldn't find it so easily if you wanted that. Since he tends to overestimate self -overestimation, he will think that they do not find him. It is possible that he first displaces this new threat to him. But it can Also be, he tries to switch them off as quickly and finally. Because of He needs his excellent connections to the occupation powers in this German Republic no to fear police persecution, no matter what he does. You always have to be on your hat, always! Valtine is how No sooner said than unpredictable. He is not completely unscrupulous, but he understands it To put dark sides over the bright. I got to know him. It ticks Not always right with him either. So take care! " Lukowsky nodded And applied the two keys to his thick -growing keychain. Fischer said: "You will probably be here again in front of me, because I Want to watch a bottle of wine and sensible glasses. I know a restaurant nearby and hope to get everything desired from there. I also put on coffee. Now I order you Taxi." He reached the phone, did it and contacted 'Aurora GmbH'. Lukowsky turned to walk when Fischer held him on his arm: "Lord Lukowsky, do you have your gun with you? " Lukowsky had the revolver stowed back under the bed. He had got used to it since one Curious cleaning lady saw him in the desk drawer and before Ferred had a screaming cramp. Fischer waited Lukowsky's answer not off, reached under his jacket and handed him a mouse HSC with the Word: "Charged." Lukowsky inserted the handy pistol.

In the meantime it had become almost dark. Lukowsky was at the taxi rank Disconnect at the Jürgensplatz and cross the street. With a attack in He did not count on the hallway by Valtine's Geschär, but possible what, there, there

Fischer didn't wrongly. Lukowsky planned to follow his advice and to be careful. But at the moment there was no one who took him up Not even the stupid guy who had sent Valtine's message.

Lukowsky used the large cardboard box in which he had received the statue from Wenzl. He took down the amethyst on the top of the figure and Give him to the mountain crystal and the braid in the drawer in the base. He put the heavy figure in the box. Then he thought what else: the Photo topias of the silver plate. He also packed the prints from this. Finally, it came to his mind to put the box with Antonietta's braid. He went into the back room again, got his Revolver and broke up.

When he parked the Mustang almost exactly in front of the Rathausufer Numero 17, Fischer's blue Opel Admiral could not be seen anywhere. But that was logical Fischer had the way and also wanted to errands complete. So Lukowsky first went up to the premises of Aurora GmbH. He dropped the door behind him and was wearing His package in the meeting room. On the light gray plastic plate He put it off the oval table and switched on the light. It was a cold unfriendly neon lighting. Lukowsky looked around. The room worked Unbusching, no pictures on the bright walls. The seating of chrome and However, black leather made a comfortable impression; Four armchairs and one Sofa. But certainly not an atmosphere in which Astrid Xylander would feel comfortable. Lukowsky unpacked, moving the statue into the middle of the table And put the other things about it. He pushed the cardboard box under the table. He went into the hallway and made light there. Then he went back to the meeting room, sat on the sofa, lit a cigarette and waited. The two bronze eyes of the strange figure saw each in its direction. If you could have done it, you would probably have your eyes closed in front of this soulless space in a hideous Century.

Passed around twenty minutes. Then the door went and the voice Peter Fischers became audible. Lukowsky rose from the comfortable sofa. Fischer and Astrid Xylander already appeared in the door. Fischer had one Paper bag under her arm, the woman only contributed a bag -shaped handbag

itself. Astrid Xylander was nice as always. This time in a red -brown dress With a wide, almost calf -length skirt. She had her bright red hair braided to a braid that hangs down in front of the right shoulder. It was probably no coincidence - especially since there was no coincidences at Astrid Xylander - but should fit the 'Figura' particularly well. This also excited her immediately Attention. A real radiation came into her eyes. It was the woman to note that she would have loved to go to the figure immediately to go out to examine the closeness. But she put her handbag on one of the armchairs And first greeted Lukowsky with the words: "Good evening, dear Lord Lukowsky! Peter Fischer has already told me that you Have started! This is really something very, very special! " She gave His hand, which was made of thin brown fabric in a glove. Well But her impatience no longer held her, she turned to the figure on the Table too. "That is very unusual!" she said radiantly: "One of the two bigger ...! " She took off her gloves and touched the figure with careful fingers. be. Then she said: "There were nine in total," and her eyes studied the statue in detail, "first the 'big figurea' in Vienna. It was about a Third larger than this and entirely out of gold - the 'holy apparatus'. Then gave There are six small, maybe forty -five centimeters high, made of bronze. There were Models, so to speak, they still had no function. These six went to different European countries. Then two medium -sized ones were made. These were more than just decoration. One went to Genoa and the other to Berlin - that is, at that time Tempelhof. I assume this comes from there." Astrid Xylander was completely deepened into a look at the strange statue, which seemed no secret to her. around, the bronze eyed from all sides. Lukowsky fell involuntarily Again the wonderfully graceful, in a way moving movements this woman. She was really adorable. Three completed beautiful women If the circle of this mysterious event had appeared, Lukowsky had to think at once: Vera, Astrid, Antonietta ... Astrid Xylander said Further: "The six small figures fell into the hands of the Inquisition around 1230, They were all destroyed as pagan magic. Where the 'big Figura 'remained, nobody knows. It is probably still well hidden - Somewhere near Vienna. There she is waiting for her hour if the gods it want. The two medium-sized figures have so far been considered

Slude. The Genoa later came from Genoa, in the XVI. Century, to Venice, To the Ordo Bucintoro, where the legendary Julietta Montefeltro worked with her. The last testimony about this 'Figura' dates from 1609, there was You still in the Bucintoro order house on the island of Murano. Then loses the trail. More is not known about them. The second was certainly the longest time in the secret cult room below the field of Tempelhof in Berlin. I assume that it was only brought away from there in the last phase of war. At that time there were people who knew the underground Templar culture. Nobody can enter him today. There is a device that leads the water of the Wannsees in if someone presses the mechanism to open the entry - by the way, the same is claimed applied to the Reich Chancellery's secret archive; A connection is said to have been established there. But that can also be a fairy tale. " Astrid Xylander Riß got rid of the view of the figure and turned to the two right and Men on the left of her. Completely spontaneously she gave each of them A kiss on the cheek and said in a hint of unbridled enthusiasm: "You are great!" Then she looked around in the room and noticed: "One Snighy atmosphere! Is not at least a more pleasant light Create? " - they determined that there was no question.

The lady's criticism did not go unanimously. Fischer and Lukowsky rummaged through the whole company for objects that can radiate a little cosiness. There wasn't much of it. After all, two desk lamps with not too bright light bulbs in them as well as kitchen candles, from which fishermen with the help of drops of wax five on an aluminum tray Solid glued. Ms. Astrid Xylander meanwhile settled on the sofa and dealt with the photocopies and pressing the silver plate. Fischer adjusted three glasses, opened the wine bottle and lit the candles. The beautiful woman began to feel more comfortable. "The silver plate on who are these illustrations, "she explained, " does not come from the Middle Ages. I assume that it can be assigned to the Bucintoro era-probably XVI. until early XVII. Century. The template that certainly existed for this But should have been older. I think from Vienna Templar Komurei. The I even assume with some certainty. It may have been just a seal, so relatively small. There is certainly no difference in terms of content. It is, on the front, the goddess of the new Äon over the big figure.

The back shows an astrological motive, or more correctly: an astromagic, a special venus constellation. Incidentally, an autumnal star constellation. This is cheap! The presentation is for today's Time unusual, it is encryption. But she is not difficult." Astrid Xylander rose, put the leaves on the table and worried about the figure. Apparently she knew quite well what it was with this strange object was. She lectured: "Such figures were also called 'Baphomet'. That comes from the Babylonian term 'Bab-Kome', which means so much as 'gateway to the light beam'. Through various translations - Persian, Arabic, Greek, Latin - it is then too the word deformation came. In the last century the salon magician Elifas Lévy The Templar secret presentation of the Eklesias, the Church, Baphomete kept: an angel with a devil cop - the fallen angel. The The majority of Templars were Marcioniter. The Bible god El Schaddai-Jahweh considered them as the devil. Lévy turned the Teufelskopf a Bockskopf, to which he put an overturned pentagram on his forehead. That in turn It was actually a Templar symbol. It meant the departure from Pentateuch, the five books Moses. But with Baphomet nothing to do. Baphomet symbolizes the eternal overpronation, the two forces Male and female, the Iluhe, as the Sumerians said. " Astrid Xylander pulled a camera on a golden chain from her cleavage, it showed it both men and said: "The solar rooster of Abraxas - that is - can too are considered a baphometric sign. The Templars added the magical symbol for Baphomet. Do you see? " She let the camera back in the neckline of her Dress disappears and got involved again on the 'Figura'. With It opened the drawer in the base of the statue and Said pleased: "Everything is there!" She took the two stones out "The mountain crystal is male," she explained, "and the amethyst female! For the 'big one Figura' are also the stones larger. The female stone is called Ilua - according to tradition, it is hidden in the Untersberg between Berchtesgaden and Salzburg, in the Holy Berg Odins, whose summit Hugin and Munin, the ravens of wisdom, circle and on which the goddess Idun also goes out. The Male stone is called Garil - or grail. This is kept in a chalice, which the King Ulkama Abga from Edessa Jesus Christ sent as a gift. This resulted in all sorts of confusion in later times. " She put the amethyst in the open opening on the part of the

Doublehaupts. Now she carefully took the brittle gold straps: "The braid contains female vibrations and shines a magnetism. It is completely below. On this piece Women's hair lies the male stone, the mountain crystal. At the top is the female stone its place, the amethyst. True to the legality of the affinity of vibrations, the female vibrations in the point tip attract those from the female amethyst - and thus through the male Stone through that lies on her. This is the principle! You understand? So it will Male Ilu connected to the female Ilu to the power of the iluhe! - And that Is the strongest force there is! " She put the old braid on the Table and explained in a thoughtful voice: "The vibrations Around three hundred years echoed in women's hair. This braid is on The seven hundred and fifty years old. It is definitely empty. " Astrid Xylander Dilated the expression and gave a painful sigh. She attacked Her braid, Schlenkerte with its end and said defiantly: "Give me one Scissors! It doesn't help to whine, now I have to make a victim! " Lukowsky asked: "First take a look into the elongated box there!" The woman did it And her face brightened. She touched the dark brown braid tip tenderly and asked: "Where did you get it from? It is good! As for the figura created! It's a shame, but good that we have them! " Lukowsky replied: "She comes from Antonietta Alotti. It was a gift two years ago for her father. " Astrid Xylander asked: "How long does she have her hair now? Do you know that? " Lukowsky nodded: "Almost as long as she, or maybe not Quite so long. " - "Good! So in any case astral full of intact!" Astrid Xylander Take Antonietta's braid tip, put it carefully in the drawer of the base The 'Figura' and repeated: "Good! Then also communicates the current one Vibration completely! This is very valuable, it couldn't be better. Maybe we will experience something very great! " She banned Completely caught the top of Antonietta and carefully placed the mountain crystal in the middle. Then she pushed the drawer and made herself to create on the four small bronze claws through which the figure with the Socket was connected. They let themselves be folded up, and suddenly the Figure on the base. Astrid Xylander stepped into the window and looked at the Heaven. There was an increasing moon there, on which every now and then Covered clouds. Astrid Xylander turned the figure so that the female Face looked towards the moon. Now she took the amethyst and put it

sen again. She took a step back and looked at the Figure, and explained: The moon is a reflector. Not just for sunlight, but also for the astral vibrations. That's why it says in that Upanish shop of the old Aryans: 'The moon is the gateway to the world.' He is also a magical transformer. The moon, it does a lot! He helps Also to learn to become aware of our astral body and to deal with them. Then we can go into the green country - and back again. " She gave the moon in the sky to a pondering look and made it on their braid. "Soon," she said, "it is probably the time to you to teach both of them. Prepare yourself for it. You will Learn a lot! " She stretched one hand behind and asked: "Give me one Brush from my handbag, please. " Fischer did it. her reddish shimmering hair through. How she was done with it, she threw it Brush in an armchair, smiled well, made a lively gesture Both hands and commented: "All lights and comfortably on the sofa!" Lukowsky snapped out the two desk lamps, Fischer deleted the Candles. Only the not too strong moonlight threw his light into the room. Astrid Xylander had taken a seat in the middle of the sofa and waved it both men to sit on their sides. She hooked with both the arms and said in an almost devoutly lower voice: "If we Are lucky if it works, then we will experience something in a few minutes Quite, very wonderful! " Fischer asked: "Dear astrid, what, please, is This pretty figure? " The woman said that there was nothing more self -evident: "A radio to the sky!" Minutes stroked without anything happening. There was perfect Silence. No car drove past down, nothing but the quiet sound of the Atmosphere of the three attendees could be heard. Then Lukowsky felt like that Pressure by Astrid Xylanders attached arm on which its firmer became. He Concentrated his view of the figure. And indeed: the violet amethyst started on the top of the double meadow, initially very weak, Hardly more than a glimmer, but soon to be recognized more and more clearly. The Couldn't be an imagination - the 'Figura' worked. Maybe three minutes the delicate violet glow of the crystal on the double head lasted The 'figurea' and it didn't seem to stop. Astrid Xylander rose And said: "Make light!" Fischer lit the candles. The woman went to the Figure and pulled the drawer on. The glow is gone. She took the mountain

Z-plan

Crystal from the top of the braid and put it next to it. She also took the Amethysten and put it on the other side in the drawer before she closed and also the four small bronze claws locked again. Lukowsky And fishermen stood on their sides. She looked at both, her face beamed: "It It's really great, dear ones! " She said: "We will still be with this figure Have a lot of fun - and achieve a lot with her! " She tied her in the candlelight How reddish shiny gold -looking hair in the neck together and said: "Now you can serve me a glass of wine!"

They had been together for almost an hour and a half. Astrid Xylander Was not in the mood to talk about deep -shed things, that should be a happen thoroughly. But she let her tell of everything she Not yet knew what she had never asked before. And so they told Your from the Z-Plan, from the most important events that were related to it or could be connected. The woman listened carefully, sometimes stated An intermediate question in a targeted manner was then reported. She knew about the The background is probably clear anyway, that became clear. A special She showed interest in reading the diary leaves that are in the estate of Domenico Alotti had found. Lukowsky promised to bring her. Astrid also expressed that she would like to get to know Antonietta. After all, they drank all three brotherhood and so from then on. Together, Lukowsky and Fischer brought Astrid Xylander home. As they From the Opel Admiral exit, she first looked at Fischer and Lukowsky in a friendly reproach and said: "Can't even be a clever Buy a car? A Mercedes? I also think a Porsche? " Fisherman promised to consider it.

Fischer and Lukowsky spent the 'figura' on the same night the airy path from windows to window at the level of the second floor into the Special treasury of Aurora GmbH. - Aurora, the dawn, rose Even in the sky when Lukowsky finally in his headquarters on Jürgensplatz returned. Once again it had no purpose to be still sleeping. So he sat down at the desk and put it Feet up. He put on a cigarette, looked at the dawn and tried to make it clear that he was the miraculous experience with the 'figura' had not only dreamed. But it had certainly been a reality, so Really how he ran around here completely physically and a 'player's No. 6' smoke-

te. Astrid had called the thing a 'radio to the sky' without explaining what she said that she would do that later. How could it be that the Amethyst actually shone? It was definitely not a trick in the game. It Couldn't be that the stone on its own phosphores, because otherwise Had he had to do that here as well. So it had to be like Astrid had said to be related to the exact arrangement of the three things, Amethyst, mountain crystal and braid. Antonietta's braid was like that Failed to fit and had so accurately appeared at the right time that This could also be difficult to coincide. Was it bush when he absolutely wanted to get a lot from Alotti's house, not more than that Wanted valuable collection of stamps? What would he only have one for Sentimental memory of a father should take his daughter with them? But Maybe he hadn't looked into the box at all, but only in a hurry gathered together, what he thought of as packaged valuables. Busch - he had also known Vera's father, at the time when Valtine played a tragic role ... it there was still a lot of what was behind dense veils.

Under the numerous ways to think of or ponder them Now to choose from, it was the picture Veras that in Lukowsky's Thoughts rise, everything outshone like that now from the morning red Faring sun - and as well, unreachable. And could you do the Reaching the sun would be burned to it - in a single, wonderful moment ...

It was not quite eight o'clock this morning when the good yet annoying device of the genus Telephone with ruthless shrill his dreams. Lukowsky took the listener and reported: "It Is not even eight o'clock! " It sounded roughly from the other side With Wenzl's voice back: "I know that! The work begins with us Half of seven, they lazy sack! I have something for you: firstly, an order, roughly ten days. Second, for the sake of you in my crap and one of the crumpled architectural drawings found. You know packaging from that strange things. You wanted the garbage if possible. " - Lukowsky said: "Yes, here!" - "Picking up in one last night Envelope. If the postlers don't sluts, they would still have their mailbox today clog, "polterte Wenzl," and at the beginning of the week you have to dig up. A truck to Baghdad. "Lukowsky said: "Thank you! " - "still what," called

Wenzl: "So that you don't get a wrong picture of me: this bekn was one Upper arm chandelier! Has put me and my partners on the cross at the time want. I had justified reasons to wipe him one! " Lukowsky said: "It will probably be like that. Then soon." He put on the listener and went into the Kitchen to cook coffee. What Wenzl called an architect's drawing and came from the green package could be something else. That was at least possible. Lukowsky was gradually relating to the whole thing to one to bring quick success. Valtine was now in the game, and that went on, very personally. Valtine, who definitely for Heinz Kufner's murder was responsible and that had also admitted completely unmoved. Despite it Lukowsky didn't feel comfortable in the role of the executioner, not even around Veras will. Don Quijote would be challenged his opponent to a duel have, knightly. But there could be no question of that these days. Also no Duel on swords or pistols on a baptismal forest clearing. It didn't work once like once in the Wild West: Let's go on the street alone and Pull our colts. Nothing of the sort; Only tricks, ambush, male murder. This was the XX. Century. Disgusting. But Mark Valtine was allowed to hell Do not be withheld from. Although, Lukowsky had to think: Had this Not hell on earth long ago, every day anew? Lukowsky picked up his revolver, plus a rag and ballistol. He opened the Load flap, took out the cartridges and cleaned the gun. Very similar the revolvers of the Gunfighter of the Old Wild West had looked, Bill Body, Jesse James, Doc Holliday. That still had something of Fairneß. Before each The shot had to be tensioned first. Single action instead of quick fire. But if you understood it, you were faster and better than anyone else a modern self-loading gun or a modern double action revolver. In an emergency, the first shot was mostly decisive in an emergency. This brought Lukowsky to the thirteen-shed FN high power, which he Valtines Had adopted. Where was the thing? Lukowsky found the pistol On the cloakroom shelf. He didn't like such weapons. They were something for The mentality of this time: ball as possible, most of them, most of them Next to it and, what hit, in the back. He threw the 'fn' into the trash, that it rumbled. He cleaned his large, old -fashioned - looking Revolver finished, invited again and then called Cornelius: "Greetings' she! I have somewhat captured. A fn. " - - "Yes, withdrawn. A stupid guy, who wanted to make the wild man. You have such a file, you

Can get out whether something stupid has been done with the shooting. " - - "Yes, that's why I want to ask you." - - "No, no hurry." - - I'll tell you when we see each other. " - - "Good, but let us go beforehand still make calls. See you then." Lukowsky decided in the pub around the corner To have a good breakfast.

When he came back, a note was hung on the door: 'Try it again in a quarter of an hour. Busch. 'Lukowsky pulled the wipe out of the door gap and went to the office. He shook the thermos - there was still coffee in it. He gave himself in and then switched on the photocopier. The departures of the Diebuch leaves made of Domenico Alotti's estate that Astrid wanted to have were well done. The copy of the copy was not so perfect, but for Lukowsky was enough. He prepared the envelope for Astrid Xylander. She should it will be preserved during this day. Then he took Antonietta Alotti's letter at hand to answer him. He considered whether he was from the 'Figura' and the Experience of last night should report. He was undecided. The clamp on the door for the time being removed him about this point.

Busch came in with the words: "Greetings, dear Mr. Lukowsky! As far as you hear, they take care of progress in our cause! " He put An umbrella in the corner and pulled out his coat. Lukowsky said: "I don't know what Peter Fischer told you. Come in." She sit down at the desk. On the offer of a lukewarm Busch gave a thankful for coffees. He buttoned up his jacket and meant A hint of self -irony: "I am increasingly getting a tummy! What Should you do? The time!" Lukowsky put a cigarette and said: "Thank you for your visit, Mr. Busch. It was my wish anyway To talk to them in peace. " Busch showed a curious face in whose trains seemed to be caution: "Yes really? may be allowed I then assume that you have a special cause for this? " - "I have," replied Lukowsky: "Fischer told you that I met with Mr. Valtine?" Busch nodded eagerly: "He has, yes. Extremely remarkable! I wanted to talk to them about that too." - "Then it will meet Well, "said Lukowsky," we won't be bored. " Busch let an artificial laughter sound: "No, we will certainly not!" Lukowsky Provided: "I would like to know something about you first, Mr. Busch. Valtine mentioned that they had to do with Vera Jörger's father? He would have

Even taken away some things that were part of the Lieutenant captain Jörgens? What really was back then? I would be for sincerity thankful!" Apparently Busch did not have with such a start of the conversation Calculated. Nevertheless, Lukowsky gained the impression that the older man was relieved to him as if Lukowsky has shown him that something Other, which he would have feared more, not an on by Valtine Daylight had come. Lukowsky had the very clear feeling that it behaved in such a way that Busch and Valtine, so to speak, a common body in the Had basement. He tried a bluff: "You and Valtine are not always up have been different sides? " The confident features gave way from Buschs Mien play. He slowly replied: "It was like that ... things have in Run the time moved as I want to express myself ... "Busch pulls Leather cigarette case, turned it between the hands and stuck it Again. Lukowsky stayed friendly, but he asked very directly: "Please Express yourself clearly. I want to know everything! " Busch rubbed the chin smiled, showed a resigning gesture with both hands and began: "To do this If initially, a trip into the past would be necessary, you could do everything else, Especially my location, otherwise don't understand. " Lukowsky leaned back: "I listen to you with interest!" Busch took a cigar, she lit and reported: "In 1944 I met captain's lieutenant Jörgens. He belonged to a very special unit, difficult to see through. He personally Wasn't a easily accessible man either, no one with whom you can quickly could get warm. However, this may also be the case with the war situation at that time hung together, it was about being or not. Jörgens is a was a man -conscious man, relatively young, but in accordance with Officer old school. My boss was Schellenberg; Reich Security Main Office Department 6, Sd. Before that I was a PK man-'propaganda company'- War rapporteurs - and then came to the education abroad. I speak English perfect, optionally in British or American pitch. Twice I went for a walk in the streets of New York in the middle of the war. Once in 1942 and again in 1944. By the way, I met Mark Valtine. That must have been already in 1942, yes. But my activity at that time had the later nothing to do. Jörgens was a Canaris man, afterwards, probably thanks to his naval approaches, in contact with Dönitz; but Even with high officers of the Air Force. Cross connections to Have passed. I still don't see what Jörgens 'in detail'

Task was. He was not a high animal, but he was deep in the most secret From the secret, it is certain. At the end of 1944 I received an order from Lieutenant Jörgens. Nobody knew where he had his office. I was allowed to Hold me in the RSHA - Reich Security Main Office. At that time there was no particularly good climate. There were different views, each Quantity internal rivalry, intrigue, strutting against the Canaris-loved. For Jörgens, the almost enemy territory must have been. We met us in a small narrow room: he, two officers of the Luftwaffe and me. But ... "Busch leaned back, the mood of the remembering came over He and he spoke, not without inner movement: "... that started Craziest adventure of my life! At that time we had a new night hunter, the 'eagle ", the HE 219. Actually, this plane has been around for two Years and we urgently needed it earlier, but because of the eternal Intrigen of the RLM - Ministry of Aviation - it was only used as late, too late and only in small numbers. This machine was extremely progressive. Enormously armed and although relatively large, a Zwomotorer, very quickly. Such a HE 219 was rebuilt. Everything, What was not absolutely necessary had been removed and additional Tiesbstofftanken had been installed. This made it easier and at the same time Even faster. If necessary, she could now also the best enemy hunters fly away. With this plane, into which three people passed, it should Go to America and back again! In December 1944! My job should insist, a company in New York, which apparently of guarantors the SD was operated to deliver a briefcase and then to visit another German -friendly American family in Newport; That was a Canaris connection. Three days stay in America were planned. It was shortly before Christmas and everything should go in a blow. I no longer had an opportunity to talk to anyone. That was Of course planned, a security measure. Jörgens immediately handed me over the care of the two air force officers, so to speak. Christmas Eve 1944 would take place in New York for me! " Busch made his cigar, Fold the hands against his increasing stomach. It was clearly felt How his thoughts floated back into the past and this on one Moment again. He continued: "We had on Greenland a small secret base. The enemy knew that, but has it never discovered, not even after the war. There was one of our last

still capable submarines were brought. With intermediate landings there our 'Uhu' special execution was able to reach and make it back to Germany, but close, but Because as in America would be able to refuel. That was exactly calculated made. The same night - I remember exactly, it was 22. December - our HE 219 started from a camouflaged makeshift flight at City beach from Berlin towards Greenland. The pilot was a young lieutenant, His name was Günter. To my astonishment, the third person on board was a young Girl! She was pretty, barely older than twenty -two and had one Gretchen hairstyle made of light brown braids. Her first name was Elke, the last name she didn't call. In the machine you sat in row in row. The pilot I had the girl behind me. We flew north. About radio we have been informed that a large enemy bomber association, probably accompanied by night hunters, could cross our course, but in larger Height. Part of our armament had been expanded for weight savings will, but had two very effective three -centimeter cannons we still. Günter said it itchy in his fingers, the reported To attack enemy association, unfortunately he shouldn't. So we flew through lonely The winter night. It seemed very quiet to me, although the two engines constantly gave their monotonous hum. The starry sky was offered in Wonderful clarity. I really felt romantically touched by that. I also thought of the pretty girl behind me. What could it be with this Have driven mission? I had no information about it, so affected It wasn't my tasks either, because Lieutenant Captain Jörgens was probably very good to organize exactly. This puzzle didn't really let me go. Gladly If I had asked Elke, but I knew in advance that she would not have given me any revealing answer. Günter went deeper with the machine, we flown through snow showers. Fortunately, our 'uhu' is with an excellent one Heating system was equipped, the flight was by no means uncomfortable. The intermediate landing in Greenland gave less fun. It stormed Snowdrops whirled over the ground, the provisional runway let itself hardly recognize. But Günter brought down the 'uhu' without hesitation. Here left us Elke. Mashed in leather and fur, she climbed out of the plane. The wind whistles around the arched glass pulpit. I envied Elke not, whoever liked how long, in this snow and ice desert would remain. The apparently tiny base gave the impression when

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Had Eskimos built it. From the air, even in deep flight, was sure of it nothing to recognize. The crew seemed to consist of only five people, Or hexes now, since Elke stayed in this abandoned place. We were cared for with tea and fried fish. Also a necessary village Stand available. In general, the interior of the station was not so uncomfortable, it even radiated a certain cosiness and turned out to be good heated. Nevertheless, I was happy when we started our flight again. The The residence range was designed so that we are too darker America Would reach night hours. I would have loved to say goodbye to Elke, but she was gone. Possible that the station had other rooms underground and not so It was tiny, as the first appearance conveyed. We had to be careful at the level of Iceland. The enemy had numerous there Ships and above all aircraft stationed to our last submarines in the To fight Atlantic. There were certainly not many at that time But the American aircraft were still there, according to our information, mainly four -engine B 24. This needed our fast Heinkel Not to fear, but we were not allowed to be seen. So we climbed at a greater height. It was around midnight when we reached the coast of the United States - Christmas! An indescribably strange feeling. We saw deep below us The flickering sea of lights in New York. Nobody needed to think about it! Nobody would suspect a German plane here! So we flew naughty across the city. That was not intended, but risk -free And we enjoyed it. Günter would have had a good desire to throw a few bombs. Such thoughts were very distant at that moment. Northwest of New York we landed on an outdoor area of the friendly company, whose office in Manhattan I had to visit. A German and Four Americans welcomed us warmly. Our 'eagle owl' was in one Empty factory hall pushed. Then we were catered for, it was like too Home - just that we just spoke English. The Americans were idealists They believed in Adolf Hitler for this planet - an indescribably bizarre situation in the middle of the war. The general assessment of the War situation by the American newspapers was victory, but with Apparently nobody expected an early end of the war. Sometimes blinking Take care of the German weapons that may still be expected.

During the day I drove to Manhattan with a bound Oldsmobil and did my matter. It took less than fifteen minutes. Then I had Time, grazed through the streets of the city leisurely. And everything in this war I seemed so unspeakably absurd! There were the same people as we were Many of them had German ancestors. - and it was Christmas ... Decorated shops, Christmas carols, everything almost like in peace. The next day I went to Newport, where the very rich People live. I was warmly welcomed by the family there, a couple with four children. Here too: Christmas, Christmas tree, tranquil happiness. They were not a German -American, but mostly Scottish and Swedish origin. These people also turned out to be idealists dreamed of an era of eternal peace and limitless commonality! The Man gave me a locked leather folder that I Mr. Jörgens should hand over. The housewife provided me with plenty of meals by everyone Art - she was touching! So I was in the heart of the enemy country during the worst phase of war - and met good friends. - The return flight was initially completely easy. At our Greenland We put a stopover again. To my astonishment Now I saw two FW 190 of the new D series with a white camouflage. So there had to be more here than the first impression had shown. But it was not my thing to ask about it. In the 'ice cave', like that People there called their station there, I also met Elke again. To my amazement, she wore a pretty calf -length dress as a purple fabric and the Tied enormously long hair on the back of the head into a ponytail, as one would say these days. Back then there was such a hairstyle otherwise Very unusual, I had never seen anything like this and just was amazed. This boy Lady did not seem to have a subordinate position there. Some things came to me more and more puzzling. For example: they had bananas and apple there! I asked Elke how it all came from. She smiled and said jokingly: through An airship! But others were missing. I left most of it from what the nice American family had given me in Newport. Then we flew. The two Focke Wulf hunters had disappeared without a trace. They couldn't have started because then we should have heard the engines. Günter said there was probably a small, inconceivable Hangar under the snow cover. A plane could almost start and land here Everywhere, it was flat alles.

It only became dangerous, as we were over Germany again. In the A crowd of eight American ones frolicked closely Hunters. It was 'Thunderbolts', P 47. I had to involuntarily think about it that the pilots in the enemy aircraft would shoot us on us, as we did on them - although we didn't have anything against each other, probably would understand very well, sit together under one and the same Christmas tree and sing 'silent night'. But it was war - brother war. Could there be something even more stupid, something worse?! " Busch interrupted his story. He lit a fresh cigar, smiled sadly and then said in a sober tone: "Four me 109 If the enemy hunters swept unexpectedly, overlooked them and surprisingly attacked from above. The first P 47 crashed into moments, then a second. I couldn't be happy about it, although we this freed the way to the safe landing. Next it caught it One of our machines. " He grazed the first ash of his cigar in the Ashenbecher: "So far, Mr. Lukowsky, so about my most remarkable War adventure. I owe this experience to Captain lieutenant Jörgens! - As But I handed over the American's leather folder in the RSHA properly I wanted - that is, after Mr. Lieutenant Jörgens asked - I received Nothing except suspicious. I was simply explained to me that it would exist Not, so he couldn't have given me an order! Meanwhile had to something failed. At that time it was easy to fall out of favor. Soon However, I learned that in a bomb attack, several members of the RSHA, i.e. my office, the SD, were killed in a bomb attack. Jörgens himself could hardly affect this, because he belonged to the department and at all not the Reich Security Main Office. With the sometimes extremes However, confidentiality measures were easily possible that his only liaison could have died, and therefore nobody oriented more oriented was. Later I learned that it behaved that way. Often one hand knew with us Not what the other did. So I took the folder with me again. Nobody wanted You have. Out of respect, or more out of fear, if you still ask for it If, I did not vomit the small brass lock, but had the folder closed. Very soon I was commanded for another abroad. I thought to myself, who knows how the story at home continues, The enemy moved closely closer. So I packed a suitcase with some to me personally important things. The leather folder from Newport

I also included it. I brought the suitcase with my confidence Aunt Elvira in Kassel under. Then it went overseas and how the war And was lost, I thought it was best to stay abroad. - Jörgens I watched again ... in March or April 1955. The folder, I confess, I forgot to give him. Mark Valtine grabbed her from me - we pulled At that time temporarily in one strand or at least attempted. The content of the folder - I still don't know what it was, but in any case In the meantime hardly any value. In any case, Valtine is probably very disappointed of it. So he delivered the American bond from Christmas 1944 in Jörgens. He wanted to speak to Vera Jörgens on this occasion. He did not want to be the sole debtor in the death of her father apply, and rightly. Mark Valtine has not always been today's disgust, you have to say. He was always a greedy person, but at least a person. I got to know him during the war, I mentioned that earlier. We were opponents at the time, logically, But no bitter enemies. We both knew scruples. When Valtine too became a devilish dangerous madman - whom he now undoubtedly is! - At least half of the cause means: Vera Jörgens. Her Again you can't blame it, because she is not to blame for her hypersensitive nerve construction. Mark Valtine was unlucky, in the most wrong of everyone false moments. He probably told them too, so Like me and everyone with whom he talks about it, because it doesn't let go. If There was an evil spirit in Vera Jörgens, that's what it was The jealousy of her own mother, who was naturally nervously less accountable. Vera's mother was also a very beautiful woman, just not as clever as her even more beautiful daughter. Ms. Jörgens kept himself For the center of the world. That her husband was so fond of the daughter, drove the mother to white glow. The rumor that Jörgens had had something sexual with vera, bare nonsense. " Busch pressed his cigar stub and shook his head: "But that's the past, all the past! Just sad." A little break occurred. Then Lukowsky said: "Thank you for your story." Busch made a fatalistic gesture: "What the hell, Mr. Lukowsky! There is one Type of mischief can be repaired, and another one who is not! Valtine Has crossed a ridge behind which only the abyss comes and he knows that. He is not a stupid man, also not an uneducated man, he gets

No illusions are correct. Most of the time he is still clear in his head, and then he sees its end station. That means: madness. It was like that when we were still talking to each other. And then the circle of guilt finally closes again With him: He wouldn't have needed Vera to do what he was doing. He would have the dagger to her can take away and talk to her. That would have gone, I am all of them Sure, because Vera Jörgens is intelligent, she would quickly have recognized. Valtine knows that too. But the beast that is in us humans Her chance lurked, had come over him. Now he collects in all cracks and niches more or less flimsy reasons to make an apology structure because it is well in his quiet angles despite everything But still a guilty conscience torments - that, "Busch emphasized," but is directed exclusively in the past! He is now committing, don't touch him in any way! All guilt on it He pushes his client without a stopover! In front of it I wanted to warn her today because I can assess that. " Busch was directed in the chair, his voice accepted an almost dramatic sound: "Lord Lukowsky, you now have to see one thing very, very clearly: you, a former soldier and the man who has been tried and tested in some fights, Vera Jörgens It is obvious that for Mark Valtine they are literally the tool of the apocalyptic punishment with the flame sword! Everything was horrified, every horror, The fact that Valtine has been going together for years now is now being projected on them! - Vera would come to him with her dagger to kill him, I think Valtine would freeze to the column of salt, banned like the rabbit in front of the Snake, and can be killed by her without resistance. Maybe he would that even feels as redemption. Just Vera Jörgens doesn't do that! She tells A man her story that is in love with her. - Them! - And Valtine knows no delusional shyness! - Do you understand me? " - bush leaned back, closed his eyes and massaged them with two fingers Nose root. He said in a calm voice: "Mr. Lukowsky, we Do you still need. So take care of yourself. " He opened his eyes and saw Lukowsky firmly on: "Be careful, be careful in front of Mark Valtine! - - And ... - of course in a completely different way - also before the beautiful Vera! " -

When Busch had gone and the door closed behind him, showed

that the postman was now there. Lukowsky won a handful Kuverts out of the mailbox and looked through it while he was to the desk went. Vera was not there. Lukowsky didn't expect it either, hoped it But again every day. Wenzl's announced program was there and, To Lukowsky's astonishment, a new letter from Antonietta Alotti, this time with an Austrian brand on it. Lukowsky sat down and opened first Wenzl's thick envelope. A large crumpled sheet came paper To the sight, in the format DIN-A2. What was on it actually saw like one Architects out, or more precisely, a blueprint from one. With A paper clip attached a piece of paper with Wenzl handwriting: 'There you have the crap!' - Lukowsky spread the sheet on the desk out of. This blueprint was certainly many years old. The geometric lines On that were provided with arrows and dimensions. There was also one Pointed angles with the letter 'n' about it, which are common among architects Indication where you have to think north. The drawing provided one The floor plan, which could be part of everything, just not to a family home. Lukowsky planned to show the blueprint Peter Fischer. Next he opened Antonietta's letter. It contained a leaf with a few Handwritten lines and a color photo, six by nine centimeters in size. It showed Antonietta and her father, poor in arm. They in a cream -colored man Dress and with open hair, in the light gray suit, very elegant. Who knew that Domenico Alotti had a Maserati 3500 GT, could see that this photo had been taken in front of the car. Allegedly Two years ago when the daughter gave the father the tip of her braid had, because her dark hair meadows in the picture about under the waist one Fresh cutting edge. Maybe it was the last photo of the two of them gave together. Lukowsky turned it over. There were with Antonietta Alottis Handwriting the words: 'From two grateful.' Lukowsky leaned the little one Photo on the foot of the desk lamp. The similarity between Antonietta Alotti and Vera Jörgens no longer seemed so big to him, but they existed. He took Antonietta's letter and read. She wrote, in the coming weeks, Probably even months, she will be in Vienna for professional reasons. That suddenly emerged. If he wanted her to write, please Your address there, which is also discreet to handle. Best regards. Her Viennese address was on the lower third of the letter sheet with a telephone number. Lukowsky still saw the rest of the post, but it was further

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Nothing of importance. So he went to Miss Alotti one To put on a letter. This was not as detailed as he originally had made, but at least a sign of good will. In the Next day he wanted to write her again and then also about the 'Figurea' report and the wonderful effect that your braid in it act if Peter Fischer and Astrid Xylander are not vehemently against it would. Lukowsky also took the letter to Antonietta the envelope with the Discontinuations of the diary leaves for Astrid and left the office. First he brought the letter to the post office and then drove towards Benrath. He wanted Astrid handed over the envelope, maybe talk to her a few words. It he went through his head, a lot of questions that answered after answer searched. But Astrid was not there, so Lukowsky put the envelope in the Brief slot in the door and drove back to the office.

The phone rang; He heard it from a distance as he opened the door. The caller was patient. When Lukowsky took the listener, Cornelius sounded: "Tag! I would be opposite in the Presidium now. Do you have time? Then I just come. "- It didn't go ten minutes until Cornelius appeared. He had a cigarette button in his mouth and asked: "Well? Where is you Poetry? " Lukowsky replied: "Where crap belongs." In the working room he grabbed the trash on the edge and held it down Cornelius. He gave a Hums from itself, fishing out the FN pistol with the help of a scrap paper And looked at them: "Of course they have put them everywhere and messed up their fingerprints?" - "Not on the handle," Lukowsky replied. Cornelius Let it hear a hum and put the 'fn' in his coat pocket again. Then he asked: "Do you have two hours?" Lukowsky looked at the clock: "Why?" Cornelius expressed his cigarette button in the brass bag cup on the desk: "Would have liked to show you something. But is A little car tour until then. " Lukowsky asked: "Where to?" - "Bonn," replied Cornelius, "Small cemetery visit. On the way I tell you a lot. Could be interested. Maybe we'll be both wiser." Cornelius coughed, he was cold. Lukowsky took his jacket.

They drove in Cornelius' gray audi. The car was certainly hardly older than one Year, but definitely never cleaned inside. The ashtray overturns, crushed cigarette remains on the ground and broken filters. But otherwise the car seemed to be okay.

They had hardly driven two road crossings, when Cornelius noticed In indifferent sounding tone: "You had a rendezvous in Munich an attractive long -plated young lady? Miss Alotti is not with us Unknown. If you have read my dossier carefully - you have that Apparently done - you need to know. The beautiful is temporarily under observation. Or stated, because she is once again exploited to the colleagues. " Lukowsky researched: "Why is it, or standing, under Observation?" Cornelius willingly replied: "No one specifically Reason. It works in the armaments industry. For years. Or more correct No said: she works for a company that develops and manufactures things that it enable to produce military goods - very explosive. And that is what we have to submit submissive to our western Enemies, O - I said, friends! We are a sovereign satrapie. But Some German companies find this inappropriate. Also the fiance of the Alotti Was in the industry. Is two years ago and its entire engineering office flown into the air. The whole house: puff! It was somewhere in Swabian Wallachia. Maybe you have carried out too risky experiments. Possible too, you have helped. Can never be completely clarified with something like that. Was tragic, a week before the planned wedding of the two, baby already on the go. Now the Alotti illegally has a child, a girl, I think. But on She certainly doesn't miss money. The beautiful with a braid has a trust in your company. Secret wearer, so to speak. She is terribly loyal to her company. They have been asked for interviews twice. Because of certain, or rather uncertain things that go in your company or in front of you could go. The engineering office of her fiance that had gone into the air was also in an unexplained connection with this company. Miss Alotti has no idea about anything, probably she didn't even know the time during the interrogations. Such a really sweet innocent sheep Is that, to smooch. " Cornelius came out of a cigarette, broke out the filter and put it on. Equalized: "Well, yes, it will reappear." Lukowsky asked: "What is Wrong when employees are loyal to their company and if necessary, concealed on the outside? " Cornelius spit out tobacco fibers that Has got on his tongue, laughed at and coughed: "Nothing is bad at all to it. That's the bad thing! We live in a bad world that just expected differently! Didn't you know that yet? " Cornelius was with his cigarette

unsatisfied. He had infected her at the wrong end. He cranked the window and threw it out. Then he said: "Well, you will still become a smarter, Mr. Lukowsky. Although - I am afraid you are missing from sophistication. There you are missing. For example, you could learn a lot from Miss Alotti. That is one Clever. " He fried a new cigarette and said: "Leave We bride them first. Maybe she's just going on vacation ... everywhere and Nowhere, who knows ... " Meanwhile, they had reached the highway. Cornelius announced: "We will visit the fresh grave of a higher Bundeswehr officer, or better, view. Has worked in the BMVG - Federal Ministry of Defense .. The man had an accident-if you have a 9mm para in your back Can call an accident. It was officially heart failure. Viewed dialectically, That's always true, the pump stops operating, one way or another. By the way, you know that this corresponds to the caliber of the cannon from your trash. Of course nothing says. The cartridge 9 millimeters parabellum is finally The most used pistol cartridge worldwide. An undeniable contribution to our country on the international history of the murder. " Cornelius laughed and At the same time coughed out cigarette smoke.

In the sky above the Bonn city cemetery, unfriendly gray clouds pulled by a cool wind. It was still dry, but it looked at Rain out. Cornelius was in a hurry as if he did not want to risk being surprised by a sudden cloudburst. Heller and dark gravel crunched under their feet. Cornelius headed for a fresh grave, on which there were many wreaths and flower containers. In front of it he stopped and gave Lukowsky a hint: "Well? Does something notice you?" Lukowsky noticed something But he was pretty sure that this was not meant. The name 'Ludwig Friedhelm Fokke, Colonel Lieutenant' stood on the Granitgrabstein. Before the Birth and death date did not stand asterisk and cross, as usual, but a man run and a yr run- but vice versa, for example at the SS; Here YR stood for birth and one for dying. Lukowsky immediately remembered the name Ludwig Fokke: this officer Had signed the BMVG letter to Vera's father. The runes attested that Lieutenant Colonel Fokke was not a Christian. The small iron cross There was therefore probably only military importance in the gable of the tombstone. Cornelius urged: "Well? What is it? You don't notice anything?

Seit organ a bit! " He pointed to the purple with an outstretched arm Lap of a wreath twisted from oak leaves. There were the words 'Vita Nova' with each other and among them the symbol of the magical sun was. - "That thing," said Cornelius, "was not there yet during the funeral service. There are photos that prove this, and not just that. In the Night after that, someone must have put it. " He saw Lukowsky asked for to: "What is? Dammer?" Lukowsky said: "The sign of the magical Sun. The man was probably a follower of an old-Heidnian faith. The runes also speak for that. " Cornelius gave him a look As if he had to deal with a childishly naive fool and emphasized: "Blacks Sun! The black sun! And these runes were common on SS graves. The Lieutenant Colonel was also with the club. Armed SS. Only as Young guy in the last months of the war, but he was! When that came out he was then retired prematurely. Only the other day. Probably Because of acute suspicion of patriotism. " Cornelius put both hands into the Coat bags, but pulled out the left again because the fnpistol was located. "What do you think," asked Cornelius with a irritated one Undertone, "Whoever brought the wreath there? - I have risen behind it and now want to see if they would come to it. Actually, should actually be She." The first raindrops fell from the sky. me. I'm too stupid. " Cornelius turned and called: "You colorful bird! Hugo knows! " He started a permanent run to the parking lot. him slower. Almost at the same moment, since Lukowsky is already behind that Cornelius was waiting to get into the car, flashed a flash between the Clouds out, a violent thunderbill followed and the rain pounded in Flock on the tag roof. Cornelius did not start the engine yet. He took A cigarette and Lukowsky also held the box. They smoked them first trains. Cornelius said: "It was like in Frankenstein's horror stories. Even full moon. A graved graves observed around midnight, Like an elegant gentleman, tall, slim, light blonde, pretty young, secretly this one Remarkable wreath of lieutenant colonel Fokkes grave. The description fit so well on Mr. Bunt that I have the only one to the mole Available photo of the bird presented. He was! " Cornelius saw Lukowsky challenging and pulled a photography from the inside pocket of his coat: "I will show you that too!" In the meantime, the thunderstorm raged with full force. The sky had almost completely darkened and unloaded violent water

fall over the earth. Nevertheless, Lukowsky recognized the man in the picture. Cornelius urged: "Well?" Lukowsky returned the photo: "He should be be." Cornelius nodded satisfied and let cigarette ash on the floor floor fall and lively raised the voice: "But that's not all! Mr. knows Was not only on the night of the vampires! " He saw Lukowsky a lurking look from the side. A bright flash twitched outside, Croaching thunder rolled over the deep -hanging dark clouds. Cornelius made it exciting. He said: "A lady was with him! An exceptionally beautiful, tall woman in black. In early twenty, Great figure, a face like made of white marble, in addition mass reddish -brown hair, bound together to form a kind of ponytail, the beautiful went full to the buttocks. This was particularly noticeable to the witness. Is Yes, really very rare these days - just where this strange sun in Appearance occurs, it almost accumulates. As if that meant something, Something very special. - Well, what do I know, maybe not either. " He put The head crooked and crowded lurking: "Well? It dawn?" Lukowsky suspected: "Miss Alotti?" Cornelius emphatically shook his head: "It is one -seven and sixty -to -one, and her hair is almost black. That of the woman on the The cemetery was reddish, chestnut brown, says the witness. As I said, the Enormous ponytail caught his eye, who screamed very loudly, so to speak, the scissors. The witness said that the lady had been at the end of her can put flowing hair tail. Something like that is rare, so it falls just on. It was a bright full moon night, and a few of the traffic lights burned too. The mole - I mean, the eyewitness - could already What recognize! He also looked, even though the scenario was scary; Him, a gravedigger! The conscious lady was strikingly tall, cool beauty, brunette mane in tail to the butt ... well? What do you think? - Was it possible? - It was the lovely Vera of Jörgens! The always innocent daughter of one of the last secretions of the Third Reich! " A thunderbolt from the clouds covered these words, and the reverberation in Ernst Lukowsky was nothing less. Thanks to the tightly pulled together Heaven was too dark to have Cornelius Lukowsky's expression exactly can interpret. Outside, poplars, birches and yewls under increasing wind, leaves whirled through the cool air. Cornelius said: "Unfortunately there is no custom photo from the Jörgens. Otherwise I would have the mole shown - I mean the witness, the gravedigger. "He still didn't leave

the engine, but continued: "The mole said that the two had Looking very noble, but not like people on one level. Its impression Would have been that the lady would have been that. That can be good. miss Jörgens always knew how to command. Educated officer daughter wealthy house, as well as a beauty. And ice cold. I have them Yes, be allowed to experience once. I wasn't sure back then, but now I'm: She is her father's heiress in the so -called 'magical chain'! That's the way it is!" In Lukowsky all flashes and thunder of the all around multiple raging thunderstorm. But he dominated himself and asked as calmly as he was succeeded: "What else?" Cornelius threw his cigarette button next to the accelerator pedal, kicked it out with the tip of the foot. Head: "Nothing. Just that the two noble vampires then with one large blue sleds. The mole was curious, gave them spy. He doesn't know the car brand, maybe Mercedes, maybe too Cadillac, he says. " Cornelius pushed out a sigh :: "You shouldn't Believe, but it is so. Two phenomena as noticeable as Mr. colorful and Miss Jörgens - but no trace! Neither from him nor from her. As if they are could make invisible. The colleagues certainly have none Opportunity neglected; In something like that they are very thorough. But of course, Women already know that there are wigs and so on, then see at once Quite different without having changed. " Lukowsky asked: "Why at all?" - "Why?" Cornelius was amazed: "Bird at Vogel because he has been since long search. You have nothing tangible against him in your hand But at least want to get him by the sleeping nation. At the Jörgens because they was with him. Otherwise there is nothing against them. But with her or in Her haze seems to be buried, still from Adolfs Times. You can find that worrying - you know: 'Man'! " While twitching outside A flash again, but the thunder is now rumbling. Lukowsky wanted Knowing "Is it certain that the woman was Vera Jörgens?" Cornelius hesitated with the answer. He poked around with the ignition key on the dashboard, left the engine on, made light and pressed the wipers. His voice became quieter: "Sure, safe ...?! - No. It is not, there is nothing. Sure is not even if, the whole thing is so has run. But so many women that the conscious description fits, Don't occur! I think it was. I even bet it was it! " A renewed sigh took out: "But maybe the mole has in

misjudged the size, also wrong in the hair color and it is the Alotti been? That would undoubtedly have a certain probability. Who knows ...? - No, I am convinced that it was the Jörgens! " He ranked with the car back and forth in the parking lot. The branches of the trees turned in the wind, Autumn leaves whirled up and danced through the air. Cornelius steered to Street. He looked at Lukowsky with a thoughtful look and grazed Out of carelessness, the high boxwood hedge that limited the parking lot, His voice became loud and accepted a emphatic sound: "You, Lord Lukowsky, have a crush on the Jörgens, I know that! Hopefully you break Not even the neck! Understand me correctly: I have nothing against them Jörgens! On the contrary, she impresses me and she is a feast for the eyes. Although I don't fit her proudness, she sits on a ross that is so high. I find Somehow everything about her too perfect. - well, I would never get the idea of what To want from her! So be a crush on the maximum. The Stupid is that you usually can't get it. " -

When they drove back onto the highway, the storm subsided. Cornelius said: "Again you understand me correctly: I am on your side! We Have a pact, so to speak. I mean it well, also personally. Bring Not in difficulties from which you can no longer get out of afterwards. Leave your fingers from these secret bundles! Because they live in one Very own world, you have to be born. The one from the 'inner circle', They already know how to protect themselves. You have obviously managed that in the meantime - however. People like the Jörgens or the colorful Hugo who are Safer than the President of the U.S.A. in his atomic bunker. I don't have any Do you know how to do it, but it is. But that only applies to those from the 'Magical chain'. I think the Alotti is also part of it. The Jörgens stands that Anyway in nothing, only makes a more easy to deal with at first glance Impression. But behind it also comes with the rock, so hard that granite On the other hand, how rubber is. I am taught! These people also know each other with each other - directly or indirectly, personal or possibly just that not! I don't know, nobody knows. Strictly speaking, I don't care either. " His speech became brooding as if he spoke to himself: "Maybe that's that Everything is just a product of swirling fantasies, very clever founded, so to speak reflections of their own fears of the upper one, which are currently Fear of the unknown from anywhere and nowhere ... "Lukowsky said:

"Don't you find that a fairly adventurous story?" Cornelius saw him: "Sure! And how!" He looked back on the track and said: "If it is It would not be different. But it exists! Don't ask me How - somehow! This is a magical cliff. Do you understand? They want yes Not more than turning the whole planet upside down! You want when I that correctly understood from our documents, a new world age, that A thousand-year-old kingdom from John's openness or resurrection of the old Atlantis ... I don't know exactly either. In any case, all stuff! The Modern society should be converted into an archaic or something. Apparently the Nazis were not so enthusiastic about that. That is why it was created The secret covenant. The Nazis banned esoteric clubs. But from the Time comes all, and it also has to do with the Third Reich - somehow. And these people who believe iron about their cause is certain! " He gave one Hoir laughs: "We have a good thing: We certainly don't need to worry about the murderer of Mr. Lieutenant Bird colorful! Maybe it will also be done by magic? - There is completely Astonishing things! " He repeated his hoarse laugh at which a cough Then: "But you, Mr. Lukowsky, you are from this world! Hold them Fingers out as soon as something seems too strange to them. That is A good advice, and exceptionally one that there is for nothing. Also applies with regard to the Jörgens! Fall in love with another, who may not be quite as beautiful - but a person! Because ... "he Custle again, "... who knows if they are people? Maybe they will come Yes with flying saucers from another star? " He laughed briefly and Heiser: "This is of course duties! But nothing can do anything these days Be crazy and stupid enough to believe that enough people believed in it; Even those in official bodies! " Cornelius put back on a laugh, that quickly went into cough: "If they ask me, it has something with To do religion, with a very strange from ancient times, from the Romans and Germanic or something. What do I know, I don't care! " He looked at Lukowsky: "What do you actually mean?" Lukowsky replied: "As you already said, I am too out of the everyday world to get myself with such things to deal in more detail. " Cornelius made an approving. gave the impression that he first thought about saying something before he In addition: "And again - I don't want to do them anywhere, but It is meant well: put the Jörgens out of your head. That is because

dangerous." Lukowsky researched: "Do you have a reason to say that?" Cornelius considered a moment and then replied: "If they quickly and suddenly want to die, Mr. Lukowsky, it is enough to do Miss Jörgens in the wrong Wait a bit of a bit wrong! They then harvested a well -targeted dagger in the middle of the heart! Then she gained her double -edged deer catcher out of them and cleaned him with calm and care. " It Came a red traffic light again. Cornelius now looked at Lukowsky fully and emphasized: "It is possible that some things are wrong, probably even. None of the rumors about Vera Jörgens is proven! But still: I have something in my sense and mean it! It is as unapproachable as the north star in the sky. If you absolutely want such a super woman, grab the Alotti on the braid because of my braid. It is also a hard bone, But she doesn't murx her right away if she just put her on her butt! From her there are even photos in a swimsuit, on the paddling pool in Your garden, which she certainly has no idea. More perfect can too the Jörgens are not built. So you'd better squint at the Alotti. Also the is certainly terribly exhausting, but perhaps for human feelings too have. - I hope you are not offended now. " Lukowsky knew from Vera Even that it was not uncomplicated. Maybe that's why she was like that very distance. But he said nothing to all of this. Cornelius coughed Again and swore: "Mist, damn one! In the weather, you have to capture a cold! It is time for us to get money. I long Me for a nice house in Spain! "

It didn't rain in Düsseldorf, but the weather was not exactly pleasant either. A sharp wind whistled along the half -open office windows that Heaven looked gray and unfriendly. Lukowsky closed the windows and Then sat down at the desk. His gaze fell on the photo of Antonietta Alotti and her father. He took it in hand and looked at it. It was better not to leave this picture open to everyone's eyes. Maybe that came to his mind now, Cornelius had seen it earlier and pulled his conclusions from it? But no, it was hardly close today Enough at the desk. Nevertheless, Lukowsky took the photo into the middle desk drawer. Then he took Vera's picture that he had in the passport And always carried with him. A miraculous, soothing warmth as he alone Get to know Jörgens by meeting Vera, flowed through him

so. He held the picture in his hands, but he didn't need a photo of vera to to see them very clearly. Maybe it was a crazy falling in love Dream without hope. Most likely even. But that did it Nothing less beautiful, because the feeling was there, as clear and truthful as could only be love. But there was something like that if the feeling swung back and forth if it was not completely one-sided. This feeling was carried out Suddenly very far away. The walls of the office seemed to disappear and A sunny green landscape appeared, which may not was earthly, not on this side, but a distant world in which they once a couple could be vera and he - in another life.

Lukowsky had the supposed architectural drawing from Wenzls Post made and studied thoroughly. He tried her with the card from Veras To reconcile the envelope, but nothing came of it; One had with that Obviously nothing else to do, although there are a few related details seemed to be given .. Lukowsky folded everything together and put it in one Large envelope with cardboard reinforcement. He paused, took the DIN A2 sheet out again and copied it in individual parts as best with the little one Photocopier device just went. He gave the dismissals in the desk drawer, as well as the sheet of Veras Kuvert. He only packed Wenzl's post. In For half an hour he had an appointment with fishermen and bush on their new premises on the bank of the town hall.

When Lukowsky entered Aurora GmbH, a surprising manner smiled at him Reception lady opposing a crescent table behind a crescent moon The hall was sitting. She was in her early twenties, had a pretty, happy face, Sky blue eyes, a middle parting and mirror -smooth blonde hair except on the back. She was wearing a light blue dress with a white blouse. She welcomed Lukowsky as friendly and, as it were, sovereign, as cultivated receptionists serious companies are dealing with for business visitors. From one of the Open doors came in: "Hello!" He presented: "This is Rosi Bongartz. For now our girl for everything; The company has to be again re -establish. - Rosi, that's Ernst Lukowsky, I told you about him. " Rosi gave a small hand with pink painted fingernails and said: "Good good ones Day, Mr. Lukowsky! " This replied just as politely: "Hello, Miss Bongratz! " Fischer led him to the nearest room. set up an office. It was big and bright, apart from the desk there was still

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A small meeting corner with dark leather furniture. Fashion photos and Posters from the Igedo trade fair were decorated on the walls. Everything offered it entirely The impression of a lively company working in the textile wholesaler, DOB - area Women's cladding. Of course there could be no question of that, but it looked very credible. Fischer said: "We have enough space here. You should Also set up your own room. I even consider a few capable To hire people, that is, to actually activate this shop and on it To bring in front. We'll see. " Since the evening with Astrid They were Xylander by you, Lukowsky had to get used to it first. Fischer pointed to the leather set in the corner: "Let's sit down! Mr. Busch Unfortunately, he was delayed, he wanted to be here. However - "Fischer showed one Excurring gesture, "Admittedly, his task is also at Löw Not the easiest. We have to pay it out, there is no other way. " It knocked Quiet on the door, Miss Rosi came and put a tray with a coffee pot, cups and all accessories on the low table. Fischer looked out his armchair to her, said: "Thank you, Miss Rosi!" and waited until they Had left room again. He casually said: "I think this young lady is a good catch. " He gave coffee in two cups and explained: "As the All the story about the Z-Plan project began for us, many of them could not be look over. In the meantime it has been shown that some things don't go as we do at the beginning we thought, Busch and I - so: division of the interests Between him and me, the material share for him, the almost ideal for me. No, it's not that simple now. There is nothing - whatever we find Should - that we could make money and use it personally. We assumed that there was, so to speak, abandoned property. But that's not so." He stirred in his coffee, drank, deliberately put the cup and spoke Next: "First of all to Löw: He's not an unfair man, but he wants things - in the facilities suspected art objects - which we could not give it, Even if they were there and we would get to them. So it is necessary to be him To repay investment into our cause. I have part of mine for that limited but not inconsiderable assets made liquid. Since this one Contact by Mr. Busch is, this wraps the process that has just been presented Now off. He drove to Löw in Cologne with the Opel Admiral. " Fischer laid Thinkingly, the fingertips together and let the view to the window wander. There was suddenly a tentative sun. Fischer's expression became more serious. He waved back and said: "Mr. Buschs and

My interests are now reaching the incompatibility limit. He also sees that. The suggestion to go separate from then on came from him. I would have him not submitted from me, because we have known each other for a long time, and there develops something like friendship. But it's good. I think To be very fair. A few years ago I created money and a cheap money House in the city center. The value is now considerable. Mister Busch will receive a sum that should satisfy it - so I hope. It is otherwise not feasible. " Lukowsky asked: "Busch already has this with that Head nodded? " - "Basically yes, even with clearly noticeable joy," Fischer replied: "Last but not least, it includes the advantage of immediately and Certainly to get some - as I said, not a little - instead of still in Uncolored, as is otherwise indefinite period The case would be. " Fischer didn't seem free of bad feelings be. He looked at the clock and said softly: "He had to be here again." Lukowsky asked: "Can it be that Mr. Busch swings? What do I know maybe together with Valtine and is right now? " Fisherman Skip his head decisively: "I think that is completely excluded. We were always loyal to each other, despite different ideas and goals, Nothing will change in the future. In addition, the trade is for He, I repeat, quite cheap, and he is aware of it. Until now I had kept myself covered in terms of my assets. The The best way to secure his fortune is that not to let anyone know that it exists. That's how I always kept it. Busch didn't know what I was can mobilize yourself if necessary. Now he knows and I think he Trust me. Why should he expose himself to an almost insane risk? And that without any success? " Fischer shook Again in a head: "No, I'm sure, Busch remains loyal! The danger I am Rather see is another: it could become negligent. He already sees himself As the wealthy pensioners in the Salzkammergut, which he has been since Years wish. That could make him careless. " Fischer clapped One hand on the dark leather of his armchair and said determined: "It Must go quickly now. Enough money for bush, and then without him. I like him because he has his good sides. But that's why. " -

Noises were heard in the anteroom. It knocked on the door. Rosi appeared and reported: "Mr. Busch ..." Then he ran past her,

spread his arms and called out loudly: "Complete!" He let himself be in one of the armchairs the seating group falls and announced almost solemnly: "Löw is satisfied! We even drank one! The only thing I had to guarantee him: If we find this wood carving from the medieval lady, which he would like to have, then he will get her. I mean, that's justifiable. " Fischer nodded his head, and Busch continued to say in a good mood: "Well, fine! No trouble, no excitement - made! " From Fischer's expression, the concern gave way. He said, "This is wonderful. We will also get the rest." Busch brought out a cigar and confirmed: "Sure, I don't have any Worries." He asked Fischer: "Is Mr. Lukowsky already taught?" Fisherman nodded: "On a rough feature." - "Well," sighed bush in the tone of relief, Now mostly turned to Lukowsky: "So the old bush is in the Retirement! Thanks to Freund Fischer's generosity! I'm going to Provide the opportunity to show my gratitude! I love it, even if I will surely miss him - both of you. But, I want to sincerely be: it is right for me. I got what I do with the bit ago So had, and through the mediation of my old friend Claude Herniaire, a House with garden near Salzburg paid. He himself has himself there also bought something. We will often play with each other. One longs But at some point after a little calm in life! I was optimistic then Soon we would be successful, so I would have enough money for the still open Payment would have. But ... "he sighed," ... it pulls and pulls! When friend Fischer now reaches into his pocket and helps me, I am grateful to him! " bush Was obviously honest. He put his hand on the fishermen and said: "But I wish you the best of luck. And should you still have the old bush Need again, then he would just reactivate, there would be no question! " Lukowsky had the feeling that bush and fishermen might want to be over now Talking matters, although his presence is not necessary, maybe was even inappropriate. He asked if something was talking about if he was still do a way; He would be back in a good hour. It spoke Nothing against it, and so Lukowsky said the situation correctly assessed have.

He did what he hadn't done for a long time, strolled aimlessly through the Streets of the nearby old town. A late sun was in the sky, the cool Wind had lay down. Lukowsky's drank a cup of coffee in a standing café And then went back leisurely towards the Rathausufer.

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It was still a whole piece until number 17 when Lukowsky is about saw a black limousine from there. The distance was too big To recognize the type of the car safely, especially since other vehicles immediately In between. But it could have been a jaguar, a Jaguar Mk. X, How Valtine owned one and used to send out his pistol boys. This thought was stuck in Lukowsky, he accelerated his steps, he ran, he ran. Lukowsky reached the house almost out of breath.

On the second floor she was half open. Without hesitation and Lukowsky went in without caution. Miss Rosi was nowhere to be seen. Lukowsky continued. Busch and Fischer were on the parquet floor of the newly furnished boss room. Busch was already getting involved on, albeit on all fours for the time being. Fischer just came out of the lack of contemplation. He bleed from a wound on the head. Lukowsky crouched to the two. Busch just said: "Something like that, well ..." Fischer sat down opened, felt after his head and noticed: "You can actually see stars, If someone thres into your skull from behind! " Busch who In the meantime, fishermen half of the ground. This was still stood Not completely safe on his feet, he quickly let himself be in one of the brown Slide the armchair. Now Miss Rosi also appeared in the door. She saw the wound On Fischer's head, hurried, said: "O, heaven! I get mine quickly Car pharmacy! " With that, the three men disappeared in the seating area. Nothing. They immediately moved over to us and it got dark. I Sacked, but still got how Freund Fischer probably had a resistance tried. That's why he got it twice. The boys have to come from Cologne to be followed when I came from Löw. " Fischer said: "Fortunately, I had Rosi just sent to the kitchen. So nothing happened to her. " The named came in Deep flight with the announced first -aid kit from your car and made it Without a word about treating fishermen with iodine and plasters. " Fischer asked You: "Nothing happened to you?" She indicated a shake of the head: "I got myself Crumpled between the sample collections. The gangsters are not for those interested. But otherwise they, I think, ran through everything. I heard her Scolding and expressing indecent words that I might not be better Repeat. You were very angry! " Fischer sighed relieved: "Well, good!" Miss Rosi asked: "Do we have something more often here? I mean if I know it -

I'm not anxious! My father is a sports shooter. I could have a pistol Bring with me, I know myself pretty well! " Fischer looked at her in astonishment: "I don't think that the Wild West will break out here, dear Rosi. But but We appreciate your loyalty! Your salary will be doubled. Regard You as a danger in danger. " The girl did not respond to the money, but completed the association. Rosi announced: "Done!" and closed the Verbandkasten. She also looked at Busch's head, but there was only a bump. Rosi took her medical sector and said lively: "Then cook I now have a fresh coffee! " Lukowsky said: "It's okay." Fischer nodded and ignored the face: "Yes, that I think too. Maybe she also has a headache tablet, or Two, I think Mr. Busch will also be able to use one. " He reached on the head. - "That's right," said Busch. Fischer straightened up in the armchair: "I also think it's time that we all say 'you' to each other." That was probably also a diplomatic pull, because since it works through Astrid's Lukowsky Per Du was, shouldn't dig an unnecessary ditch compared to Busch be raised. Then he rose and looked at his desk. Much disorder was not possible for the uninvited visitors have been because not much lying around. "You see," emphasized Fischer with a hint of pride, "how valuable our treasury is! We are still being checked But I am completely safe, everything is untouched. " Busch massaged the forehead And said: "The whole theater is my fault. Valtine's people have to do that have been. I knew Löw connected to him. But with that they I just didn't count on and then follow. " Fisherman Supported again: "You don't need to accuse yourself of anything, so I would have not expected. " Miss Rosi came with the tray: "So, here would be one Good coffee! " When she wanted to go again, Fischer got up and said: "Hold! You stay with us here. You deserve that. Take a seat." The Girl looked a little puzzled, but said: "Thank you!" and sat down in the Free armchair. Fischer looked at her and noticed: "We are happy to see you here have." Rosi looked again in astonishment, smiled and said again: "Thank you!" Busch went to the phone: "I want to call Ferdinand Löw. He got us Definitely not getting in. I'm somehow restless now. " While Busch chose, Rosi Fischer looked at a wake -up look and asked quietly: "What is this company about?" Fischer promised: "Me Will inaugurate them afterwards. " He threw Lukowsky a quick

Look at and then spoke to Rosi: "You enjoy our trust." Meanwhile, Busch had got a connection and on the phone. Be Mien play showed shock: "That's ... - - - we were still sitting in front two hours together. - - yes. - - yes. - - Please cancel Ms. Löw mine Visit, and ... you may not leave a stranger into the house. - - yes, that's important! You are definitely doing it? - - Good. I immediately get on that Away." Busch slowly dropped the listener to the fork and said Almost a toneless voice: "I only reached the porter. - Löw is dead." He Currently approached the meeting corner with uncertain steps, sat down But not, but said: "I have to go to his wife. On the spot. Who knows What ... "worried his suddenly pale face. He asked: " Lord Lukowsky, I mean, seriously, you are good with the weapon if necessary. Accompanying You me?" Lukowsky got up: "Sure." Fischer also rose: "I will come along too! " - "No," said Busch, "you have to be for security here care for. It will not be easy for you to lift the figure over, But you can do it. Rosi can definitely help you. Here is yes Nothing more safe. - and everything is my fault. I was negligent. " Fischer vigorously said: "Nothing is your fault!" Lukowsky assembled the Key of his office from the federal government and handed her Fischer: "My office is now Maybe better. " Fischer took the keys: "Yes, I think so too. Then then I'll wait there. " He looked at the young woman who was close to him: "Miss Rosi - I can build on you? " She nodded so violently that her blonde hair The shoulders and face slid. She pushed her out with spread fingers the crown and said in a firm voice: "Yes, of course!" Fischer saw They grateful: "Good!" Then he turned to Busch and Lukowsky: "Make You on your way. Drive with Ernst's car. We'll take rosis. The Opel stops. " Lukowsky noticed something: "The envelope is gone. The envelope With the blueprint that Wenzl sent me. But there is one in my office Copy. In the top right desk drawer. " Fischer said thoughtfully: "We have to act quickly now."

When they approached Cologne, rain started, it was also windy, almost stormy. Busch said: "It is true that we can't lose time now. Valtine went on the offensive. He will be under the pressure of his upper ones should bring success. We have to stop his offensive immediately, once militarily spoken; It must not get going. Valtine has the western

Services behind them, therefore a lot of possibilities. On the other hand, that's Everything just wage servants. They don't know what they are fighting for. " He was stuck A cigar with restless hands: "Well! With retirement, it will probably be But nothing yet! Maybe I even have to go out my old old '08' again Wrap the oil lobe. So far I had no personal with Valtine Invoice. Now it's different. Löw is, says the porter, literally to death have been mated. " He blew out cigar smoke and looked over to Lukowsky: "Now we suddenly sit much closer than before in one Boat!" Lukowsky said: "We will make the best of it!" Busch said: "I probably didn't always live properly, but who knows maybe I will die properly! "

You reached Cologne. Busch showed Lukowsky the way. He led through the city's outdoor districts. The evening already dawned. The wind had expanded, a violent storm blew. The moist autumn leaves from the trees Suck through the air and whirled across the street. Before a solid villa in a park -like garden and a wide gravel -believed driveway that around the Busch said: "Here it is." Right And on the left of the massive oak door of this villa burned wrought -iron lanterns. On the ringing, a tiny square window in the door, which was on the top, first opened in the door, which was provided with carvers and copper fittings reminiscent of old Germanic ornamentation. The Round face of an old woman peeked through the window, probably the Housekeeper. Busch apparently knew this and opened.

Ms. Susanne Löw received her visitors in a large old German salon. It looked like this facility could still be from time come to which the villa had been built. The atmosphere had something of Urbant culture and, as it were, cosiness. The wife of the house was Already in the black costume. She wore the long blond hair in one Naked notes. A very pretty woman from maybe the end of twenty or early thirties, who was trusted that she knew Goethe and Schiller by heart And could also play the piano or maybe harp. Her green eyes was To see that they cried a few minutes ago. But the lady Had well under control. She greeted Busch like an old friend: "Me Thank you for getting so quickly, Fritz! I'm not that yet far to understand it. " - "I also feel it," said Busch. Then he put

before: "This is Ernst Lukowsky, a good friend." Susanne Löw was enough for him too. The hand: "Hello Mr. Lukowsky, please forgive me. Not very best state!" The old woman who opened the door came. A tablet, served coffee, tea and pastries. From an adjacent Room came from a strictly -looking older gentleman of stately growth. He too was already wearing black. It was Susanne Löw's father -in -law. You stood each other and finally sat in a strange mood between Security and non -accessing the world together in spacious upholstered furniture. Mr. Löw Senior said with deep bass: "The boy and his thirst for adventure! How often did I warn him before dealing with such rabble. And she, Mr. Busch, also told him that this Valtine is an insane criminal. It still sounds in my ears. But Ferdinand didn't want to hear. And Now this end, this terrible!" Susanne Löw breathed: "He was tortured so terribly, so terrible! Why only, why?" Your voice found a firm sound again: "Do you have any idea, Fritz? What can they do. Have wanted beasts from my husband? He was ..." Busch replied careful: "If I knew the answer! Your husband had with this Valtine embedded and that is ... he is an insane. You can't do it assess according to normal standards. But that - that! - I would have him too not trusted. It is now important that they are not threatened." - "Yes," started Löw Senior: "Why do you actually come up with it? What would Susanne have with it to do?" The woman caught the ball: "What brings her about this thought?" - "Well," replied Busch, "I don't want to say that a danger would be. Probably, no! As I said, Valtine is only mentally incompatible. For this reason I mean, caution cannot be out of place be." The father -in -law agreed: "I have people of my factory protection autumn. You will have to arrive in the next half hour. Also is The police to grasp the murderer!" - "Yes, certainly!" said Busch without to go into more detail on this side of the matter and turned to the woman: "Susanne, you will surely have your husband's little revolver in the house, that I know?" She replied: "I have my own weapon." - "Good!" said Busch, "Then keep them with you in the near future, and if someone should want to attack, then take the revolver and immediately press twice on the opponent. Shoot first - then think!" Susanne Löw reacted differently than Lukowsky expected, she said resolutely "You can do that rely!" Busch nodded her satisfied.

Ernst Lukowsky and I, make sure that they are not in this need if possible advised. " The woman looked him in the eye: "Thank you, Fritz." The father -in -law merged: "But Mr. Busch! Do not mean, you should leave the criminal police off the criminal police? She is already taking the perpetrator!" Busch replied with selected courtesy: "No, I don't mean that. Maybe the gentlemen from the Kripo will go wrong this time? "

Busch had the keys to her husband's company from Susanne Löw let. The chief office in which the crime had happened had that Police safely sealed. Nevertheless, Busch wanted to look around the company. The farewell by Ms. Löw and her father -in -law was friendly, almost warm. Just when Lukowsky and Busch left the villa, met A minibus with men from the factory protection of Mr. Löw Senior's company. Busch Lukowsky looked at the car with a calm look and said: "I Do not believe that Susanne is in danger. But now I still feel better. However, the guilty conscience doesn't really let go of me. It is true I warned Ferdinand Löw about Valtine, but that he at all in such One situation came, that is probably my fault. " Lukowsky said: "Who after Looking for adventures and in danger, she always finds it. That would also have for Mr. Löw, even if he had never met him. " Busch showed a Doubtful nod: "Yes, maybe, maybe ... we have to go to the city center now." Lukowsky steered in downtown Cologne. Soon they kept in the Hülchrather Straße, right in front of the entrance to the Rolland & Löw. She Close the door open, cross the dark hallway and drove with the An elevator on the first floor. The entire floor belonged to Löw's company, also in She still had a few rooms. Busch apparently knew somewhat well. He warned Lukowsky: "We don't leave any fingerprints here, no traces!" With a handkerchief in his hand, he made light and then preceded. As expected, the chief office was sealed by the police. But Busch didn't want to go there either. Rather, it went him around the anteroom where Löw's secretary had her job. It Was spacious and generously equipped, the furniture of the most expensive, the Persian carpets on which they stood, no less, and there was a sure real forest miller under the paintings decorating the walls. Busch made to create the chief secretary at the desk of the chief secretary, naturally absent. He said like in the converter: "I certainly have

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A great detective talent and only a few crime novels read, but some are simply logical. First: If you have something at the boss Don't find confidential, where do you look? With the chief secretary! At It will be most likely, because chief secretary mostly know Everything and have all copies. The desk of this is nowhere vomited, nobody tried to look there once. The drawers are all closed, and they were certainly too at the time of the murder, Because Ms. Brunner - that's the name of the same, I know - said goodbye Immediately when I came to visit Löw. She apologized for this way Migraine. Ergo: The perpetrators were oriented over the content of these drawers! So they didn't need to look. Second: where should Valtine come from know that and when I visited Löw today? Of him certainly not, because That's why I expressly asked him and he was a reliable man. Ergo: Ms. Brunner put it Valtine! That's why she went today too As a precaution, home earlier. That's how it was, I think! " Lukowsky said: "In any case, it sounds coherent." - "It is!" claimed Busch, "It is!" He took a business card from a slip box and read: "Hanne Brunner! - - We can go again. "

They initially drove to Löw's Villa again to the company key to deliver again. On the way there, Busch explained: "Valtine is not easy to grasp. He owes this to his good 'Connections'. He must be in have a constant residence of the surrounding area of Bonn or Bad Godesberg. He is only once in a hotel. That's why we need the 'Dom-Hotel' Not looking for him at all because he was there, you know. I know his Practice a little. But maybe we have an advantage now. And Then ... "Busch looked at Lukowsky and said how lightly:" Then we blow him The light on the spot! " Lukowsky suspected: "You think the secretary Could his phone number have? " Busch nodded: "It is possible. Hardly the From his hidden place of residence, he certainly won't pass it on, but one Others that we can get to him. " Before the villa, two stopped eager factory protection staff Schildwache. Busch threw the keys into the mailbox and got back into the Mustang. "Now," he said, "let's find ourselves The tavern where there is a phone book! Hanne Brunner is hopefully too find. If so, we play an original play. It says: 'The KGB' Schrekken. Can you a little Russian? " -"unfortunately not,"

Lukowsky. "It doesn't matter," said Busch, "it is enough to do a few words can produce. When I address you in Russian or do something as if - I am sure, no Russian would understand that - you just nod and say: 'There, there!' - and give yourself as grim as possible! "

They stopped at an inn and ordered coffee. Busch asked to be allowed to make calls. After barely ten minutes he was visibly well agreed. Rück: "She lives in Lessingstrasse. - By the way, I have fishermen in your Office reached. With your approval he has the copy of the conscious Get drawing from your desk and thinks to become wise from it. I'm looking forward to it. - but now to Löw's secretary, woman Brunner. And then, the shit does not protect him again ... "

Ms. Hanne Brunner lived on the first floor. Under the door slot to your Apartment still came out light. Busch whispered Lukowsky: "Stop yours Weap ready! " and rang the door from a very attractive woman Open at the end of thirty. She had obviously made it comfortable, wore Jeans, and still looked very lady. Your plenty of shoulder-length hair Were wavy and maybe a little too blonde so as not to be colored. Busch grabbed her with one hand with this crest and kept her with her the other mouth. So he pushed her inside the inside Apartment. Lukowsky's revolver meanwhile aimed in all niches, but Except for Ms. Brunner, nobody was there, only one television apparatus was blaring in one Corner of the colorful living room. Busch let go of the woman and She hissed on: "Where's Valtine?!" He called Lukowsky a little Russian sounding To, whereupon this, true to the instructions, one: "There, there!" gave. Busch said to the frightened chief secretary: "Talk, or Wassili Make it cold! He likes to do that, it is his job, he gets five thousand Ruble for everyone. You have Valtine's phone number. Get out with it! Immediately!" Ms. Brunner hurriedly stammered: "In my handbag! The cigarette box! On the paper inside!" Busch gave Lukowsky a few again Russian -sounding commands, and he then sought in the on one next Handbag lying on a stack of records. He found the cigarette box. There was a telephone number with area code there, small but clearly On the interior coating of the staniol paper. Lukowsky showed Busch. The latter took the box and held her in front of the woman: "If that doesn't The right one is or if you warn Valtine, Wassili comes and does it

cold!" Once again he called Lukowsky in his certainly largely abstract Russian a lot too, and Lukowsky said with a grim expression: "There, there! " Busch explained to the woman: "I ordered Wassili to you tomorrow To cut throat if you lied or inform Valtine! " - "I don't lie," said Ms. Brunner, "definitely not!" Busch grabbed her On the belt buckle and shook it angry: "How much did the dirt ker have Valtine paid you for betrayal? Do you know At all that he has tortured her boss to death? " Apparently she didn't know. Cushions on your sofa. Tears shot her eyes. The fear for yourself She seemed to have forgotten herself, she looked at Busch and asked stem: "Is that true?" Busch forgot his KGB role for a moment and replied Ernst: "It is true, Ms. Brunner, unfortunately." Mrs. Brunner pushed blonde Waves from the face and let the view between the two men and commute. She was not stupid, she asked: "You are not Soviet agents?" Busch ended the theater: "No, Ms. Brunner, we are friends From her now murdered boss. Nevertheless, no warning of Valtine! "He Turned around and gave Lukowsky a wink. When they left the apartment heard Hanne Brunner crying uninhibitedly before closing the door.

Lukowsky said in the car: "The woman is honestly shaken." - "That likes Be already, "Busch said cool," but too late. We are not allowed to lose a minute now. The woman will probably not warn Valtine, but the police infor, and the in turn could be warned very quickly by Valtine become. I don't think she has the phone number again, but Maybe she has a good numerical memory. In her job it comes frequently before. I don't think it is the number of Valtine's dirty quarters. Rather a false company. Then nobody will be at this hour, but right away Mor-gen early we get on. We try everything. At least it is that Area code of Bad-Godesberg. This starting point can be a unique opportunity be. There is a local over there. From there we continue to operate.

It was an Italian restaurant that wanted to close. But it sat Numerous guests at the tables, and the landlord showed up great. Lukowsky ordered pizza with salami twice while Busch was on the phone. He Came back with a disappointed face, sighed and sat down at the table: "Go no one. Probably this is a business, a false company, like already

assumed. We know more tomorrow. I am confident that we have one, Maybe even two days ahead. Otherwise have I reach fishermen in your office. He waits for us, has come for what. " They hurried with the food and then drove back to Düsseldorf. In Lukowsky's office on Jürgensplatz had set up Fischer at home. He Was busy in shirt sleeves, very unusually, and concentrated with drawing. Miss Rosi was still there and showed no signs of Fatigue. She had a convenient beige from one of the sample collections Taxed dress with a wide skirt and her tight costume against this exchanged. The large cardboard box was on the back wall of the room the heavy bronze 'Figura' in it. Fischer had also done that. Certainly with Rosi's active support, because it would hardly be possible alone been. When Busch and Lukowsky came in, the girl said as a greeting: "Come, it is incredibly exciting!" Fischer looked up and Said with a tired voice: "Now go home, Rosi, I'm very thankful. You won't come to the company tomorrow, but call the day after tomorrow early Please contact. " Rosi Maulte: "I'm not tired at all! Maybe you need yes something else?" Fischer indicated a shake of the head and smiled: "No thanks, Rosi, not today. The day after tomorrow we see each other again. And drive carefully! " He rose: "I still accompany you to your car."

As soon as Fischer was back, they sat down around the desk. Fischer said: "She is really a treasure, she helped me a lot. But we Don't want to go into things anymore. " The desk lamp gave Your bright but not uncomfortable light; Another was not necessary. Busch shook the thermos. It was well filled. So gave he in three cups of coffee. Fischer said: "I am of the same opinion as Fritz. Valtine tries a general offensive that we have to meet immediately. But we will do that too. " He drank from his coffee and saw them two other men with a confident look: "We have them Appendix BY.2 found - that is, we will find them as soon as we are there are. 'By.' Sits for Bavaria. " He leaned back and put his fingertips Together: "Irony of fate: It must be the system in which the wood carving, which Mr. Löw wanted so much." Lukowsky threw in: "This emerges from the copies of the blueprint Valtine has now? " Fischer nodded: "But with that alone he can be sure

do nothing. Only together with my information collected earlier results in the meaning. Nevertheless, it is not completely certain that not too the opponent could have other sources. That is why we will immediately act. This is even more important than Valtine's current track, especially here one in the other should grab. How far did you get in Cologne? " Busch took over to reimburse a brief but full report. a few thoughtful for a few seconds and then said: "Nevertheless: First of all Appendix BY2! " But we should talk about that tomorrow. All sleep for a few more hours. We stay here. Somehow it will already go, even without too much comfort. Tomorrow morning, I think around six o'clock, Let's go. We take the Mustang. He is not special for three people Comfortable, let alone for four, but it will go. We are four of us there be. Karola comes from Garmisch with the Volkswagen to the motorway service area Augsburg. We meet there. I want to have them with it. For reasons that I Will still explain to you. " Then he turned to Lukowsky: "To you, Seriously, I still have a request today. The bronze figure should be quick to Astrid. She doesn't sleep yet. I have to do with the plan for a while So that everything runs smoothly tomorrow. Above all: that when pressing the 'Sesame open-dich mechanism' do not make a mistake, because one we would not survive. Please go to Astrid. She awaits you. " Lukowsky took the box with the 'Figura' and said: "I drive."

Astrid Xylander received him in a floor -length morning mantle made of red -brown velvet. She didn't seem to accept much underneath. Their reddish shimmering Hair was open, only stuck out of the parting with a tortoise feast. She said: "Good evening! Nice that you still come over and the sanctuary Bring! Let's put it up right away! " She went into the room with the round table and the small altar in front of the goddess picture. had taken, Astrid's fingertips stroked deliberately along her. This time electric light burned in the room, the statue was well lit. Astrid crouched and raised the drawer. Your fingers grab and placed the content exactly, which had slipped through the transport. She said thoughtfully: "The amethyst shines, but there was no one yet Beam. Maybe that was only because the figure wasn't ideal. The moonlight

not full. I hope that and accept it too. The figure is okay and All components are very good. Nevertheless, I will still be in the vibrations Check individual. " She straightened up and went to the round table. The ceramic disc and the flat egg - shaped stone were already ready. Astrid Stay and then said: "No, I won't do it now. That still has Time. At full moon and correctly set up, we will be full of success with achieve the figura. I'm pretty sure now. We the reconciliation principle I don't know. But I think others have This question is well solved. The strange little object. The Domenico Alotti Gave you together. Soon you will get him back from me. She stepped again in front of the strange statue and looked at it Stiller but clearly noticeable joy. Then she took Lukowsky with her arm and said: "Let's go over now. I still have something to tell you today."

She had provided coffee, Gugelhupf and also wine in the living room. The Stall lamp spread a cozy light. Astrid made it on the sofa Comfortable, pointed to the square next to him and said: "Come on, set You to me! We want to chat a little about different things. " She pulled that soft fabric of your morning skirt over her to the thighs visible Naked legs and pushed a lot of reddish shimmering hair waves on one side behind the shoulder Lukowsky took a seat. Astrids also Black and white cat jumped onto the sofa and settled there. Lukowsky She stroked, a cozy purr was heard. After Astrid Wine poured, she began to tell: "There have always been people who knew about these things, a long, long chain many generations. It is guided - mythically speaking - into the first golden Age back and beyond Atlantis. This chain is several times torn. Then she had to be forged again. Most of the time it went from individual personalities who still knew the inheritance. In historical It starts with King Sargon I of Babylon and his grandson Naram sin. But even then the knowledge was already old, the tradition is from Sumer and from the island of the ancestors in the north, who knows, maybe from still further. The conqueror Babylons no longer understood the secret. Kyros, The Persian, at least there was a man in the hands of his wise ones, and there was still alive there in a small circle. Alexander von Macedonia, on the other hand, the next Babylon did not understand anything. But the Queen Elissa von

Carthage won the knowledge. But with the demise first Babylons and Then the chain was broken. Only the Roman imperator Augustus found the trail again. He proved to be a clever man who ensured preservation. Marcion was the next time, but this did not really fit In the purely Christian building of his thinking. It then lived in the Middle Ages Again again. Some Katharer and Templars discovered the secret, but the Most do not understand it. Then came Hugo von Weitenegg and Christian von Rose Creuz. These saw the light, each of them in its own way. Graf Valance, Large Comment of the Secret Section of the Order of the Order Temple tits in Vienna, created a new secret chain that has been in the centuries held. In the Renaissance, the fruits in Venice came back to bloom, where the Marchesa di Contenta and emerich d'Astile founded the Ordo Bucintoro, in whose circle soon also worked Julietta da Montefeltro. This married, under another name, a German prince. Later, in the era of the high baroque, the mysterious count of Saint-Germain is said to have played into the matter, maybe also Cagliostro, which is uncertain. Finally, in the Current time, there were two women, Maria and Traute, who were on the Understood the reason of things to look, later a third was added, Sigrun. Previously, Karl Haushofer and Rudolf von Sebottendorf had dealt with the secrets, but the legacy of the ancestors had seemed too fantastic. Adolf Hitler also learned about it. Certainly not by accident he chose his private residence on the Obersalzberg and directed his study in Berghof so that he looked through the window exactly on the Untersberg, in that is the highest magical key for the new Äon. How much he knew? Apparently not enough to go the right way. Maria and Trust met another man to renew the old chain: Wilhelm Canaris, in his time one of the most powerful men in the Great German Empire. From then on, starting in 1941, the ancient chain found young again Life. Her members gathered knowledge, revealed the forces. - and you tried to use all of this differently, strength from the spheres of the hereafter too Win ... "The beautiful red -haired woman looked at Lukowsky and smiled:" But You want to leave very early tomorrow and have a strenuous tour You. Breathe rest now. We are talking elsewhere. I have you also to say a lot about the diary sheets that you have in the mailbox Steck - thank you, by the way! " Lukowsky replied: "I'm not tired. Tell me what this figure is. " Astrid moved diagonally on the sofa, so

that she could see him directly: "So then let me start like this: Believer people have always been a need to communicate their gods to send - prayers - to be close to them. In the old age of many Millennia, people have been more failed than today, a lot fail. They knew some things that are now difficult to understand and mostly report myths. " Astrid showed a emphasizing gesture: "Now I have to hold on to something so that you don't get me wrong: What I will tell you right away has nothing with any green, gray, Slit -eyed or otherwise exotic extraterrestrials! There are such Not, that's all stupid dizziness, nothing but business clearance. What I Speak, that's something else. Take it as a symbol: if it is someone would be in another world, in a distant solar system, maybe sixty Or seventy light years far away with which we wanted to communicate from the earth - how would that be possible? A radio signal would be for decades need; There lasts a human life longer than there. With modern-technical means it would remain practically impossible. What we needed, would be - a mail! Because thoughts overcome any distance in a single moment! Well ... "She drank a sip of wine, Keep the glass in the hand and continued: "Well, very long ago, there, there Believed people in some parts of the earth, in Mesopotamia, in India, Perhaps also with us that on a distant star in this side cosmos, The otherwise boring and empty is people who are our relatives. We have already talked about that. You wanted one with these Connection. But that was only possible via - mail! And this Again could work through the spheres of the hereafter, because there are our thoughts their field. There were priests who got on this act. The men can do some things better than we women, but others Can we women better than you. The gods distributed the gifts fairly! " Her Free hand played with the ends of her hair, Astrid smiled: "This is how we have In contrast to you, women, you know a full astral body in our hair. They are therefore like antennas if the length is sufficient - and very much sensitive. That's why I treat them very well, only use gentle Natural bristles and so on. The hair has to do quite as long as with me Otherwise not necessarily, but that's the best - especially for that Must of thought! " She put the wine glass on the table and leaned against Lukowsky's shoulder. So said: "Find out as a tool for all of this

Wise people something - we could say: a vibration amplifier! The Also explains the worship of moon in the old Sumer and Babylon: The moon is yes The astral light reflector without which the principle would not work. The The researcher Edmund found the earliest clay print from such a 'Figurea' Meyer before the First World War in southern Iraq, in the old Babylon. " Astrid sat down even more comfortably, almost picturesque. The cord of the morning skirt has now worked entirely. The flawlessly shaped legs and Breasts of the woman were almost complete. Astrid pulled the insert comb from her hair and let entire floods reddishly shimmering waves slide forward. So she looked at Lukowsky and asked: "You are also interested really?" Lukowsky assured that this was the case, and it fell in this At the moment it is not easy to admire the wisdom of this woman more than her beauty. She leaned her shoulder against his and continued: "The The next step was actually logical. Since the thoughts from this side are independent because they are spheres moved, it had to be possible, a mail to the realm of the To send beyond - towards the angels, towards the gods! " Astrid smiled and once again took her glass: "We may leave it for that night Be enough! " She took a look at the clock on the wall over one Wood carved owl enthroned: "With you there is probably a full house. You stay that Night here! " Be tilted to him, her mouth approached his. Very quiet: "The light was very good! For you and also for me! Leave it refresh! " -

At five in the morning, Astrid Xylander had cooked coffee and also prepared toast and fried eggs. They sat together at the carefully laid breakfast table - Just as happy married couples might hold. This thought and that Lukowsky touched a connected feeling strange deep. For a moment it flinched him like an unknown pain: the right life that had he probably missed. As if Astrid felt it, she said in a soft voice: "The We cannot choose tasks that are transmitted to us in this world. It is we who are selected! "

Well cared for, Lukowsky came against a quarter to six in the office on Jürgensplatz

to. There was already a lively hustle and bustle. It also smells of coffee here. Busch was already ready to march off and went back and forth restlessly. Fisherman dealt with the tin cast of the silver plate that he had had made. Busch said "He didn't sleep all night!" Fischer grabbed the cast into a paper and confirmed: "It is true. I wanted to go through everything again. To get into the system, this plate is necessary. The engraving is the first key. The second can be determined. The plate is completely interwoven about two different information. One could decipher Astrid. This made it clear to me which Factors for the second message were to be discarded ... Well, we have it anyway! It was not easy. The gods played a little In the hands, I would like to say, otherwise it would have been impossible. " He took a tie from the chair tendon and tied it. Busch appeared Lukowsky and asked: "I already said to Peter, it wouldn't be better if I stayed here and took care of Valtine's trace? " Fischer spoke against it: "We can make the most necessary calls on the go. I want Not that you just put on with Valtine; And I can't seriously today do without. In addition, it is just about the facility in which everything is what you was important. " Busch waved off: "It is no longer so important to me. Only that Wooden goddess, who wanted Löw so much, I would like to have. His wife should get her, I think he wanted this figure to her give." Fischer looked undecided: "Of course it would not be bad to pursue Valtine's fresh track. A shift in our current action but is out of the question. After all, the house in Buderich should be safe. From there you could do everything possible by phone. " - "So what!" said Busch, "I have my O8 there. I can do more here Align as if I drive with you. " - "So good," Fischer finally said "I'm not completely happy with it, but you are right, Valtine's trace Not losing is important. Please do nothing without us! " Lukowsky searched for a piece of paper and wrote Cornelius' names and telephone numbers on it. He handed him Busch with the words: "You wanted with him talk. Maybe he can even be useful now. That he in our back I don't think so. " Busch took the note and said: "Thank you! That's a lot good!" Fischer had put on his jacket.

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They left the house on time at six o'clock. Floated over the street damp fog. Busch took a taxi to Büderich, after which they all had wished each other "good luck". In the wine -red Ford Mustang it went south. Lukowsky drove, Fischer sat next to him, an auto atlas and two thick envelopes with cards and papers in it were on his Kneel. "Now," he said, "let's go one of the most important successes in contrast to. We have been waiting for this for years. And I still feel Not really happy. In the meantime, too much has broken. " In his Voice was a touch of melancholy when he said quietly: "But it will always be again day, how dark the night before. "

When they reached the highway, Fischer put the Atlas and the Kuverts To the back and began: "I have to explain to you now why I want to have Karola - formerly Jill. Nightmare, although I don't generally have much meaning Addiction. In this case, too, this was the case, so a lot could have rhymed. But then I saw the documents, especially now that Plan from the green package, and that made me think. In the meantime I doubt that Karola has only dreamed of it - she honestly believes it, No question, but still. It seemed to me to give something that just too Fits exactly - and there are hardly any clairvoyant dreams, even if such is sometimes claimed. So I called Karola yesterday while You were in Cologne and talked to her about it, more detailed than I did after hers Had done a story. Almost as I expect or at least for possible Had kept, she told me that a few years ago she had a difficult one Accident. Here in Germany. She was then a cure in a special Good sanatorium has been sent near Washington. I asked her to tell me details about that accident. She immediately said it was A car accident because the Germans always race like this. But like me a a bit of refusal, she didn't know where that had been or with what for a car that alleged accident had taken place. Finally she moved with that that she has no memory of the accident at all, not her Mostergarten. But she knew it was about two and a half years ago. I Karola said openly that I think it could be a lot more Be behind it. In Washington D.C. Should there be a sanatorium that ours use western friends, for example, to use a Russian in an am-

to turn around or a pleasant one out of an old Nazi scientist To make democrats. Something very exclusive, so to speak. In the meantime I have long ago that our protégé is the niece of a Sena goal, So not just anyone you can easily disappear, even if the gentlemen appeared on the opportunities. When the niece of a Senaor has seen something or has come up with something for others Would be called death sentence, then you let her reserve a special treatment - in a special sanatorium. Your uncle is not more stone Man, but popular in the people. She herself knows little about it, but she will remember all by myself, I'm sure. Last night I have phone calls in the hope that your phone will not be listed. I think it won't. I knew most of it, but I wanted details. Karola-Jill comes from a German-friendly family. It has something like that always given over there, if not numerous. By the way, there are no majority German -American. Close relatives of Karola were and are at the despise of being active pro-German and possibly rehearsing connections to To entertain circles in Germany. I could imagine she was there used as a bait without her or her family sensible. " Fisherman Lukowsky gave a look and then said deliberately: "But it is too possible that it behaved in the opposite way: that it consciously a conscious Professional position controlled in order to build on traditional, perhaps now lying tuned, connections! She is a highly intelligent woman! " He straightened up again: "She thought a lot and called me still during the last night. Without me my considerations Needed to communicate directly, she came to very similar conclusions. She has The feeling of being able to puzzle and also have to be able to. I have them Very nice, I would never put her in danger and I will always go against everything that could come! - It's good for you if you clarity wins. For this reason, I would like to take you to the facility today. That also corresponds to your wish. " Lukowsky asked: "You mean she could have been inside? " Fischer hesitated with the answer: "Hardly. But if Yes, so probably alone. Maybe you remember the description Her dream: The dark beings had near the underground complex A kind of quarters from which they observed the entrance of the system. The Could it have been ... let's let it come to us! "

Fischer had stopped on the way three times to call M with Busch.

The concern didn't really let go of him. But everything was fine. Busch had that Do not leave the house in Büderich, but found out a lot through several telephone calls. Around noon they reached the motorway service area near Augsburg. The Volkswagen with the Garmisch-Partenkirchner license plate was already in the parking lot. Jill-Karola was already waiting for her in the rest area. She was wearing a warm light blue dress and the ash blonde hair to one Tied ponytail. There was a white one over the backrest of her chair Anorak. When she discovered the arrivals, she ran towards them. The greeting was extremely warm. Both men were hugged, Fischer Even got a kiss.

They ate lunch in the rest area and then continued. Fischer who The tax took over the way with the cards. Lukowsky squeezed onto the emergency seats. He said Karola should be next Sit Peter Fischer. At first she didn't want to offer it, but then took the offer but happy. That was a good thing, because the two had a lot to tell themselves. Jill-Karola had searched her memories and found various new starting points. Above all, she certainly knew: it was her own The wish to go to Germany. She wanted to do something there Something that was not directly related to her job. Fischer pushed it Not in any direction, he let her tell what came to her.

They had left the highway. The journey led over federal roads and Country roads, ever narrower and rarely used routes, finally it went into a forest path. The autumn leaves on the ground and in the branches of the Trees clearly showed the first signs of the approaching winter. But the numerous conifers, as in every season, were tight and dark. The few sun rays, which occasionally emerge between the cloud cover, rarely broke a train through the top of the Pine. Then came a piece of mixed forest again. The path was still Narrow, led along a trickle and offered a junction into which Fishermen. The car slowly rolled forward. The rotten Bohlen one Wooden bridge rattled and rumbled under the wheels, then crunched under You fine rubble. Fischer stopped and grabbed his cards to to be oriented again. Perhaps he also pursued the ulterior motive, Jill-Karola in peace for a possible memory give. In front of them was a tiny, ancient cemetery. Seem at this place

Time and reality to have lost all power. Everything here seemed strange In his bizarre beauty. Isolated yew trees and densely pushed groups of Larches and birch trees stretched their tops between overgrown shrubs and forgotten gravestones. In between the tower of a small one protruded Gothic chapel. Jill-Karola said: "I would like to get out!" Fischer did not look at the map, but just nodded and explained: "That is An old epidemic. Not in since the eighteenth century Use. People were afraid of black death, the plague. " Karola said: "I want to see that," and got out of the car. Lukowsky also climbed out of the Mustang. With a few long steps he caught up with the previous woman. Then she hooked her arm in his and said: "Romantic!" A life -size Madonna statue faced a well -dried fountain. The fountain and the base of the Madonna figure were covered with moss and surrounded by wild ivy. "Yes," said Lukowsky, "I think that too." Trüp grew on the apparently indiscriminately arranged graves. Her stones were broken, their crosses were splintered. Nothing Was straight or right -angled in this enchanted place that people For centuries. Who was once buried here was very quiet and forget. Now Fischer was added. He pondered: "We humans feel We are mimicked by what shows the transience of all our actions. Why? Perhaps because, deep inside, it is unconsciously warned, that we do not belong into this world at all, but in another, in the we are really safe, but we only see again after our dying? " He let his gaze wander and asked: "Leave and drive on, There is still a piece. " Then he looked at Jill-Kalola and asked: "You remember You here in something specific? " She thought and replied slowly: "So, so, As if I had seen it in a picture before. "

They drove past the abandoned cemetery at step. The woman looked at everything with a lot of attention and noticed: "I don't have that at all Feeling that it is haunted here! " Fischer agreed with her: "It doesn't do that either Dear Karola. The deceased are not where you bury them. " She said: "I didn't mean that, but: I don't seem to have anything to do with my dream. I'm pretty sure about that now."

The path became a grass -covered path, but was firm and just, without effort. He ended on the edge of a forest clearing. Fischer brakes,

Submitted the engine, took the cast of the Silberlopp and said: "Let's go!"

The sun had now moved all behind the clouds. Still it was not cold. But a violent wind set out under which two and Grass sheet. Jill-Karola's ponytail fluttered like a blonde flag. She Stewed it under the anorak and hit the hood. Perhaps A hundred meters on the right, located between the trees of the edge of the forest, a flat, neglected dandruff made of grubby and white painted corrugated iron was recognized. He was relatively large. The woman stayed How rooted and stared over there. Fischer also paused. He said: "I don't know what that should be. Is nowhere shown and comes Certainly not from the war, no talk. That can only be a few years old be." Jill-Karola said: "I think I know it! If so, then it still has to Give an access route from the other side. I think so." She went alone to the rotting building. Fischer and Lukowsky followed her Close to. The woman stopped immediately in front of the dandruff. The scales No more door had and most of the roof was missing. Inside was Nothing except a lot of blown leaves. All windows were born, the concrete of the soil showed numerous cracks and had in the middle A big deep hole, almost a crater. Lukowsky thought: 'Like from A grenade's impact, but he didn't say it because it is too absurd for him occurred. The building was not old, it liked it three or four years ago have been built, rather later than before. Fischer puzzled: "What can that do be or have been? " Jill-Karola pulled the anorak closer together. She said, "I don't like it here. I get scary. I think I have been here, yes, I think it was ... together with Bolds and Thanner and two other men, whose names I don't Remember more. " She pondered: "Maybe it was different, I'll reflect not really me yet. " Lukowsky also involuntarily recalled Jills Nightmare: a flat building from more recent times ... Fischer asked the woman: "Are you You were inside, or did you only see the scales from the outside? " She nodded Suddenly violently: "I wasn't inside at first, but they dragged me into it, yes, I'm almost sure ..! " Lukowsky went past the ruin to look at whether There is really an access from the other side. There was actually there a way. Although neglected and overgrown, but easily with one Car to drive. However, this path had not seemed used for years

to be. Fischer, who had guessed the purpose of losing, asked: "Is A second way there?" He nodded: "Yes. But it looks like he wasn't in Use, not even occasionally, like the one we came on." Jill-Karola approached the doorless inlet of the shed and Pee it in. They took Fischer and Lukowsky between them. But she was Very quiet. She said, "I know ... or no, after which I am there Inside was ... then I was in the sanatorium in Washington. Directly from here. No car accident! It was here! Yes, so was it! I think I ran away again, but I didn't get far." She looked around: "Here, right in front of the shed, density must still be densely Have been bushes. Maybe only for camouflage. Everything was bald. Yes, and cold. It was in winter." She turned her eyes again and looked hard into that Interior of the shaken flat building without going in. "There were devices in it," she recalled, "I don't know exactly what for which. were tons. In which I think was poison, bacterial poison that was down there should be directed. And a telescope was there, yes ... and I know that you were angry, Bolds and another, they said it was probably one Wrong trace ... another, one of those I didn't know, said, That would be good, then it wouldn't be dangerous." She said quietly: "And then have they beat me. I don't even know why! You said I was the wrong one Trace ...! Then Thanner got me away, yes, over the other way. Directly in This clinic in Washington D.C., Thanner was still there, I know now again." She first looked at Fischer, then Lukowsky and again fisherman, hers Voice sounded significantly relieved: "I had forgotten everything!" Fisherman put an arm around her and pressed it itself. "You have been forgotten Made, dear! But now everything is overcome and no longer important. Come!" The woman turned again after the destroyed dandruff and said: "They were so afraid of the scary Flying saucers. And now everything is broken here, like through one Bomb. But at least Bolds must have escaped them. It was very long Sick, had serious injuries, I know." They went back to the Clearing. Fischer studied them piece by piece, it almost seemed, grass neck for Grass. Finally he hardly pushed the tip of the foot against one under the undergrowth Visible wall of the wall. He bent down, let himself down on his knees and looked closely at everything. The woman asked Lukowsky: "You know that too, like this Feeling that the remains of somewhat horrible still radiate, even if it

Is over? " - "Not directly," he replied, "but I can imagine it." Fischer looked up: "There is nothing horrible here. At least for a long time no longer." He pulled a feast out of the belt and suddenly showed a ray on one of the stones. said: "The mechanism is easy if you know how ... goes about ten Meter back. " Meanwhile, Lukowsky put the arm around the now Fröstling Karola. Fischer followed them with quick steps. About the Said ten meters from the remaining wall, they stayed next to each other stand. In Fischer's eyes, a silent enthusiasm flashed like Lukowsky she had never observed on him. He focused on the view of the Hardly visible wall residue, nothing else seemed to him at that moment interested. A quiet, grinding noise was heard. Karola leaned Wanted to Lukowsky, and he tighter his arm around her. The grinding The noise urged from the inside of the earth. It increased. Fischer led them Hands in the hips; He stood there like Julius Caesar on the general hill. Karola whispered Lukowsky: "And it's kind of scary!" Included However, she was by no means anxious. The sound grew louder, now came Another painting crunch. - and then the earth opened - how A trap door of gigantic dimensions, including all grasses and bushes Then, probably thirty meters in the square. Slowly the giant flap rose Perhaps by three and a half meters until she snapped at a pointed angle. On Once again there was complete silence. Only the quiet whistle of the wind was closed hear. Fischer slapped his hands vigorously and called out loud: "Yes! - yes!" He turned around Lukowsky and the woman and repeated enthusiastically: "Yes! - BY2! - We have it! " Nothing was able to keep him anymore, he ran into the tremendously in opening up to earth. Lukowsky caught up with him, the astonished woman hold the hand. But Fischer waited anyway when the facility was entered. Be Cool mind had completely under control. He explained: "The system is active. We have to be extremely careful and will no longer be Stay inside as absolutely necessary. Even if we on the same side The operators of BY.2, if there are still, would hardly welcome our unsolicited visit. " He pulled a small rod lamp From the jacket pocket, but said: "We don't need it." He turned to Karola and asked: "Have you ever seen that?" She Slowly shook his head: "I don't think it was night." Fisherman smiled and stroked her tenderly over her cheek. Then he went ahead. An enormous

Width, but not too steep ramp, led down. For the first Enough daylight fell in thirty meters. Fischer claimed: "It exists No danger that we will not come out. I am with the plan of the The system is very familiar. So don't frighten. We have to be careful." He was struggling with the inner wall. The noise sounded again, it sounded much louder here now than before From outside, similar to a dull rumbling thunder. Lukowsky felt Karolas clumsy hands. He also found the moment threatening. But Fischer said in a calm voice: "No reason to worry! discovered. " The giant falling door lowered with a deep, rich, rich She freaked out noise. It was like a gigantic coffin lid over they are closed. Then there was perfect silence and impenetrable Darkness. The grip of the women's hands on Lukowsky's arm became the one Anxious claws of a young kitten. Long oppressive seconds stroked there. Fischer's flashlight flickered. He operated a light switch and an almost endless chain of grid -protected motto flared flared up. Fischer explained factually: "Here an underground stream flows here, which drives an electrician through water wheels. Everything is completely unavailed. " Karola's grip around Lukowsky's arm. Anoraks back and whispered: "How exciting ...!" The look ahead offered that The impression of a straight underground motorway. Just that for a Such typical white marking strips were missing. Fischer said as if he was The host of the whole: "Then we want to see everything!" The interior of the The system was dry. There was something like one in front of the left side Sleeping dinosaurs of huge dimensions. This stretched to them Long gun tube towards: a night black painted tiger tank. He Looked as if he wanted to rattle on his own at any moment. But he stayed still and stand silent. Karola stretched out his arm, pointed to the tank and Called: "I saw it! Certainly!" Lukowsky had himself The sight of the tiger also immediately reminds of her dream tension, and Fischer It shouldn't be different. He said to her with a smile: "Yes, I think so too! You have been here! Let's go on! " When she on Prefer the tiger tanker, stroked Karola with a index finger over His metal, Fischer held him and said: "He would have to be thoroughly be cleaned! " With that the woman had broken the unbelievable.

Keaped the three side by side, fishermen on the left side, Lukowsky on the right, Karola hooked between them. Obvious Wasn't a human soul here. After about three hundred meters showed up Both sides extensive basement rooms. Fischer suggested: "I think we Should handle it systematically. First everything on this page, "he pointed out To the right, "and on the way back on the other." Lukowsky agreed And so they started visiting. The first of the large basement was Full with shelves made of wood. In these there were countless boxes and Boxes and objects covered with towels. Most of the boxes were Nailed. Letters were brushed on with stencils And pay, on some the old Reichsadler. Fischer suspected: "This will primarily be technical individual parts. We shouldn't be here." He ponded under one of the towels, and in fact there was a undefinable structure made of metal. In the next basement room, the Two cars, a sand -colored Volkswagen and a blue Isabella. Lukow-Sky pointed to the Isabella and said: "It can not yet do it in 1944 or '45 have given. " - "of course not," Fischer confirmed, "I said yes, This system is active. Or at least she was it a few years ago. In the meantime, however, the 'chain' is probably torn. Seems to me here Nobody has been for a long time. " Karola noticed: "In any case, is Everything is very dusty, and here I don't remember anything. If I am in was this underground building, probably only quite on Beginning. "There were boards behind the two cars. There were also things that looked like technical equipment or spare parts. One of the fittings lay shelves full of neatly lined up pistols of the Models Walther PP and P 38 along with replacement magazines and ammunition. The woman Bat: "Can I have one of them? One of the smaller ones?" Lukowsky said: "Maybe that's not quite the right thing." But Fischer was already without Circumstances one of the pistols and accessories from the shelf and gave it what they wanted. He said: "As long as the much -praised western society If it is necessary that women can also defend themselves! " Karola thanked him and made everything disappear in her large anorak bags. Constructions made of dark metal, for which there was no explanation. Fisherman wanted to continue the tour, but the woman stepped close to one of the good Mannhohen metal structures and looked at it in detail. "They are still

Not ready, "she said," when I was here, finished finished. " Fischer asked: "Finish, what?" Karola turned to him and answered with a smile The greatest naturalness: "Human -shaped fighting machines. Robot!" She strengthened her smile: "It looked like this in my dream!" In the next Cellar setting stood close to six tanks, two 'tigers' and four 'Panther', all painted after black. Fischer said: "They were probably for the local defense thought. " In the subsequent room airplanes. Four TA 152 and two tiny jet hunters of the HE 162 type. At the very back there were two slim fighter planes, but no Me 109, How Lukowsky initially thought. Maybe these were the HE 100, of which Peter Fischer once spoke. Lukowsky saw the front Machines. TA 152 in particular delighted him. He said, "They should Best hunters with a piston engine were there! The successors of the FW 190 D. They were done with every opponent! Only a few are left used. " Fischer came to him: "Yes. 1945 they were the best. Maybe 1950. But that they are here may show how the builders of the facility thought. Apparently they thought it wouldn't be too much Spread time to the use of things. Let us go on. "- The The next admission was a single large fuel depot. Then that ended Light bulb. But there, already half in the dark, there was something remarkable on three bent stilts: a lens -shaped object of abundant twelve meters in diameter. Fischer stopped as rooted. He Looked at Lukowsky, pointed to the dark gray huge huge discus And called: "A VRIL 9! Probably the only thing there is!" Hasty He went on this after a U.F.O. looking device too. Lukowsky and Karola followed him on his foot. Then there were three of them Immediately in front of it and amazed. The woman said: "Really a flying Sub -cup! I saw such a thing! I even saw this! " She shook fisherms excitedly on her arm: "Isn't that wonderful!" Fisherman I beamed all over the face: "Yes! Not the one we are looking for yet, but it is one! The little sister, so to speak. " Karola immediately remembered: "That's right also! The one I saw in the sky was definitely still a lot bigger! " Fischer spontaneously took the woman in her arms. discovered a big secret! " - "We have," Fischer confirmed, "We have that!" Then he asked Lukowsky: "Please see if you think you can fly with it. " Lukowsky went closer to the strange

Air body. He heard Karola's voice: "Where does that come from? But Not from another planet? I don't believe in that! " And Fischer said: "Not either, dear. This was built in Germany." Lukowsky took himself and looked at the flight disc from below. Except one faded bare cross was nothing to see, no entry, no crack or Fugue. It went up to the outside edge of the lentil -shaped apparatus and clums. Everything offered a very stable impression, massively built, not easy as an airplane. At the top in the middle was a dome -shaped curvature. she had About the size that would have been suitable for a single or two-seater pilot pulpit. But it was made of apparently thick metal, there were no windows, Also no hatch. Fischer threw Lukowsky his flashlight. With their He now discovered help a almost seamless but noticeable entry flap on the dome side. But it remained completely unclear how this would be open. Lukowsky noticed a species at the bottom of the hatch Hole, just large enough to be able to put the index finger into the second link. But it was nothing more. Lukowsky climbed again down. Fischer asked: "Nothing to do?" Lukowsky clapped thick dust From my hands and shook my head: "I don't get clever. I'm sorry." He approached again and looked at everything so precisely as possible. He noticed four small round openings. That were Apparently weapons, probably Mk.108 cannons, the same armament, Like the me 262 she had. "I'm sorry," repeated Lukowsky, "It's not a kind of airplane, as I know it." Fischer smiled: "No, whole certainly not. We should continue anyway. I don't want longer than Stay necessary here. Fate could want the system not is completely abandoned and someone now comes. " Karola said: "That I can't imagine. I think nobody has been here for a very long time more. " - "It looks like this," Fischer agreed, "but I have Still a strange feeling. " At the end of the long straight, where No more lamps hung, a large shadow stretched. Apparently A two - engine aircraft. Lukowsky went there. Fischer called him: "That is certainly nothing special. Let's not be unnecessary. " - "I Coming right away, "Lukowsky returned:" Just look at once. " It was a JU 88, a moderate bomber. Not one of the last versions, but probably built around 1942. The plane was of a thick layer of dust Covered, but nowhere damaged. It stood that it was with flying moderate

Beit should have been possible to start directly from this system, provided that the giant case was open enough. The slope was long enough. Lukowsky would like to take a closer look at the machine, but Fischer pushed to turn over. On the way back, they examined the basement on the other side. Here, too, there were mostly inexplicable technical devices. In There were large amounts of canned goods and ancient cigarettes the brand 'Nile' and 'Memphis', as well as any kind of toilet articles. Karola Grab a vial from one of the boxes, looked at it and said: "Look! This is especially for women to wash hair! " At the back of this basement was again a dark painted tank, a hunting tiger of enormous size. In the penultimate room, however, were the things that once Fritz Busch's great goal. Karola was also marveled at Eyes: gold bars with the poured Stampiglie of the Reichsbank. However, there were not many. None of them could fascinate completely withdraw this sight. The evil power of gold gripped all people. But these three did not suffer. On a next shelf Numerous round bars were stacked made of a silvery shiny material, a Little thinner than the gold bars, but about twice as long. "Platinum," said Fischer, and they continued. Were located in unlocked sheet metal boxes foreigners; Especially English pounds and American dollars. Also this left them untouched. There were apparently no art objects. Lukowsky was looking for According to the wooden figure that he would have liked to bring with him. Under one He then discovered sheets what could be meant. The one about Forty centimeters high made of wood carved figure of a young woman with very Long -blowing hair that wore something like tights and boots. In her hands she held an octahedron -shaped object. Probably Should that represent a magical crystal. Lukowsky took the carving, she showed Fischer and asked: "Is that maybe what Löw likes so much would have to give it to his wife? " Fischer touched the wooden figure with two Finger and said in astonishment: "The goddess with the magical stone ...! Yes, the should we take with us. " The last basement was completely empty. But there was on the back wall A large, very wide gate made of massive apparently stainless steel. It was possible do not open. Fischer crouched and looked at the help his flashlight carefully. He said quietly: "It almost looks like this

like tire traces of a wide car. " He straightened up and said: "We should go now. I just have such an indefinite feeling as if we really go now! " The woman stepped towards the big firmly closed gate And said brooding: "I could know that. It was open ... and there was one wide passage. Behind it was the spaceship - or something that seemed like this. " She turned to the men: "But that's completely impossible? Under the ground! " Fischer smiled. Ponder. He said, "You're right, dear, unless ..." Ms. urged: "Well?" Fischer shook his head: "Behind it, behind this goal, is most likely nothing! Only earth and rock. But it Perhaps can become a gate in another level. Saying other dimension would be wrong, no, rather on this side of the head of the year ... "He shook Again his head and took the woman with her arm: "Let's leave it! It is Certainly spinning! I really have the feeling that we should now go!" Karola said: "Nobody is here! The owners have all of this Certainly forgotten! " Fischer said thoughtfully: "Yes, yes, everything - except on The locked gate here ... "He looked at Lukowsky:" Leave and go now. More is not to be discovered here. "

The way back up turned out to be simple. There was a spiral staircase, Very similar to that of the small, not entirely completed, in which they who had found 109. The exit of this intact system could be Open only from the inside. Fischer actually knew well. He had many Years spent on all documents and references to this secret Collecting and studying that he could get hold of. The exit opening could be moved amazingly lightly; Just as if someone is for it Sure that this path remained without any problems at any time. Barely seventy meters from the now completely invisible giant case, removed, They got back to daylight close to the edge of the forest.

The sky had now suffered. Individual thick raindrops fell out of the clouds. The wind had laid for that. Karola pulled the hood of the anorak over the head again. Fischer was of increasing unrest recorded. "Let us drive," he pushed, "I just have such a feeling ... I Can't justify it factually, but sometimes I have a sixth sense. " He suddenly looked unusually nervous. Maybe now went now The consequences of the fatigue noticeable. When they reached the car

Lukowsky said: "I'll drive. Do you comfortably and fall asleep Biss, Peter. " - "Yes," said Fischer, "that would probably do me good. It is But a bit much in the past twenty -fours Hours." He felt the pavement over his right temple. Head across the small back seat of the car and leaned his head. Lukowsky took the wheel. Karola had taken a seat next to him. They ranked and drove back slowly. Fischer asked: "Ernst, give me a cigarette." Karola lit her and handed her. "Thank you," said Fischer, "I have to Now think first. Something is strange. I don't know what. Sometimes it is so you know that too: something is noticeable, so to speak, so to speak in the unconscious, but it doesn't get the surface yet. " He sighed: "Me Have to make a nap first! " They approached that again Romantically overgrown cemetery. Otherwise there was nothing to be seen or too hear. Nevertheless, Fischer suddenly called: "Immediately in the bushes, light and engine out of!" Lukowsky reacted immediately, although he has no cause for this could recognize. He steered the car between half -high shrubs. The engine silent. Almost at the same moment the approaching sound of one other, very quiet motor audible. Only seconds later a big one drove Dark blue sedan past, a Mercedes 600. This drove in the direction, from which they had just come and where the path did not go on. Lukowsky saw several people in the car. Two men and one Young woman with long dark hair, brown or black that were tied into a ponytail hairstyle. He couldn't see faces. He involuntarily had to think of Cornelius' claims: maybe - vera? Lukowsky's heart began to hammer violently. Fischer breathed deeply: "Me Had it in the feeling! I didn't believe in the brain - but I had it Feeling! You didn't notice us. Now quickly away here! " Lukowsky said: "Take a look. I'll come back right away!" He climbed out of the Car without striking the door, and as quickly as he could, covered by bushes, in the direction of the secret complex. It was hardly more than one Half kilometers to there, and it took a while for the giant flap raised. Despite all the inner jewelry, Lukowsky behaved carefully, Keaped constantly, even if there were scratches of wild blackberry bushes. He also did not believe that the woman in the car of Vera Jörgens was. If he hadn't had her face in a fraction of a second recognized? Yes, certainly! It was probably not just Antonietta Alotti.

But he was not quite sure. He came close to in good time Enough to the facility to see how the gigantic trap door is behind the dark blue Mercedes closed in the inside of the earth, but too Late to recognize the occupants. So there was the moving one Don't ask a safe answer. Lukowsky laboriously forced herself to rest.

When he returned, Fischer scolded: "What are you doing? We have to go away here!" Lukowsky got into the car and drove on. He said: "Sorry! I wanted to know exactly. - Yes, the car is in the system drove into it. So, like you, Peter, is active. " Fischer had calms down again. He brooded in half: "It must be behind the locked Add a steel gate, definitely. Anything else could be of minor importance. We have to get to the bottom of that. I see everyone Document again. We may then return later Once back here, it may be risky. Of course only if it is in The sense of the thing has a value, not just out of curiosity. But halfway Stop standing, that is out of the question. Who knows if we couldn't even be used ... I have to think about it all well. " The planks The wooden bridge rumbled again under the wheels of the car. They bent on The more comfortable forest path, the country road was no longer far away. Karola Turned to Fischer and said: "Sleep now for an hour." She pulled that Anorak and reached back: "To cover!" - "Yes, thank you," said Fischer, "I now notice how the tiredness is superior." He slept In fact, immediately and started snoring quietly. After one For a while the woman asked so as not to wake fishermen, in a lower voice: "You Did you recognize someone in the blue Mercedes? I noticed something like that! " Lukowsky hesitated with the answer: "You have a good observation. Yes, I was not sure to me. " She researched: "And now?" He was a cigarette and Thought: "Difficult to say." Karola asked Geradeheraus: "The woman in that Dare! The with the ponytail! You recognized them! Is it true? " Lukowsky felt caught, but he answered openly: "At first, thought Me it, or rather: I thought it may be possible. But it plays easy Imagination with. I don't think it was the one I was thinking of. " Karola spoke with a tone of apology in his voice: "I wanted Don't be curious! I just noticed that it really has torn back and forth. " - "This is true," Lukowsky replied impartially

And asked: "What hair color did the woman have in your opinion, brown or black?" Karola said: "Dark brown, I think. But I'm not sure. She had such a horse tail, similar to me now, but longer, I think. " She closer to the tape that it gave her together. Lukowsky considered: "Would you trust yourself to recognize the woman in a photo?" She showed A doubtful expression: "I don't know. I could try it, but - it was possible Yes very quickly. " Lukowsky got Vera's picture from the passport and showed her. Karola looked at it in detail. Finally she said: "I really don't know. Maybe she could have been. " She saw the picture completely again Exactly on: "I'm sorry, but I can't say it. It was too fast. No, I rather think it wasn't. Although the woman in the photo has the Hair open when you imagine it with such a horse tail ... "Karola If the photo went back: "But I rather believe that it is another woman was. " She asked, "Knowing that would be very important for you, isn't it?" - "Yes," Lukowsky replied: "Especially since it seems very unlikely to me, that the woman I mean in which Mercedes should have been. " He stowed Vera's photo again. Karola smiled: "Well! Then she won't have been! The man at the wheel of the car, I saw that, it was Young and light blonde. " She smiled a little tired: "The whole experience of today was so strange that it does not leave you unimpressed and the imagination you can already play pranks. For example, I had an indescribable Feeling. On the one hand, as if I really knew a lot. And then Again, as if it were only in my imagination. However ... some, I think, is definitely true. In the broken scales ... I felt literally something horrible! - There was nothing of it in the underground building That was only interesting, I wasn't even 'afraid - except at the moment when It got very dark and I thought who knows whether how to get out again. " Lukowsky said: "It was the same for me at the moment." She said: "Me Believe, we all have to think about it in peace. " She pulled broodingly greeted their ponytail in front of the shoulder, played nervously on it Ende around and said: "What I see very clearly in front of me - like a right one Memory, not like a dream - these are so details. The black Cheered tank, the tank, at the entrance, for example. Then these strange side by side. Of course the flying saucer - And also the locked gate. - but I don't know exactly. - Maybe it was just a dream. Other things again, I have

No memory at all. The aircraft, for example, or gold. " She leaned The head against the neck support. The young woman also came over a hint of fatigue. She blinked with her eyelids to keep up, but Then she fell asleep.

Lukowsky chauffeured two, who claims the sleep of the righteous could take. The V-8 engine of the Mustang bubbled well, the The route was free, but Lukowsky drove slowly. Again and again he tried To visualize this tiny fourth second when the large dark blue Mercedes shone at the abandoned cemetery. The woman in the back in Fund. She didn't even sit close to the window. What exactly did he have can perceive? A woman who was young and her long dark hair in wore a ponytail. Whether as long as Veras, that wasn't has been recognizable. In truth, there was probably none at all Can be speech - but maybe from - feel? Lukowsky tried it this way. It did not lead to any result. On the contrary. Without Cornelius' allusions, even claims that Vera had to create closely with that unfathomable secret covenant, he would probably not have thought that she could have been the woman in the car. Or maybe but? - and the driver had been a young blond man. Hugo white? And then the woman Antonietta Alotti? Probably ... He looked at the young woman next to him. She now slept very firmly calm, certainly free of nightmares. Lukowsky thought of the scales of horror how his thoughts now titled. He was certainly not crumbling on its own. He was destroyed made. Probably by a pointed angle Float with considerable force. There could hardly be any doubts about that. The old soldier Ernst Lukowsky knew what something looked like. However, he had An impact just as far as this seen. So an attack by the Owner of the underground area on people who planned, poison gas or one to guide bacteriological fighting material into the system? This would correspond to Jillkarola's assumption. Lukowsky tried to do this point soberly this point rethink. With the probably four 3 cm quick fire guns of the flying Subsle from the system, if it was flying, one would have the scales can ruin without any problems, but that would have looked very different. A bomb was out of the question, because then the corrugated sheet scales would be

nothing left. What about the tiger tank. Its 8.8 floor Would be almost horizontally on the low distance. It would have the Dandruff literally blown away. No, the attack had to be made from the air be almost perpendicular from above. Only one shot was given has been - with what a weapon. At least with one of high Punch that had a depth, because the crater was remarkable. Accordingly, a weapon to crack bunkers, nothing that would be used against a corrugated iron - unless the attacker wanted to make sure that if there was still a little bit, nothing was left of it. It was But nothing out of earth. Maybe the attacker just had his opponent overestimated. But what had he shot with. Hardly with a rocket, because Otherwise sheet metal residues should have lying around. However, they could have been taken away, as well as the remains of the scale equipment. Lukowsky first pushed the topic aside. He had it anyway made so as not to go any further about the woman in the dark blue Mercedes To have to think that perhaps not, in all likelihood, but possibly, but maybe, although he didn't believe it, Vera Jörgens could have been ... But no, it was probably not more about it, that meant that also Karola because of the photo, but another with a dark Power cock. Also: He has never had Vera with such a typical one Seen ponytail hairstyle, she mostly made a tail or one Braid in front of the shoulder. So the lady at the grave of Lieutenant Colonel Fokke could have been very easy. A few big, slim Women with hip -length dark hair would still exist without being it always had to be Vera Jörgens. - and yet he became the thought Not ridiculous that at least the woman at the grave of the officer who had corresponded to Lieutenant Captain Eberhard Jörgens, possibly even personally Knowing more, whose daughter could have been Vera - at full moon around Midnight accompanied by the undeniable Mr. Hugo Weiß and - with a blue sedan, possibly a cadillac or a large one Mercedes. Lukowsky wished these marters out of their heads, But they didn't want to give way.

When she arrived at the Augsburg motorway service area, Fischer decided with Karola to drive to Garmisch-Partenkirchen together and only come to Düsseldorf by plane from Munich the next noon. He

Didn't want to leave the young woman alone with her varied thoughts. He did not express this in her presence, but Lukowsky understood him very much. Well, he himself would not have acted differently. Fischer still made calls with Busch, who was safely in Büderich, and then they said goodbye Hugs and kisses. Lukowsky waved the two of them when they were in the Volkswagen drove away. He still drank a cup of coffee in peace, then he put himself on his bikes.

It was relatively late in the evening, when Lukowsky arrived in Düsseldorf, had found a reasonably cheap parking space and his office again entered. He opened two windows, let fresh air in, cool, clear night air. Then he searched for the Büderich phone number and called to see whether everything is fine with Busch. Busch immediately went to the apparatus and said: "It's good that you are there! I discovered Valtine's loophole! But would be there It was almost surprised, but it is not so easy to catch the old fox bush! - I'll tell you that exactly tomorrow. I've only been here for a quarter of an hour. I also met with this Cornelius. Something has come out. But he wants to talk to you. Please call him. Maybe you get him still today. Then please teach us immediately. " Lukowsky asked: "Shouldn't I come to a jump to Büderich? " - "no longer today," replied Busch, "I have to sleep a little. If you are right, we'll meet Tomorrow morning with you, around eleven o'clock. " Lukowsky said: "In order. See you then!" He went into the kitchen, put on coffee, then made himself comfortable in the armchair and chose Cornelius' private number. Nobody went to it. Lukowsky tried the office, and there he reached him. Cornelius said: "Aha! That meets well!" Lukowsky wondered yourself: "You still work gradually at night?" - "If you do it that wants to call, "grumbled Cornelius and coughed into the phone. Then he asked: "Do we want to get a little more together? I would have something to offer them." Lukowsky said: "It should be right for me. Where?" Cornelius suggested: "Me come to you first. In twenty minutes. " Lukowsky said: "In order," Put on and went into the kitchen to see after the coffee. That was still Not ready, the coffee machine was bubbling and bubbling. But as Cornelius appeared, there was fresh coffee. The late guest did not pull the coat

Out, but sat down on the chair opposite the desk. He said: "You will be offered something today!" Then he asked: "The cigarettes I went out. You have a reserve. " Lukowsky pushed him His 'players', filterless, as Cornelius liked it. This gripped like in In return in an inner pocket and gives up a large -format photography The desk, the corners were bent a little: "A votre Plésier!" It Was a black and white photo by Antonietta Alotti in a swimsuit and with open hair in a garden full of flowers. Lukowsky put the picture against the Writing lamp and said: "Nice!" Cornelius nodded: "I think too. Is only emerged this summer. So current. " He drank coffee, lighted one Cigarette and asked Lukowsky: "Look closely at you if you What is noticeable! " Lukowsky looked at the well -lit picture of the Woman. He asked, "What?" Cornelius leaned out: "She can't have been be in the cemetery. " Lukowsky asked: "What do you conclude from?" Cornelius had a index finger commute in front of the photo: "The Mane! It goes about the bottom, but with their four letters The lady couldn't sit on it, especially not if she made a ponytail. "Cornelius gave an indefinable grunt before he continued: "What does Jörgens mean in the cemetery been! Not the Alotti! " He accepted the picture of Antonietta Alotti "We will finally clarify that!" He drank his coffee on a train from: "Because I plan to give you a creepy experience tonight offer. We're going to the cemetery again, where the mole is just holes Buddled. I talked to him in the early evening. He's there. So come she!" Cornelius rose: "Or don't you feel like it? interested? It's about the Jörgens! Then there is something else Edifying, and if we are not too tired afterwards, we also talk about The heroic deeds of her friend Buch. "

They drove again in the rolling ash with ash. Cornelius smoked and steered On the highway. He began to tell almost affordable: "With the Lord Lieutenant colonel is like this: he tried, together with a few others there in Ministry, an emergency brake against the NATO strategy, which In the event of a war, all of Germany provides flat with nuclear weapons and Austria right away, about what various people in New York and elsewhere would certainly be happy, so to speak in the lust

mental revenge and in general because it would be practical for them. Well, maybe If it doesn't work, then these various people are inconsolable - what the heck ...

German officer could not find the conscious view that great, and the Minister of Defense also not. So they had concealed something. Whether the Lord Chancellor knew what was uncertain, maybe yes, maybe no. Our upper is always condensed with the lower ones from other upper ones. But that doesn't work much better for other countries either. "Lukowsky asked: "Who do you imagine under the upper of the upper ones?" Cornelius set a mischievous grin: "The upper of the upper are always the against which nobody may say something! It's very simple. In Kaiser's time there was the paragraph 'majesty insult'. Today it is of course different, it is not quite as open. So? Think yourself: against Who should you say nothing without getting into trouble and possibly ending up in the kittchen? It's very simple!

"Cornelius pushed this thought with one Hand movement aside and came back to his main topic: "In any case: in any case: The matter of Fokke and Collections went next to it. The lieutenant colonel died of heart failure using a 9mm para in the back. So much is certain. -I have to note something first: the FN cannon from yours The trash is hardly the murder weapon, although that is probably also one Was 'fn'. By the way, her loot comes from a very special series. Not Made in Belgium, but in license. She has no number - none at all. Also No shot mark, is completely anonymous, so to speak. You can do it Incition who uses such special models ... well, let's leave it! To-Back to our lieutenant colonel Fokke. He knew the Lieutenant Captain i.R. Eberhard Jörgens. Maybe even quite well. We don't know that exactly. I Had the honor with a State Secretary from the Ministry of Defense this morning. Was very revealing. At the end of the meeting the State Secretary Napoleon's historical expression at Waterloo in German Translation and said we should keep our feet still. It didn't fit him But what should he do. There are also decent among our politicians People." Lukowsky said: "I think that too. Politics is just art of the possible. " Cornelius escaped on the floor of the car and added: "And after two lost wars against the rest of the world our possibilities not particularly big. " He coughed up, there was one new cigarette and continued his story: "The different gentleman Lieutenant colonel was not a particularly high animal, but he was sitting on a turntable

Z-plan

Between the air force, industry and defense committee. He also had A few fingers in the mad and made a casual effort to keep an eye on our values. The man must have an eighteen-hour working day have had. Anyway, the track to the Jörgens' seems to be or to have given. That will take a little more concerned with us. " Cornelius switched on the windshield wipers, fine drizzle came from the Nocturnal sky. The wipers started to squeak because that Glass was almost dry. "And now," said Cornelius, "to hers Friend Busch. He wanted to earn the knight's cross retrospectively today. The Federal Cross of Merit would not be given to him, although Isn't it pretty Oden? " - "Yes," said Lukowsky, "it Reminds the old Templar cross. " Cornelius made a hum: "Don't push me into my educational gaps! Templars? Are they not up landed to the Inquisition's stake? " Lukowsky nodded: "At least many." Cornelius coughed: "Well, we'll get something like that here soon, you will see. A few more years, and everyone flies into the dungeon, who even says or writes something about what the upper one does not do from the upper fits. As in communism or earlier with the Nazis, if not worse. - but back to the efforts of Mr. Busch. He actually has Mister Valtine tracked. A real estate brokerage in Bad Godesberg - along with other activities, of course. That wasn't new to us But that Busch has been behind it can already be mentioned remarkably. The guy is not stupid. But now he has lit a dangerous fuss. After all, I admit it and repeat myself with respect: not dumb! We still have to talk about it. " He coughed again: "Now we want First take care of something else. " -

It went on midnight when they reached the Bonn cemetery and the gray Audi left behind in the parking lot. Cornelius grinned: "Ghost lesson!" and Step forward. The air was damp, but it didn't rain. A few iron traffic lights burned at one of the crossings. Two men in dark overalls a grave spent on this corner. Cornelius stopped, put his hands in The coat pockets and spoke to the two gravedigars: "Hello, the gentlemen!" One of the two, the older one, he might be in his mid -forties, replied: "Day, Lord Commissioner! " The night was apparently interpreted for these people. on Lukowsky and said briefly: "An employee, Mr. Roll. I would like to

Talk to them. " The older of the two workers mentioned in this way left His shovel lying, his hands wiped on his legs and stepped More closer: "Yes, Mr. Commissioner. But I don't know more than I said have." However, it seemed to be flattering that the commissioner again searched. Cornelius stepped under the nearest traffic light, pulled the photo of Antonietta Alotti and held it up to the worker: "See yourself this woman, Mr. Roll. Very exactly! That could have been from the other day be?" The man named Roll looked at the picture. he said: "It looked similar. But the hair is reddish. This is not one Color photo. " Cornelius held the picture again: "So similar or the same, Mr. Roll? Please think! " The respondent showed an unfortunate gesture: "Sorry, Mr. Commissioner, I don't know exactly! Maybe it is Was a woman, yes, maybe. Or maybe not! " Cornelius put the photo again and asked: "You said the woman had such a long ponytail that she could sit on it with her ass out of. Was that really that? Or did you just mean that? " With The witness seemed to have difficulty the word 'symbolically'. He oked In his thoughts and then asserted: "Yes, determined, Mr. Commissioner! Me I still thought: I've never seen hair for so long. " He laughed. Cornelius brought out the picture of Antonietta Alotti again and kept it Toten graves again: "Take a close look at them. Pay attention The length of the hair. " The man did it and then said in a firm conviction: "They are not long enough! No, not! - I mean that of the woman The photo has been long enough - just not for the other lady who was here! " Cornelius handed Lukowsky the picture that inserted it and interviewed his Witnesses further: "Again to the size. They said that the woman was almost one -time. Are you sure?" The worker hesitated: "At least she was very large. So, compared to the man when he was big! She is something Small than that, but big! " Cornelius drilled: "Had her shoes with me high heels? " The graved graves pulled his forehead in folds and showed the gaze In the direction of wandering, in the lieutenant colonel Fokke's grave, as if he wanted visualize the moment of a long night. Finally He nodded violently: "Yes, she had black shoes with high heels!" bush Asked: "And the hair? were they reddish or dark? Maybe almost black?" This time the respondent quickly replied: "Reddish! Maybe so Chestnut brown. Certainly reddish! And until the A ... or even more. " He

showed his hand what he meant and added: "I still thought how married people don't look. The man also looked noble, but by no means like the woman. Rather as if he were an employer. The woman looked really noble. Also how she was dressed like a real lady. And she had jewelry around, you saw glitter. It was much of one Baronesse or something." Cornelius noticed: "What brings you on this idea?" The Totengräber shrugged her shoulders: "Just because she looked so fine, so pale, almost like a marble figure on a noble grave. Very nice!" Included He pointed to an angel nearby. "But somehow she seemed strange to me. The man too. Perhaps but they weren't strange either." He studied his dirty fingernails: "The two didn't speak at all. It was very strange." Cornelius nodded, coughed and drilled into his witnesses: "They are that. Then followed both, as I said, as responsible citizens, and saw the car with which the man and the woman drove away. Please think carefully about whether you are not Brand can remember the car." The Mr. Roll dried up dried Earth from the hands and thought: "But not exactly. It is a very big one. Was a car. A dark blue with a lot of chrome. At first I thought one Cadillac. There are regular cemetery visitors, the Kemeners, me know them from the name, they have such a Cadillac, and if they have the grave decorate, always come with that. Maybe I have at night too thought of that. I wasn't so interested. Only then when I thought there want to steal. Now I think it was more of a Mercedes. A very big one. But I can't summon that." - "Well," Cornelius and asked: "You can think of something else, Mr. Roll? Maybe something that you have not thought about yet?" The gravedigger pulled the forehead in folding, he shook his head: "Unfortunately, Mr. Commissioner." He shook his head again: "Nah."

Cornelius and Lukowsky went back to the parking lot and to the horror Audi, which was close to a high hedge and was initially hardly visible. No light burned here. But in the sky there was a strong crescent between the pulling clouds, which sent his shimmer onto the earth. Cornelius stopped next to the car and looked around: "A very big Mercedes. Probably a 600. Not bad! Miss Jörgens knows what good

is!" Lukowsky wall: "Vera Jörgens has no reddish hair, at most a touch. They are also not quite as long as the man described it. " - Cornelius was surprised:" When I saw her, Walle -Walle did it until to the knees. Well, it's a few years ago. Maybe was In between you have a attack by partial self -mutilation addiction. But at least it will still be up to the couch. Then I bet the Jörgens is simply the guy not to change drastically. So the mole only needs to be exaggerated - and already That's right again! "Cornelius nodded confidently and continued to argue:" And as far as the color is concerned: with the moonlight and sparkle lighting? It can work that way. - she was! I think she was! "He saw Lukowsky across the tag roof: "But ... I still have something on Storage, some more! I would like to see money soon, at least a little bit." Lukowsky offered: "Five thousand marks. I have nothing more now. I'll get her from the bank tomorrow morning. " - "It's very good!" praised Cornelius, "A sign of honest will is enough for me. I think Also, rather, their friends Busch and Fischer should sheer. They have more Money than she. I want from you, everything together, 100,000 marks. This is not Exaggerated, I will still be very useful for that. " He threw Lukowsky one Look at: "And so that you can see how correctly a modern official is: so soon I have the five thousand of them, I only expect 95,000 marks! " Cornelius looked straight on the street again: "And now the second part of our little night excursion - another cemetery! This time in a tiny nest, but very close."

Cornelius took the way to Bad Godesberg and drove on the Rhine for a while along. They reached a picturesque town with narrow streets and half -timbered houses. In fact, Cornelius steered over a cobblestones To a small baroque chapel behind which there was a cemetery. He stopped Langed a flashlight out of the glove compartment and said: "Then go!"

It was a very small but particularly carefully well -kept cemetery Narrow gravel -sprucked because of natural stone limits. Light didn't burn anywhere, but the clouds in the sky had dissolved, the moon gave a light light. Cornelius went unerringly towards a far -located grave and Switched on his flashlight. There was also a small one on this tombstone, To be seen with gold in the iron cross, but no runes. Above the

Gravestone rose from a marble plastic. But the jet of the flashlight initially aimed at the inscription in the stone. Cornelius read: "Gerhard von Wohlfzsch, General of the Panzertruppe," and he explained: "Also This gentleman worked in the Federal Ministry of Defense. He bled before six and a half years. I don't know what to do, leave it open. But could be in a natural way. The Lord General was older year. Already at the Reichswehr, in the Weimar period, then at the Wehrmacht, has the Second World War from the first to the last shot Participated, temporarily in the staff of Generalfeldmarschall Erich von Manstein. After the war he became known personally with Franz Josef Bouquet. A particular concern of him was that the Bundeswehr should be one Receive your own general staff instead of being commanded by the foreigner. Of course, he didn't get through with that. After all, he probably had a few very good ones Connections. Who knows whether he is not with the Lieutenant Captain i.R. Jörgens was known? " Now the jet of the flashlight went up The marble sculpture. She looked like an ancient goddess of half life, Created in the Art Nouveau era or this in any case modeled well. "Take a look at them!" Cornelius asked: "This figure is a remarkable monument, a work of art. The template comes from a famous Austrian sculptor. It was called Mucha. I replaced and bleared compared a lot of illustrations in books. Well, Mr. Lukowsky, for what Do you keep this petrified lady? " Lukowsky replied: "The Art Nouveau presentation of an ancient goddess. She is really very nice." Cornelius weighed The head back and forth: "Yes, but you haven't really recognized it yet. It is Not a goddess, rather a priestess! " He set up the jet of the flashlight the head of the marble figure. "She bears the sign of the black sun!" Now Lukowsky also noticed it. A delicate crescent moon rose over her hair tire and in this one round disc with the symbol of the magical sun In violet color. Cornelius shook himself when he shivered at once. He let Slide the light of the flashlight again along the statue and said: "If it weren't made of marble, she could also be on her hair ends set. Reminds me directly of the Jörgens: unapproachable for eternity! I have You only experienced once, but don't forget. She is really very nice and has Something like that that men like to die for. " He looked at Lukowsky: "You believe I would have something against the Jörgens because I warn them that they break themselves because of them still the neck. " Cornelius shook his head and emphasized:

"Not at all, no! I even think the Jörgens is decent. She does not meet any To blame if men want to tear themselves down for them. No, Jörgens can Nothing for it, or at least not much. Well, it is a striking appearance. Sometimes when I am the poor but so revealing Looking at the files about them, I doubt ... Maybe Jörgens is like this Incredibly ice cold calculating bitch that the imagination of one Simply exceeding simple -minded officials? I can completely rule that out not! But still, nobody can say that it provokes them in a targeted manner. No, it is probably okay. What the disorder brings in are the fantasies of men who feel a tendency to heroic tragedy, as well as You, my dear! Do not intend to do with Valtine with a team to put on, no matter how much of them would be there? And then they would Contribute to do it for Miss Vera Jörgens! Clear! Maybe you put Valtine Even around, so to speak with the last shot before breathing out your life. But it is not true that the Jörgens will suspend it! She likes a beast Being, but probably not that bad. She wants Valtine's head, she takes Certainly, like all women, male services, but - in In all likelihood, the Jörgens would not rush death. As I said, I can be wrong, maybe she is a bitch - cold and calculating in any case. But so disgusting? No, no, I don't think so. If it's The Jörgens would say too dangerous to them: be careful, dear friend! Let's be, wait for a cheaper opportunity! - I'm almost sure there. The lady would hardly be considerate of her if there was no other way would go. Otherwise she would let her mind work, and she can obviously very good. I thought about it. "He looked at Lukowsky questioningly:" Mine You, I'm talking all nonsense now? Well, good too! Then take it as one Sorry for Miss Jörgens because it looks like this could have as if I wanted to push her the black Peter. No, Lord Lukowsky, you have it yourself! - Don't get on with Valtine! The I wanted to get rid of now because I don't know how quickly the cracker goes up that Mr. Busch lung her. Maybe tomorrow and then it would be serious! " Cornelius stepped close to Lukowsky, raised a index finger up and spoke increasingly aroused: "If you are nonsensical into the fire Then please don't talk to yourself, you would do this for Vera Jörgens! She doesn't want you to die miserably - at least not when it is pointless! You should think about it, if possible this night! Leave Valtine

in peace! Or do a clever business with him because of my sake, but Don't kill yourself out of stupidity. "Cornelius turned to the car And said Leiser: "Yesterday I came to studying the Colonel Lieutenant Fokke. I think that had a similar one Soul structure and - could be, he has also stupidly with Valtine and company created. Then it became clear to me that when it comes to it, Mr. Lukowsky, the same blooms. But of course I am not concerned, I just wanted Say: Don't play the hero against Mr. Valtine! That doesn't help a. And what would you have from a thank you kiss of Miss Jörgens on yours Dead mask, my friend?! "

During the first kilometer of the return trip, they sat side by side in silence. Cornelius took the penultimate cigarette and said: "We hold right away With a machine! " He lit the cigarette and said: "Somehow All of this is related. I just don't know exactly how. That is, I think, not my matter either. These people with the magic and All the supposedly scary stuff that is said to you On the goddess of love! I find that somehow touching! " He turned his head And said Ernst: "But for now it is still the hate devil who rules this world! That is the top of all upper of the upper. "

When they reached Düsseldorf again and at Lukowsky's office on Jürgensplatz kept, said Cornelius: "I'm tired now, don't be angry with me. What that Adventure of her boyfriend Busch is concerned, we'll talk tomorrow. This is always Still enough. Does it fit you around lunchtime? " - also Lukowsky Gradually felt the tiredness. He nodded: "See you tomorrow."

The coffee in the thermos was still reasonably warm. Lukowsky gave A cup full and settled behind the desk. Cornelius' admonishing speech went through his head. She hadn't sincerely sounded. Rather according to a certain, not yet completely clear calculation. Lukowsky's feelings towards Vera certainly meant a symbol for Loyalty, honor, fulfillment of duties, courage to sacrifice ... loud beautiful heroic terms, actually. All in all, that was probably said: Vera didn't disappoint! On No case disappoint vera! Otherwise prefer to die! Because this - he felt it But exactly - was the only thing he could win from Vera: that she was not was disappointed by him! It wouldn't be more, and just about it

It meant everything - because it was everything. He should go to one day again You see that she had promised him and he felt that it would be: a Day! No common future, no togetherness or even marriage and living together. His wife would never be Vera Jörgens, not in this world. She Was just dulcinea, and he Don Quijote. Everything he could do now and Must, called: the lover was a brave knight! - the cunning of that Cornelius not understood anything, neither of Vera's being nor what they do for him meant. It was the power of love for which one day, a single day with the loved one, more than ten full life. Lukowsky came unaffected The words on the grinding of the wreath in mind: Vita Nova - New Life! - If the time would be there. - Vera. Perhaps for half an hour he had been eating with your eyes closed and always thought these three words: Vita - Nova - Vera. Included Was it as if whispered to him a gentle voice, which together these three words meant: true new life.

When he wanted to organize the things lying around on the desk last night, he remembered that the large -format photography of Antonietta Alotti was still in a swimsuit in his jacket pocket that Cornelius had given him. He took the picture and let the look rest without thinking a lot. Antonietta was undoubtedly a wise And beautiful woman. Lukowsky opened the middle desk drawer and lay The picture on the departures of the silver plate that were there. Something Suddenly occurred to him: the woman also liked in the cemetery possibly have actually been vera of Jörgens - why shouldn't she one Hugo knows as a driver and possibly Hugo as a driver used who apparently belonged to this circle - so the woman was in the Dare at the underground facility probably much more Antonietta Alotti been! Behind it was a very simple logic that suddenly penetrated him with consciousness: the silver plate! Without the - or an exact cast from her, How Peter Fischer had made him made - nobody came into the facility in! This mysterious silver plate came from Domenico Alotti, from Antonietta's father. But it might not have had it for long, but got it out of the submarine, possibly on a first, successful dive? Why not! And the original of this record now had Antonietta! She Was supposed to be in Vienna, at least not at home in Munich. Good

possible that this woman knew a lot more than she had noted leave, most likely even. Without question, the dark-haired woman at the Antonietta Alotti was very good! She had no glasses Worn, but both photos that Lukowsky now had from her showed them without Glasses, she probably only needed them to read anyway. And the car that Big dark blue Mercedes? Even if it is in the cemetery and at the The same car was to have been, which was very uncertain, said not much. Hugo Weiß was able to use this car, especially where it was needed. In the facility, Lukowsky only had the woman in the car respected. Perhaps Hugo actually knew him. This was Certainly more than one servant, but on the other hand hardly the head of the Entire. That was possibly General of Wohlnzach, after him Eberhard Jörgens, then Domenico Alotti, after this lieutenant colonel Fokke and now - Antonietta? - Lukowsky pulled out the large -format photo of this woman again and looked at her face. She had very nice eyes. They looked cleverly, self -confident, also a little cool. She could be a 'boss' very well! Lukowsky put the picture of Antonietta back in the desk drawer and closed it to. He leaned back in the armchair. At the moment he didn't want anything anymore think, but one of them was urging him now: if the last one so far Members of the mysterious chain were: General von Wohlfnzach, Eberhard Jörgens, Lieutenant Colonel Fokke, Domenico Alotti and, maybe really, now Antonietta Alotti - then there were two among these five people Officers of the Federal Ministry of Defense and one in the German Armaments industry. Could it all be a coincidence together? Possible, Why not. Everything appeared possible in this unfathomable fate game.

Lukowsky drank the last sip of coffee from the thermos. It went meanwhile at half past four in the morning, but he would be for a few hours still sleep. A lot had happened on this day, and the coming, who had already started, might still have enough of excitement. Busch had to have been stipulated a lot. Maybe the next encounter with Valtine approached - the decisive last.

He took off the light and went into the bathroom. The planes came to him in the meaning. He found it very childish, and thought: one of the TA 152 If he had loved to take from the secret complex.

A call from Fischer came in the morning around half past eight, just as Lukowsky lay in the bathtub. He reached the phone dripping and dripping. Fisherman said he wanted to stay in Garmisch for a day longer to a little more To have time for Karola. He had already called Rosi and temporarily free her given. Everything is fine. Busch has already been taught that dignity yes come to him right away. There would be some things to talk about.

At ten o'clock, Fritz Busch appeared with a feasting raincoat and one Shopping bag: "Hello, hello!" greeted lively: "I am!" He grabbed his Purchasing from: salt sticks, apples, all sorts of cookies, lemonade and Apple juice. With all of this he decorated Lukowsky's desk, pulled his coat and settled on a chair. Lukowsky got glasses from the kitchen And sat down to Busch. This opened the cylindrical tin can with the Salt sticks, offered Lukowsky of it and also took himself. Started He to tell: "I slept restlessly that night. But that was good! I got up and considered several times, because I was in my stomach, I was had to come up with what; I felt it was important. Now I know it! " bush tended and said with the emphasis on special urgency: "This one Cornelius is a false fifties! Yes indeed!" Lukowsky replied surprised: "I was annoyed about him last night because he was Vera Jörgens " Cried around where I am sensitive, but have for a crooked dog I haven't kept him so far. " Busch waved a salt bar back and forth: "But is he! I can prove it! I have already told Peter. The will strive for his old contacts so that we may be even more accurate Learn Mr. Cornelius and his background about this lump bag! And ... "Busch nibbled down his salt rod and drove to speak vividly Fort: "And that he is now trying to provoke you with Vera Jörgens, that fits Also in the picture! He knows that he can lure you out of the reserve if necessary - In addition, perhaps also that prevent them from doing something against Valtine Company .. - but let's go one in turn: Cornelius was the first to You bumped into the matter black sun. Is it true? " Lukowsky remembered it very well. said Busch, "You remembered. We, Peter Fischer and I, especially he, of course knew about it, but from Nobody talked about it. We wouldn't have black either, but Magical sun said. There is a difference that only those know that really know something. Rather, the difference actually exists

not in so much the matter, i.e. the magical sun itself, but regarding Use of the terms. Occult circles within the SS spoke of the Black sun. It is also on the floor of a hall in the Wewelsburg to see. However, it is shown there in dark green. There is a reason; it is almost an esoteric reference to the green country, the oversphere of the Beyond that this sun shines; Or more correct, it is on the Threshold between beyond and on this side. In principle the same thing is meant But the really knowing speak of the magical sun! I have that now learned. I am not hiking in detail either. The Lord But Cornelius determines much less. " Busch held Lukowsky promptly the salt rods before he said further: "This strolch wanted to pok around, toast something, get rolling, if possible something that its employers had to be particularly interested. And the topic of 'black sun' is on the Explanation scale at the top. Of course not because of cultural philosophical or esoteric inclinations, but because of a childish fear of the Resurrection of the Third Reich. It should be so difficult so soon But man always sees what he expects to see and some People think, Adolf Hitler grin out of their clouds and spit them constantly on the head. They can't help them. " Busch nibbled quickly A few salt rods down and then said: "Probably was that of Cornelius only one blow in the air, but it worked. Because this one Lump bag - I looked at his eyes - is ambitious. He wants to make a career. He is undoubtedly corrupt, but one hinder the other not. Now he demands 100,000 marks from us, and from it, I guarantee that it will be 200,000. He tries to assess our possibilities that are close to reality. But that's only half of his goal. Above all, Will This guy up! In the hierarchy that it serves! That is that Type who is always very credible on the side of which he is with Talking, not a passive fellow runner, but an active henchman. He's with us that Fifth column of the enemy! " Lukowsky turned: "I don't like a big one Be a human connoisseur, but I can't imagine that. " Busch gave apple juice in a glass, drank and then said: "But it is so! This corne- Lius can sometimes have a convincing effect because it is so completely corrupt that he temporarily believes in his respective roles, always squinting whether he not possibly most of the conversation partners Could gain advantages. With us he scolds his superiors - of course, it

Does it bother him that they have the chairs on which he likes to sit himself want! Ideologically, he talks entirely to his respective spy victims After the mouth. And in the meantime he even finds that right! If he was tomorrow Communists spied on, he immediately became friends with Marx and Engels, would have been he was dealing with supposed neo -Nazis the day after tomorrow, he stood up 'mine Fight 'on the bookshelf, and if the next week was about Chinese, he would be credible. This Saubutel has no character at all that he can take any effortlessly. He is smart! Not Highly intelligent, but very smart. And he always keeps his personal goals firm in the eye. Meanwhile - the old Fuchs Busch is still a bit smarter! " Lukowsky wanted to start an intermediate question, but Busch asked: "Leave me Only talk now! So: Mr. Cornelius brought a very interesting one Dossier. Most of it was actually able to do it with time and effort from old Have stealed files. But not everything! And where is one It's best to lie? Between two truths! But in the dossier should be Don't even be hidden, not yet there. Cornelius expected the experienced Peter Fischer and his possibilities to check a lot can. So he did not take a risk at first. That would also be superfluous been. He wanted to convince! Yesterday he told me a lot. A Bit too much, that was his mistake! He could have confidential information from an office, maybe also to some from a second come up - but not from so many different sides! " Busch clapped With your hand on the table top: "No! There is no! Criminal police Düsseldorf, Cologne, Bonn and Munich, the protection of the constitution, Federal Intelligence Service, military shielding service, Austrian state police and four foreign services and a special group of the Americans in Bonn! It can impossible to have corrupt buddies everywhere, which is so much on him entrust discrete and even strictly secret information! Again: that doesn't exist! Rather: Mr. Cornelius will be very good from all of these pages Provided, literally supplied! Some of them could be game material, of course, it is certainly too. But there would still be an incredible amount of real ones Background and secret information. Ergo: This guy is a spy in Observe the rank! " Busch leaned back, took out a cigar and asked Lukowsky: "Now you are first!" Lukowsky replied: "That Sounds logical, even if I can't judge it that way. I wouldn't be on it Come to think of him. He wasn't even unappealing

Hisch. Only the allusion to Vera Jörgens met me, even if he Since a extensive turn immediately made. " Busch interpreted with the Cigar on him: "He was certainly not for no reason! Slowly! He wanted to push things out. And he knows that this woman is yours weak point. There he can wake the emotions and on the palm bring or lead to black ice. Maybe he is still driving that. Vera Jörgens plays a crucial role in dealing with Valtine. It has disappeared again, which has already occurred in various ways. Nobody knows where it is. Valtine has no rest as long as she lives. He You really want to do it. Certainly not personally, because he has In front of her in almost pathological fear. But he would people can hire, he has enough of that on his hand. He has already tried that once or twice, but unsuccessful. I think it is quite conceivable, Cornelius hopes to find the trail of Vera Jörgens through you. For that, Valtine would Royal reward, both with money and with recommendation. Cornelius Knied Valtine's business address in Bad Godesberg! He also offered me right away to arrange something. I responded to the appearance and that will be this Wicht finally expose! I definitely know that he also stands for Valtine. He went to the glue at a very specific point without even realizing that: he knew from the blueprint, the Valtine Let the 'Aurora' office steal. He could only have this personally from Valtine or from his nearest area! " Busch looked at his Cigar and turned them between his fingers, he became thoughtful: "All of this However, we get a grip! Even very excellent! This time I have one Trap provided. Like in old SD days. She will snap on schedule I am convinced. Then there will be a few hard moments and you will Need your old -fashioned revolver seriously. " He lifted the look and saw Lukowsky urges: "It is so far! Only one can and will be now become serious: Valtine! I built the trap for him and he Must kill it - he or we. Also remember: each of us has with Valtine to pay a personal bill. He has one to you, maybe even murdered two friends. It is also about Vera Jörgens' life. My bill with him is called Ferdinand Löw. What Peter Fischer with Valtine I don't know. He never talked about it. But I knows that there is something very serious. " Busch cleared his throat and said: "As soon as Peter is back, so I think tomorrow noon, we have to

discuss in peace. We become the winner from this fight emerge, even if it could not be very easy and maybe it too from us meets one. Maybe me, then I would die properly. At a Decision battle depends on the end of your own flag To be able to open! How writes Heine in his hymn: 'We have won! But around me the corpses of my friends lie around me. But we I won! He was, as you know, a Düsseldorf. I mean, Heinrich Heine. " Lukowsky asked: "Do you want me to do what you say Not at least make a few closer hints? " - "Yes," replied Busch: "You were there in Bavaria in the underground facility, from whose existence Valtine also knows through the blueprint - that there in the Area could not have been completely new to him, by the way, Even if he has no idea how to do it. Is nearby an old epidemic cemetery. Peter told me about it on the phone. Also one Small church is there. That is the appropriate location for a latest one Court!" He became more lively again: "But now again to the antics From Mr. Cornelius! He tried to provoke you with Vera Jörgens, How?" Lukowsky told about the visit to the two cemeteries, that Vera Jörgens apparently with Hugo knows that unusual Wreath on Lieutenant Colonel Fokke's grave and then said: "Cornelius didn't speak particularly badly about Vera, but said that she would In his opinion, too conspicuous, and so on. " Busch said: "Like me Already thought he wanted to lure you out of the reserve. And on the other hand: me Can't imagine Vera Jörgens in the Bonn cemetery! I Do not believe that it has ever been in the country in recent times. She should either be in Sweden or in Finland. I have reasons that to assume, although I don't know. Pure because of my proven I never believe that she will never have this woman in the cemetery there has been - if there was such a visitor at all! We will be there Drive in the evening and ask the alleged witnesses. I am excited, What comes out! " Lukowsky turned: "The description that the Man gave, really fit Vera! " Busch nodded: "I don't doubt that. Cornelius knew what he had to blame or suggest to his witness! And he probably masters that well. On the other hand, he only has Vera Jörgens Once seen and that was a while ago. An exact picture of her he doesn't have in front of him. - We will be behind it! Also want

Z-plan

I also look at the grave of the general. I hope you find it again? I would like to convince myself that the black sun is up The forehead of the angel was not recently glued to it! My distrust is once awakened, and I like to go about it. Of course there can be some things Voices too! But I would like to convince myself of that. Possibly If someone wants to make connections here that does not exist at all! But, As I said, there can be something on it too, definitely! We'll see. " Lukowsky said: "Incident. By the way: Cornelius comes around noon to get around To get 5,000 marks that I have agreed to him. I assume it would be stupid To let him smell. So I have to go to the bank, get the money. " bush Smiled: "This is very good! Yes, get the money and talk to the boys, as if nothing would be. I will settle in a chair in the hallway And play mouse! It will be exciting! "

The time had passed quickly. Lukowsky had just returned from the bank and had put the banknotes into a envelope when the Door crashed. He opened and greeted: "Day, Mr. Cornelius. Come in. A envelope is waiting for you on my desk. " Cornelius entered: "The I prefer the inner values of the envelope than the shell! " Cornelius picked up the chair opposite the desk, on which half an hour ago had still sat Fritz Busch. In the meantime, this had order created the desk. Lukowsky also sat down and handed it over Cover with the money over the table. It made an effort to preserve complete impartiality, but he took himself together. Cornelius threw one View into the narrow envelope and then made it disappear in the inside pocket of his coat. He looked at Lukowsky with a brooding face: "You are Sauer on me? Because of the Monet? " Then he seemed an enlightenment come. He lifted a index finger and encouraged: "No! I know: you have me Falted that I thought at night that Jörgens might be able to give a little more modest and may she be a beast? I take it Back and apologize! Should she shine in full glass forever and All games they want! She does that anyway. I hold the flap and Explain my earlier remark than canceled from the beginning. In order?" Lukowsky said: "I should occasionally turn my neck around." Cornelius replied: "That would not be smart - especially since I don't give you my attitude want to talk! " He broke off the filter from a cigarette and spoke inspired

Further: "You see that it is not so sacred to me forever. The Jörens is simply a very striking appearance. You can't do that deny. Men contain their necks after her, and so she always gets something she wants. To a certain extent, this is even a record. But if so It is far that one crushes and the scraps tears her off, then she goes Get rid of him with a dagger and follow him with damnation to the grave. Because in truth, Jörgen's prudish is. I said that especially because of that Night." His voice suddenly revived: "When I met her back then, When interrogating in the Jörgens house - she may have been eighteen - there It was an astonishing collision of female stimuli. But in doing so Stockks! You noticed that - and also that she was the rest Feel superior to the world, we, me and my colleague, were just a rabble for them! " Cornelius winked with his eyes as if ash had flown in: "Honest No sooner said than I have a ambiguous relationship with this young lady. "Cornelius Take a break before he continued in a calm, factual tone: "Well, Let's leave that! " He pinched his eyes together and reported sober: "They actually knew that Miss Jörgens' mane worth a million marks is? A conscious contemporary named Valtine offers one million, yes, one Full million! Now a common, malicious person may think A little snapp might not hurt. But the conscious customer wants the whole thing in a row. The complete Skalp, so to speak. It is said that he has for it on the wall of his bedroom Reserved a place, very special. So that he will convince himself at any time could be that the years of fear were over. Because of course The game is first killed before you come to the trophy. In lively condition, the Jörgens certainly wouldn't get anything from their hair. In it it is peculiar. This is also clear to Weidmann Mark Valtine. " Cornelius leaned back and spoke in an apparently uniform tone: "Well, the space intended for the trophy in question in Mr. Valtine's home should remain unpleasant. In this regard, they can be unscathed. Valtines Millions of offer has existed for years without someone being the zaster could earn. Rather, the Jörgens murmm him - Valtine himself or whom He always sends, individually or in a dozen. The Jörgens understands it And to defend hair! Did you know that the tender lady a Smith & Wesson Has Combat Magnum? - of course also nationally thought, because the American company Smith & Wesson has always moved into its steel from Germany,

That is a tradition. The Jörgens has this crispy legal. Still through relationships from a friend of her father. However, the thing should move in become because they also inherit a Walther pistol from their dad has, and the authorities thought one of the cute canoes would be enough. But I don't know; Probably both remained. Such an S&W Combat Magnum, that's not exactly what a women's handbag, rather a Serious gun. She can withstand the efficient setback Take the thing with both patchy hands. The shooting has her dad taught. Is also a record. I really don't want her to have it. It aims and pushes ice cold: Peng! This is what matters in an emergency: At the right moment you can quickly and at the same time calm down! Without each Feeling. Not many have this ability. I bet Jörgens invites hers Cute four-inch running revolver with pretty shiny partial coat-hollow spitz shot; The deadliest thing there is. Leave weaknesses this lady doesn't even get in, no, if so, because yes! She will The thing is definitely lovingly cleaning. After all, it's a gift from her dad. Then she cares for her alabaster body and brushes her undamaged flowing hair. Probably naked in front of a big one Oval mirror at morning sun. Well, that's how I imagine it ... cannot be proven, but it is pretty sure that at least Two by Mr. Valtines, the Miss Jörgens in the course of time Skin and hair wanted to be operated by the lady with .357 Magnum. In the front and out again, out of the shot as big as a soup plate. Twice the same picture. It would be the same for everyone else because they has enough ammunition, and above all-the cool spirit! " He frowned The forehead: "Well, Mr. Lukowsky, you need to know who you fall in love with!" He heard a sigh: "I admit, I can't proud women suffer. Or to say more correctly: I like to see one from afar but leave them more suitable applicants. Still, look at All of my versions in this regard, please as zero and void! Finally and irrevocably! That is sincerely measured. I think it's stupid When men argue about women. " He sighed again: "And with this Category woman, as I said, I don't deal with it anyway, that would be a lot to me be too exhausting. The same applies to the Alotti. You can get there right away Material." Cornelius once again pushed out a sigh before he continued: "Maybe I have an inferiority com-Plex too too

beautiful women. Possible, who knows. "He cleared his throat:" Objective, can who afford their abnormality - I mean the Jörgens. I think she has no caution necessary. As I recently indicated: I think you belongs to the inner circle of the so -called magical chain. But you have it currently not on the Kieker - except Mr. Valtine because of his Private feud. The last record of Vera Heidrun Jörgens, born on 24. 9. 1949 in Düsseldorf am Rhein, is now Asbach-Uralt or Far from being up to date. You hear and see nothing from her. But what does that have to say? She's not stupid, you have to do that let! If I'm not mistaken, it belongs to the heart of the chain. Oh well, Maybe it is not true either, and she is a harmless sheep, who knows. Therefore, a man that is not exactly influential like Mark Valtine also has as much Channel in front of her. Well ... "Cornelius ignited his cigarette without the speech to interrupt: "I can tell you something on this occasion, Which she is certainly interested in. However, I am there what the background concerns, not yet fully taught, only the superficial side is clear. Increasing confidentiality! Of course I am curious about what the trail of the eerily beautiful midnight couple has become; She already know that with the oak leaf wreath and 'Vita Nova' on Lieutenant Colonel Fokke's last resting place. That worried certain people. I know not even, why. Maybe they fear, Adolf Hitler occasionally climbs out this grave and holds a Sunday speech on the subject in the cemetery chapel 'End time and final victory'. Or Karl Marx is digging out. You might not like that either; But it still works. Maybe the Apostle John from the earth's dust for public reading of his Apocalypse? In my opinion, Jesus Christ personally is not to be expected Because he would currently be thrown into prison for anti -Jewish statements, and he wouldn't like to have that so much. On one New version of the Bible is already crocheted. Take care of one For a few years it turns out that this Jesus Christ himself was a rabbi and in a attack of melancholy crucified himself, while the Jews tried devotedly to keep him from this foolishness. Well, so If that will come, people will take care of the levers - The upper of the upper of the upper. What the hell...! Apply in a democracy All people as the same, Mozart and Negro drums, everything supposedly The same value - but not everyone is a chosen one! " Cornelius

Skip the head: "What's the point!" He clapped his thighs clapping: "In any case: there is certainly nothing, except that the man is just that colorful Bird was. In women, colleagues think stubbornly to the Alotti, although they according to the testimony cannot be at all. Also a second lady was still considered to which the description is said to have passed, from the But you know so little that it would be bricked up not to say anything. A Logically, name has therefore not become accessible to me. It is too Certainly nonsense. So nobody believes in the Jörgens, you suspect In general in overseas, probably in Venezuela. If our unsurpassable specialists believe that of our Western friends, it is You definitely won't. - Oh well! - The result of my considerations in A few sentences: First the wreath with the loop. No hint of which Gardeners who could have made in the sweat of it. The Nobody saw the midnight couple except the gravedigger. In no hotel, Bahnhof, airport, tank position-whatever is possible, nowhere and Nothing, not even so far similar figures that they could have been. The It was of course no wonder, because the mole had in the night slept and reported the next afternoon. Then passed For a while on office. The uniformed police said that because of any political statement on the loop Grave wreaths would not be upside down because it would be more urgent, ordinary To protect citizens from ordinary criminals. Of course this is completely Wrong, especially if the chosen upper upper is bothered. This was how more hours passed. All the time our couple would have by car have long been in Naples. But you are probably only up to one drove calm areas. They separated there. The military wolf went into One of the nearest big cities, completely unbiased, where he spent the striking car in an inconspicuous garage. The vampire, meanwhile, I think was picked up with an airplane. Maybe with none entirely ordinary. So she disappeared towards her certainly far remote Fairytale castle, probably abroad, maybe actually in overseas in any case without being found. " Cornelius threw his cigarette button into the Ash cup and continued to speak: "Another option: The couple goned a little bit about land with the Mercedes 600 in the same night And then disappeared in a fully secret way ... well, let's leave it For now! " Cornelius put both hands on his knees: "Still to ours

unnecessary argument: we can agree that they will for my sake Play the knight and minstrel and I don't say anything about their Burgfräuleins, but remains free to not be a cavalier, but a primitive new Time-democratic selfish who expects a woman to emancipate her Is and therefore cuddles and fetching beer when he wants to watch TV in peace? " Cornelius fried another cigarette: "In addition, where would come modern western society when the women suddenly Women and mothers wanted to be instead of co -earning and co -consuming To hand over productive forces? The whole system breaks down! Casual the divorce lawyers were also unemployed, as well as a number of social workers and countless crippled people, because we don't even have a rewarding youth crime! " He shook his head with a grin: "You see that from the False perspective, you man from the past! " Now Lukowsky smiled: "Or from the future!" Cornelius nodded resigned: "Maybe too the! At least not from the present. I'm not one who is because of Women drives crazy. I have never been. At night all cats are gray. The I leave romance to people like them. Is that okay now? " He looked at Lukowsky expectantly. He threw the string wooden box. Cornelius took this as an approving answer and put his next one Cigarette. "Yes, one more thing," he said: "News from Alotti. If you You can also have the one with the clamps in your hand Moonlight a serenade, like Walter von der Birdweide. Perhaps If you throw a flower from the balcony or give you a dreamy one Locke. " He pulled out a thick medium -sized envelope and threw it on the Desk: "There are still some things about Miss Alotti that I came across am. More precisely, colleagues from me with whom I used. " He pointed to the envelope with the cigarette: "Can you get alone afterwards Keep the mind. " Lukowsky took a look at the envelope. Maybe a dozen sheet of paper and a stack of photographs by Antonietta Alotti, mostly in elegant evening dresses together with other serious people, apparently on various social occasions, possibly company receptions. Texts glued on the back of the photos. It saw As if the pictures came from press mappets, such as distributing public relation departments of large companies for the purpose of public relations. This Cornelius confirmed the might by remarking: "Miss Alotti is the personal assistant to the CEO in her group. She deserves

A bunch of money, almost a ministerial content. And that at the age of twenty -six years. Is on a record. Incidentally, you should notice: This too Sweet kitty sometimes likes to wear ponytail. You go to to the couch and approaches a remarkably shaped bottom, but is not Sufficient to sit on it with the same as the midnight lady To lieutenant colonel Fokke's last resting place that could. I was allowed to you already document. The Alotti seems to be snippets regularly itself her hair around. Probably before or after you are a nakedei in the bathtub Aalt, because she never goes to a hairdresser, just like that Jörgens. Is also a record. Probably the beautiful of this trade. Well, yes, who knows. The Alotti and The Jörgens similarly, but not in all. Maybe the Alotti has too A chosen lover who can wash them in the bathroom with a soft sponge and fragrant soap foam and her all couple For months one centimeter has to cut the hair, extraordinarily meticulously meticulously, Because the popol length is quite constant every year, it seems sacred to her be. I don't know why. But I am not concerned with anything. To fashion Fräulein apparently does not care about Missietta, she always remains. In this respect she has character. Maybe there is a bit of arrogance. Can be Can't be either, I don't know her personally. She is such a really fine one Luxury female, our Antonietta. However, solo, so to speak, unmanned. At least present and for some time. Stands on your own feet As you say, and they are not to be scoffed at, really. Send theirs She obtains clothes from Italia and partly with a hidden but as an extensive expensive tailor's workshop on Munich Leopold-Straße. The The lady's wardrobe is extensive, just with hats she doesn't have it so much And Black does not seem to like it. Everything on a record. Just like All restaurants in which she runs. They are just the whole. She owns also a fine car. A Porsche 911, so in silver gray. Your shaky dener Residence is located directly on Lake Starnberger, where everything is particularly price value is. As a hobby, she can still Hoppe Hoppe riders and also has its own Hotte-Hü-horse. It is called Fuchsi. Everything is on a record! And what Think well with what the cute Antonietta otherwise your free time filled out? The heart is in a sports shooting club! Yes! Then she is eagerly Peng-Peng! Can it be quite good! Has even won prices! The sports man calls 'user gun'; on man and precision discs for five

and twenty meter distance. Well, at least she doesn't burn .357magnum, but is content with small caliber and .38 special. But also makes beautiful Holes! " He breathed through twice and pointed to the thick chocolate: "The photos are evenly distributed over a period of around four years. At the time Has made the beautiful very amazingly career! You have to say, even through Proper work, really efficient! However, she is not prudish, from stilts and Buses lets them see something; There could even be a great pope horny become. However, she doesn't overdo it again. Well, you see It is worth it, it's worth it. What else you will find: something like this about Toys for generals. That also has to do with the sweetness! Your company will suspected of building unauthorized things or at least working on it, Without wanting to do this with the Americans. It seems ours Antonietta has her fingers in it very well! " Except the documents over The woman was in the surrounding strike the plane sketch of a missile that was on the old V 1 was reminiscent, as well as two colorfully illustrated sides from English Magazine 'Penthouse', in which the German Bundeswehr secret weapons projects were discussed. Lukowsky stowed the envelope in one Desk drawer. He said, "You have developed into an unpleasant cynic." Cornelius caught and said: "May be. Maybe I can sometimes don't like myself. But I have to go right away and still have to get rid of something else, which is more important than beautiful women at the moment. How You know, I met her friend the Mr. Busch. Tomorrow evening I see him again. He did a stupidity, said he was with Mister Can create Valtine, that is, with a certain one Mister Bolds and his earthly hosts, Mister Thanner and other - And they don't believe how they multiply in our country! Well, now there is something in progress and I advise you, your friend Busch urgently To talk about the mind, to quickly communicate with Valtine. " Lukowsky asked: "What is it about?" - "An antique that Mr. Valtine is absolutely in want to bring his possession. Something old from silver, I think. Appears but also to put something political. Maybe portraits by Wilhelm II and Emperor Franz-Josef on it, and is it about a monarchist plot against the basic democratic order? You can never know where the danger threatens! In any case, Busch has this work of art via Offered phone. Apparently credible, he should actually have this object. I don't know what exactly it is, I don't care either. Her boyfriend

Busch thinks he could hold the carrot to the donkey. But Valtine is not Donkey - maybe a monster, but not a donkey. I can in a subtle way Creating a trade that everyone gets what benefits them. Valtine pays if Everything goes quickly and smoothly. But he lets me from her boyfriend Busch lets himself not liked. He has his pants full in front of the Jörgens. But not before Mr. Bush! You should say that! " Cornelius got up and grumbled: "Well, me Must go now. The rott calls! We will meet and certainly again soon. "

After Cornelius left the office, Busch came out of the narrow side area with the bottle of apple juice under his arm and sat on his previous space. "I'm surprised!" Busch emphasized: "The guy behaves more clever than I thought! He was unsure for me, probably said He would have to be careful about an old secret service. That was his Mistake. But now he has given a skillful idea! " Lukowsky took a cigarette and asked: "Please explain to me in detail what you think. That is important to me personally now. " Busch nodded: "Yes, of course. So let me start in the way of performing: the scoop is, of it I am now convinced to a certain degree schizoid. He slips formally into his respective role. " Busch interrupted, saw Lukowsky In the eyes and said: "You want to know first what the claims regarding Vera Jörgens can be thought. I understand that!" Busch let the Look through the window, as if he is looking for a suitable beginning. Finally he started: "I don't want to talk much about Vera Jörgens. I have nothing against them. But from her point of view, I belong to those what your father have brought into misfortune. And she doesn't have it completely wrong. It is a complicated being. The sky gave her a lot of good Beauty and an exceptionally high intelligence. She reads Homer in Greek, Virgil in Latin, the Nibelungen in Middle High German and the Edda probably in the original. She knows Wagner by heart and can Play the piano Liszt's H minor Sonata. But the world played her evil. - Well "he let his gaze wander again and then continued in a factual tone: "It is true that Eberhard Jörgens his daughter gave a drum revolver and also taught her shooting. I saw the gun. But that was still during her father's lifetime. A relatively large revolver made of stainless steel. I would too think if someone threatened it, she would be the woman who shoots without hesitation

and meets. In my opinion, however, it has not yet come. Two Strolche that Valtine had put on her came to a deserved end. But I don't think Vera shot herself. She wouldn't have needed that at all. Friends of her father, I think, ensure the necessary protection. Valtine actually made this bounty offer. Also the desire for ... Trophy is not taken out of air. You know Valtine is not entirely right in the head. On the one hand, he is undoubtedly a clear thinker who runs his affairs with skill. On the other hand, however, it is of real delusions, as soon as Vera is about Jörgens. At times he holds her for the third angel from the 14th chapter of the Johannes apocalypse. I am Theologically not particularly trained, but he knows the New Testament by heart. He considers himself an emissary of the 'prince of this world', like Jesus Christ calls Satan. By that he thinks he belongs to those in this World. That's how he sees it. He has built up his own confused systems. However, as far as I know, he has now withdrawn the bounty officer. However, I am not completely sure of that. "

Lukowsky Remembered to have similar impressions during his conversation with Valtine to have received. All of this and the thought of Vera worried him. bush I noticed it and assured him: "Vera Jörgens is not seriously at risk. She already protects itself! " Lukowsky does not put this in the inner unrest. The desire to put the kite as quickly as possible grew up in it. But he didn't speak of it. Busch moved closer to the table with the chair and became more lively: "Let's take a look at the next points! Vera Jörgens, secretly at one Tomb put down a wreath? " He shook his head: "I think that is completely excluded! She believes that the people don't have there are where they were buried. She doesn't even visit her father's grave. No, I think Cornelius served you a black comedy! Vera Would send a wreath that would bring that, but not personally. " Lukowsky made the letter from Lieutenant Colonel Fokke to Eberhard Jörgens The desk drawer and handed him bush. This flogged the lines and gave the paper back. "Yes," said Busch, "I know that these two gentlemen knew each other. But that doesn't change anything that I said. Vera Jörgens Would have sent such a wreath through a messenger. The inscription 'Vita Nova 'could even fit her; It is the title of a wonderful work by Dante Alighieri, his thoughts of Beatrice. I assume you will

know. Vera certainly knows it. " Busch asked Lukowsky: "Show me But once the photos of Antonietta Alotti! " Lukowsky handed Busch that Kuvert and also the large-format picture. Busch sat down glasses and looked closely at the photos. He said thoughtfully: "A certain Similarity is undoubtedly there. Know Antonietta Alotti and Vera Jörgens yes. I know, Eberhard, her father, told that the two girls not only resemble each other on the outside, but also from the first moment have understood extremely well. That must have been when the two fathers their daughters took a trip to Italy. " Busch returned the photos and smiled weakly: "For Vera Jörgens I belong to the dark zone of life, Because I showed up in the Valtine area at the time. I have them very much loved. She was always so serious, and yet blood jung. " Busch pushed noticeably aside these thoughts and said in the sound of firm conviction: "The She was definitely not a woman in the cemetery! " He considered: "But Maybe there would be another lady that I only come from a few encounters Know that you are familiar with, however. I think of: Astrid Xylander! You are that magical sun, which is said to have been on the loop of the wreath, Very well known, which is not exactly what many people say! I had to think of this woman immediately when description - almost intuitive. " Busch nodded and said with a satisfied smile: "She could fit? And it is red-haired! At night and moonlight and not exactly Next closeness, it can be easy to look like a reddish chestnut brown - Especially if this is suggested by targeted questions. " Busch was directed in his chair: "That could be the solution very well! This dogling In all likelihood, Cornelius did not even lie - he knows Not better! " Lukowsky still doubted: "Astrid Xylander is an estimated ten centimeter smaller than Vera Jörgens. But even if we overlook it - how should she come to this midnight campaign? She knows a lot, Certainly, especially in spiritual things, but she hardly knew Lieutenant Colonel Fokke still Vera's father. " Busch tended with a mischievous Smile the head and said: "The chain! - If the old canaris you I thought - it was washed with all the water - then definitely in the most sophisticated way. A chain that, if necessary, over several generations had to hold, strictly in secret on all sides! I've already been about it My thoughts made. This chain is probably like a carpet Woven: shot. You understand what I mean? There are vertical

Chain members and horizontal! Everyone is closely related, but the vertical knowledge only from the vertical and the horizontal only of the horizontal! This makes the safety level very high. In very specific situations alone, they all work together. That this is possible, for this Make a band that, so to speak, through all chain members meanders. Let's assume that vertical members were Eberhard Jörgens, Domenico Alotti and possibly lieutenant colonel Fokke. The now deceased ensured that a descendant forms a new member. That would be So here Vera Jörgens and Antonietta Alotti. At Lieutenant Colonel Fokke? Possible, that Hugo Weiß is his son or nephew, who is also a whole leads steady bourgeois existence? Or this is one of the horizontal The chain is also astrid Xylander - and one is also one! - you understand how that could be structured? A two -time chain of blood heirs, which is one at the same time! And all connected by a magical Believe in the new golden age! " Lukowsky agreed: "Yes. It would be possible. It sounds fantastic, but it could be. I wonder Now nothing more. " Busch raised a index finger and emphasized: "It couldn't just be - it is! Believe mine in such things very much Safe feeling! And if the woman was not Astrid Xylander in the cemetery, Then this would have been another, unknown to us, lady of the chain! " Busch was poured into a glass of apple juice and said lively: "We have to go with that Cemetery employee speeches. Still today!" He drank a sip and took Another thread again: "When the miserable spy Cornelius saw the supposed opportunity to provoke you with Vera Jörgens, that came to him Of course located. He literally tried to use the method Hot-cold fear to make them. Maybe he even hoped through you that Finding the woman to collect a special reward from Valtine. He does not miss anything as a professional spy. Because - and that leads us to the core of The matter: this Saubutel is fifth in a multi -layered way Column! Who knows, maybe he had thought differently and sometimes feels bad in his skin. However, he now probably needs a tangible success so that his employees do not be dissatisfied. Valtine is certainly one of these. We are still this Cornelius Just came to the crazy in time! It will now be useful to us! " Busch leaned back pleasantly: "I tell you about my trap when Peter is there. I would like this to both of you in a dignified way

Z-plan

present. I am proud of it! Peter will be tomorrow at the latest Be here again at noon. Then I'll be a lecture in the early afternoon keep that you really like! " Busch brought out a cigar and Bat: "And now you tell me again in detail about the underground Attachment!"

Lukowsky did bush and also answered intermediate questions, so Well he was able to. After three quarters of an hour, Fischer called, only said Everything is okay and: "See you tomorrow!" Fischer did not believe the telephone line.

When Lukowsky ended his report, Busch said a thought who had already come to him: "The silver key, I mean that Ovals provided with engravings, which was at the top of Domenico Alottis Secret hide! - That's what he called it himself. - I had the impression that this object was finally put in the conscious subject. Maybe had Alotti only got him from the submarine in his last days? He was a very Good fighting swimmers and still strong! Why shouldn't he have been in the submarine two or three times, and that important piece Even before the last dive, which he unfortunately did not survive? Maybe he was looking for something else, something we don't know about, But the important silver plate ... maybe he had found it on the boat, And ... "Busch considered:" On this submarine, Stephan accepts, found, found some very last reserves; partly for the Z-Plan project, partly for another, Less significant, from which I only know the code name 'Sixmet'. It was 1945 was too late, the things from the submarine to another place to create, and so the whole boat was simply at a certain point set on the basis. To a certain extent, a provisional warehouse under water. In The final phase of the war was probably different threads together, those of the magical chain and also those that from the state and the SS in Work had been set. With the general emergency, ideological differences are likely to have taken into the background, so everything certainly attracted a strand. So far, from the point of view of the chain, there may have been no need to enter this underground facility in Bavaria, in which you were WARET. I was Domenico Alotti's personal friend, I can say that, however No member of the chain. He therefore never spoke of such things to me, but only from some ancient art objects and the like, but what, like me It is now clear that nothing had to do with the matters of the chain, because

Otherwise Domenico would not have spoken about it. I did not know the further connections, I have not been interested in me so far; the It was always the passion of Peter Fischer. You know that. " Busch stood from his chair opened, went around in the room and spoke in front of him in a long way Hine: "Antonietta Alotti, Domenico's daughter, started her father's legacy! It took a little while for it to be introduced into all the secrets of the chain. It may now take a leading position within this organization, maybe even the first. Then she had through We also the silver plate, with the help of which you can get into the underground system. Antonietta is an extremely active person. She acted quickly. I do not doubt that she is in the woman with a dark ponytail Mercedes was at the system! - You discovered traces of tire. The means that it was already in the system ... and these tire traces Just led to the closed gate! Everything else was untouched, you say She wasn't interested ... "Busch stopped, looked at Lukowsky and said loudly: "It's just about the goal! The gate ...! But it doesn't go on behind it down into the earth, but ... into the 'green country'? Is it something like one magical lock? " He interrupted, shook his head and lowered the Voice: "If Peter is here! I don't want to say anything wrong." Da bush For the time being, nothing had to be seen through, Lukowsky was after Gone into the living room in the back and had brought the wood carved out of there. Busch beamed. He thanked several times and said Then: "I suggest that we bring this figure in the evening Susanne Löw. She will definitely be very happy about it! And then - company Like two visits to the cemetery! "

It was a quarter after eight when they handed over the wood carvings in Cologne and left the Löw'sche villa, from the grateful wife of the house to Garden gate accompanied. She was in black and had her blond hair to one very graceful naked notes, around which a large mesh Netz LAG.Lukowsky asked itself involuntarily how this relatively large, slim woman would probably look with a ponytail. But blonde, plus light blonde like Susanne Löw, was the night visitor on the Cemetery hardly has been.

The last evening red shone between picturesque clouds in the sky this day. They drove towards Bonn. Fritz Busch felt noticeable

probably. Just like a person who has done something good and deeply over it in the heart. But he did not speak of it, but steered his Thoughts on the coming hours. He looked at Lukowsky and asked: "Me Assume that Cornelius introduced you to his witness as a colleague? " Lukowsky nodded. "Good!" said Busch, "I thought. Keep both of us to be criminal officers and me for Cornelius' supervisor, because I am much older. The man will be a good witness! " bush Got a look at the clock: "I hope he is there at this time. We would Definitely talk to him very comfortably. Most people are not Stupid, even if they lack education. Then it makes sense to in words with Talk to them who use them themselves. Thinking is language - language is Think! Should Mr. Roll - I hope you really remembered the name - Not being there yet, we first look at the other cemetery. There I am particularly interested in the marble plastic with the black sun. I I wouldn't be surprised if it had disappeared. Perhaps But it really exists. We'll see! "

The cemetery employee and gravedigger named Roll was that evening busy with grossing work; Alone, no assistant took him from this Work a little. When he Busch and Lukowsky along the narrow gravel path Coming saw, he leaned a rake against a sheared cart filled with autumn leaves and went towards them with matt -looking steps. His voice Sounded tired: "Hello, Lord ..." - "Main commissioner Strauch!" said Busch, And gave him his hand: "Good evening, Mr. Roll! Please excuse if we disturb you at work. We don't want to stop them either, it works fast." - "Nothing does nothing," said Mr. Roll, "they don't bother me. Her colleagues didn't bother me either." - "Good," said Busch, "I just wanted Talk to them personally a few more words. You have employees yourself And know, often it is: what you don't do yourself does not happen. " Roll smiled Sad: "Unfortunately, that's true. I only have one assistant twice a week But is very unreliable. " Busch Bat: "Please tell us: how close They were on when the man and the woman put the wreath there. Against Midnight, was that? " - "Yes," the respondent replied: "Shortly after Twelve, because my assistant ends around time and he had just left. And the distance - approximately from here to the tree. " He showed To a single plane tree about twenty meters away and described:

"It was a man, maybe thirty or forty, and a woman who was younger, Yes, it was definitely much younger. She had a great figure and a dress on, so One to the bottom, as if she had been in the opera before. And one She had a ponytail, a very long one to ... she can certainly sit on it. She looked like a elegant lady from one Roman film where Hercules fights for beautiful women. They both saw distinguished out, but the woman even more. " Busch continued: "My colleague Cornelius showed them a photo of a man. They could see if it the same was? " - "As I said," replied the cemetery employee, "Maybe, yes, I even think. But I can't summon it because, how, how I also said, I wasn't that close. " Busch put the next one Question: "Did you count the size of the two of them?" Mr. Roll looked in The direction in which the tomb of Lieutenant Colonel Fokke was: "I would have said both means. The man a little bigger than the woman. Your colleague said The man would be so one-five-eighty. Then the woman has to almost one-eight have been - although she had shoes with high heels, I know that Certainly because the dress she was wearing did not go to the ground, but so to the feet, until the ankles, the feet could still be found See and the shoes. " He looked at Busch again. Mr. Roll, what else can you say about them. For example the hair color. " - "Reddish!" Give roll without hesitation, "yes, I will definitely know that!" Busch Bat: "Please think exactly after: reddish blonde? Reddeable brown? Or maybe really red? " The graved graves shook his head: "Reddish! You Colleague thinks, reddish brown. And I mean, maybe so chestnut brown. " Busch remained emphasized Gedul-Dig: "What my colleague meant is completely unimportant. The only important thing is what you mean, Mr. Roll. " - "Yes, then," said Roll, "Just reddish! Don't grace black or blond. But everything could be reddish be. "He showed a unlanded wave movement by hand and described: "Something wavy, but not much, not as artificial as if a hairdresser would have done it. " He smiled a little and added: "When they Not laughing at me, Mr. High Commissioner: I thought the woman who did it Something like a holy action! What, I couldn't see that, for that I was too far away, but nothing like in the pastor, but different. " Busch looked interested and asked: "Maybe we can just go to the grave go there? " The cemetery employee waved: "Sure. Come with us." During the few steps to Lieutenant Colonel Fokke's grave told: "I was

It doesn't really matter, that at night. The two people have determined it well meant, even if it was somehow scary, in the middle of the night Bring a wreath. But that one wanted to steal it then did me annoyed. I got rid of him with the shovel, when he ran away. A grave deprive, I think that's very nasty! " Busch listens: "Someone wanted that Steal wreath? " - "Yes! The next evening. I just got to work," said Roll: "That's why I made a complaint! That's a young one Has shit with a real face face! Unfortunately I have Don't get him, otherwise the now sheer bruises would have! Well, and then has The criminal police brought the wreath away. Not the police at first, but then The crippled. I didn't find that right. You can't take anything away from a grave! " Busch pressed his hand: "You are right!" Also Lukowsky thanked with a handshake. Mr. Roll followed his job again. Busch looked at the grave. A shimmer of evening red broke through the Dusk. There was complete windless. So this place now beamed something From the peace that fell on his name. The oak leaf wreath was no longer available, but numerous others. Some The flowers already looked withered. Busch pulled out a small notebook and wrote down all the names that can be seen on the grinding of the wreaths were. Then he looked around and said: "Remarkable!" Since he did not speak, Lukowsky researched: "What?" - "The runes! Vice versa as usual!" Busch pointed to the tombstone: "Yr rune for birth: the settling out Another world - and man -rune for stars: climbing into the rich in gods! I know that from a book that Peter lent me once, it was called 'ilu Ischtar '. He had it from Ms. Xylander! "Busch looked around again in peace And then said: "Now we can go!" On the way to the parking lot Warted Busch to say goodbye to the far away cemetery servant, and he replied the wave. It was a nice evening for the autumnal season.

When she sat again in the car and Lukowsky started the engine, Busch asked: "How big is the conscious Hugo white? Lukowsky replied: "Some things smaller than me. I would appreciate, roughly inen meter-eight. " Busch nodded to himself and spoke as if he thought loudly According to: "Then the woman might have been around the one -thirty -like one - With high paragraphs - not seventy -foundation like Vera Jörgens. That has powerful

Tige, smooth hair, up to the hips, but hardly any longer. It is extremely Having with them, but she doesn't like uneven tips and therefore hits a little something every now and then. I know that. Your more enthusiastic Brother picks up snippets in a glass as a sanctuary. Vera Jörgens Doesn't fit into the picture that has just been described by the cemetery staff! On the other hand, Ms. Astrid Xylander: she has wavy hair, at least one meter long. And they are reddish! I haven't been to her for a while Meeting, but she certainly didn't cut her hair. She once mentioned in a conversation that because of her belief she shouldn't or only a few centimeters a year, but she also does that not. I no longer remember exactly, but it is probably a kind of religious Bid." He interrupted and looked at Lukowsky: "Maybe it sticks to it also Vera Jörgens! And Antonietua Alotti! - Can we know? " Then he said so: "What we are about to the next and decisive aspect leads: holy action! Astrid Xylander is something like a pagan magic priestess! And on the tombstone of the Lieutenant Colonel Fokke are old To see Germanic rune. Of course I know that these were also used in the SS, for example. But of course the whole thing is several millennia older. And then, as I said, the characters are apparently incorrectly arranged on Fokkes tombstone, YR-Runes at the birth And man-rune at the dying date. I noticed that. I know exactly that I know the thoughts behind this book, which I called - or maybe it was another of those that Astrid Xylander Peter was given has. I have all read them. Everything fits together. "Lukowsky agreed:" I think Astrid Xylander also explained that to me, however Without mentioning the runes: at birth the seed sinks from the sky the earth-hence yr rune; When dying, the spirit rises again to the kingdom of heaven-that is, man-rune. It is quite logical. "Busch was impressed: "Yes, so it was like it! The more it probably happens to me that it is in that night was not just about leaning, but maybe also - possibly even primarily - for a kind of death after an old -fashioned customs? Or a certain ritual? In another book, I once read that Peter Fischer belongs, people who die unprepared - For example through a shot in the back - sometimes not immediately understand, that they died. Then it will help you a lot if someone Fastest way to Walhall points. It was a remarkable book. Unfortunately

it has been omitted to me. Of course, the lady can simply simply have brought a wreath. But: it was Astrid Xylander! " Busch turned The head and asked: "How do you think about it now?" Lukowsky reached for the Cigarettes and put on one. He said, "I don't know. It could be." - "It is like that!" claimed Busch, "and this is a mystery that Peter Fischer can probably solve. He is very good with Ms. Xylander. - But you can be calmed down, Vera Jörgens was not the midnight cemetery visitor! She is not in the game here! In any case, not directly. " Busch typed the Lukowsky looking into the cloud landscape to the shoulder: "And" And Now to the general grave, please! "

They drove south with a view of the Rhine. It was almost completely dark became, no moon stood in the sky. But the night seemed to stay as mild as the evening was. There was still a weak violet shimmer Above the horizon, a very last greeting from the sun for this day.

They crossed the small town and approached the cemetery located at the end of the village. The silhouette of the baroque tower of the chapel was characterized Black off the dark gray clouds. Busch regretted: "It's a shame that it is already so dark. This would be the hour of the secret. But we have yes Nothing secret before. But please don't park the car in the parking lot At the cemetery. Put it opposite the alley. Better safe than sorry." Then he remembered: "I hope you have a flashlight?" Lukowsky said: "Im Glove compartment. If we are lucky, the battery is not empty. " Busch tried it.

At this time there was nobody in the small cemetery. Lukowsky Only remembered that General of Wohlnzach's tomb on the left side had to lie at the back of the high hedge that surrounded the cemetery. The Moon was hidden behind clouds, it had become dark quickly. bush Had the flashlight. He soon discovered the grave, although he had never been to this place. He pointed the light cone unerringly on the marble figure And looked at her with a strange sunken. Lukowsky asked: "What is?" Busch only replied after a full minute: "This figure ... she reminds me of someone." Lukowsky asked: "Please don't say now, to Vera Jörgens!" Busch shook her head: "No, no! I may tell you later or - why not, even if it sounds crazy: she reminds me of Elke, of Elke

This girl who stayed in Greenland at the time. I recently gave you told." Busch came close to the figure and touched the sun disk About their forehead with careful fingers. "Actually!" he said: "The magical sun! And even presented correctly: violet, not black! I never have thought that she could fascinate me like that. " He examined everything Care and commented: "The sign is not subsequently appropriate. Everything consists of one piece. Undoubtedly the work of a real artist. But not very old. I guess, at most ten years. Probably that is Plastic has been specially made for this grave. That would be round before was six and a half years. Could get there ... "He bent down to To take a closer look at the base. He suddenly did the Flashlight and whispered Lukowsky: "Cover!" At the same moment Gripped Busch's free hand to Lukowsky's trouser leg and pulled it behind that Grave monument. So they crouched side by side, certainly invisible to the two People who came closer to a wind lantern in the light. This lantern wore A woman while the man had a medium -sized package with him. The two at first could definitely describe the description of the midnight Correct couple in the other cemetery. Both were slim and looked elegant. The man was a little bigger than the woman. And this seemed one To wear ponytail hairstyle. The nightly couple came closer. The gravel of the Narrow path crunched quietly under her steps, which exactly on the grave of the General von Wohllnzach. Then the woman and the man were approaching. Lukowsky recognized them both: Hugo Weiß and Susanne Löw. Paper rustled. The man wrapped the package. The woman handed him the lantern and instead received that wooden figure, the Lukowsky Recently brought with you from the underground facility and Busch today Susanne Löw had handed over. While the woman took over the figure, it was on her to see a blondly blond hair tail, which is about to the waist was enough. So the man also liked visits to both nightly cemetery the same thing was, the woman was probably different this time. She stepped With the figure in the hands close to the general's grave and spoke with a calm, very gentle sound and yet strong, firm voice: "See, Grandfather, my husband held word! You sometimes have yourself about him Disused, I know that. Maybe he is really often in this world Was dreamer - but a very better, efficient and brave! Ferdinand is died like a hero, like one of the very best! You know it. And through him

Your greatest wish will now be fulfilled! Please take my husband in your arms when he comes to you over there! And give him a lot of kisses from me, say He was found again. And: I will bring in seven months Our child to the world! " Susanne Löw's voice had started to quake, tears running her eyes without sobbing. She handed the wooden figure again Hugo knows. Then she lifted her gaze to the clouds and called with brighter, Clear voice: "Nova Vita!" The two words flew on mighty swinging Through the night and far, far up. The slim woman looked up at the sky As a result, her gaze of the flight of this sound, over everything you can see to in Another world. In the middle of the windless her long hair began for a To blow a few moments. Then Susanne Löw took two steps back. Hugo White gently put an arm around her shoulders. It was a gesture like Among siblings. The woman took over the lantern from the man and turned to walk. Her companion paused for a moment. His gaze directed where Lukowsky and Buschs had their hiding place. Hugo white said in a calm and friendly voice: "Mr. Lukowsky! Forget everything! This is a request among people who at different points on the The same side! " Lukowsky straightened up. Blonde woman who was already going towards the cemetery exit seemed to Nothing to notice.

Lukowsky and Busch had still behaved quietly for a while; so long Susanne Löw and Hugo Weiß could no longer be seen and that quietly Sound a sound of a large - volume car and then removed. After another minute of silence, Busch came out: "Susanne Löw! But now I understand a lot! So Ferdinand Löw was so much behind These secrets! The two halves of the chain had lost each other And had to find themselves again! The figure from the system by.2 is a sign for the fact that it had succeeded. " Busch saw Lukowsky in the dark and did not say without emotion: "It was a proof of love for his wife! He died for that!" Only now bushes the flashlight back on and Again, looked at the marble figure. But after a few minutes He said: "I think we let this rest here!"

Minutes passed in silence. Only the engine of the Mustang was heard. After a quarter of an hour, only when they are again the motorway driveway approached, Busch started the conversation again: "I feel like I suddenly

Veil of the secret could see through, and everything is in a clear one Light." After a break he continued: "For us it remains: the woman Astrid Xylander was at the tomb of the Lieutenant Colonel. She is, as you are sure will know, born in Vienna. After the war, the citizens of the former Greater German Empire, between the Germans or the to choose Austrian citizenship. Some Austrians decided then for the German. I assume, as well as Ludwig Fokke. I am Sure, he is born in Vienna - and Astrid Xylander's father! Your husband is very died early. There were no children yet. Such a beautiful woman as Astrid Xylander could have every man. But she probably doesn't want that. But she is a woman. She wants to be a mother naturally. I dare Now the claim: she is pregnant! Certainly come for paternity Not many in question. Maybe Peter Fischer? Or you? - in six to eight Months will give Astrid Xylander a child! And she wanted that Say your father: Vita Nova! - The chain lives! " Busch alighted the view the side window of the car and was silent. Lukowsky also said nothing. His Thoughts followed what Fritz Busch had just carried out. For a while there was an almost devout silence in the autumn night Dare. A touch of grip touched them both. Busch finally said: "Yes! And Hugo knows, he should have the special task, the widow of the To assist the community if this is necessary. So Antonietta Alotti, whose Fiancee died a week before the wedding, Astrid Xylander, who Jung lost her husband - and now also Susanne Löw, the granddaughter of the general Gerhard von Wohlfz zach. " Busch nodded deliberately to the direction of travel: "Yes, like this It must be. And all of these are waiting for the triumph of the radiant goddess of the New golden age - and on the rebirth of the empire. " Busch saw Lukowsky and said: "But until then it's probably a bit of way. One I think that upcoming generation will have to complete this work. Therefore: Vita Nova! - strange: I always thought the material side of the Life is the most important because everything else seemed so intangible to me. But Now ... I start to understand the other that Peter Fischer always spoke of, yes ... "

Busch had not brought himself to Buderich from Lukowsky, but

Had got out at a taxi place. He said the old Ford Mustang Could be too noticeable that it was better not to go a track to that Probably the only one still safe. They agreed For the coming noon. Accompanied by Busch's warnings, Lukowsky drove to the Jürgensplatz at any time. A lot went through his head. He would have liked to speak to Vera and also with Astrid. The different thoughts piled up on top of each other, pushed themselves In each other, they are devoured to a knot, which is indispensable without help. So Suddenly he only felt the desire to sleep and everything else to leave the next day - and fate for God.

He found a reasonably cheap gap in which he could park his car, and entered the house. When he wanted to grab the light switch in the hallway, twitched Suddenly a painful flash and then it got completely dark.

A whole dozen excited bass violets boomed in his head when Lukowsky opened his eyes again. He noticed that he was sitting in a modern and sparsely furnished room on a chair and could neither arms still move legs. They seemed to be strapped with straps; such He has not yet fully perceived details. Hung on the wall opposite A particularly ugly abstract painting, and in front of it there was almost the same ugly thick man who with a frowned forehead and the expression of Trouble stared on the wide face. Valtine said: "My young employees are not to be used! You should bring the old fox bush, And what do you drag me instead? The young Wolf Lukowsky! " He rubbed the chin, thought. His expression brightened a little: "But good! At least I chop the Vera off one of her extended arms! She is anyway like a octopus! Everywhere she has her extended arms! Most are invisible and have no names. But everyone grabs me ...! " Valtine put his head wrong, looked at Lukowsky brooding and suddenly said very quietly: "But she's never there! You don't see her, you don't hear her ... but you Feel her anger! " He shook himself as if he had just had an ice - cold wind touched. Then he reached to the chin and said again: "This chair, on You sit on the floor is screwed on the floor! A special agreement! " Lukowsky thought about the unpleasant situation as best he was in this Moment could, and that wasn't particularly good. Valtine put his head on The other side is crooked and slowly said: "Vera Jörgens is invulnerable!

So you couldn't even bend a hair. I found that out. "Valtine pulled his head only after one and then On the other hand, he spoke sunk as in deep brooding: "However ... I think a shot with a silver ball directly into the heart, Maybe that would work. "He bent the cramped neck with that between the Shoulders pulled head to the other side and stretched it up jerky. Mark Valtine's organ sank to whisper: "But I don't know exactly, on It doesn't end. That's why I only want to meet her. A god protects them, a god!. I've been able to get that out in the meantime. Maybe it is Wotan who holds his hand over her, because the old ones Gods are still powerful. Or it is Jesus Christ, the adversary of the Prince of this world ... yes, maybe ... "Valtine's voice suddenly took one loud, shrill sounded: "But the new time and this Christ only win With the 14th chapter! The 13th chapter is still there, the 13th! The power of Beasts and the number! Only a few are already sublime about them, just like that Incredible Vera! Because the - that is her true secret - she comes from the Future! From the 14th chapter! That, that is her secret! But most, like that As you do, we are at the mercy, the gentlemen of the 13th chapter - you advanced to arm of the apocalypse! " Valtine straightened his head and hesitated for a moment. "My partner thinks you are a good catch! He is a stupid person, he wants Talk to them. Afterwards I get them again! It's quick. Sick shot! Proven many times. It's quick. I don't want to get around with them. " Lukowsky thought about returning something, but Valtine was already preparing to leave the room. Arm against Lukowsky from: "I will sleep a little better if you dead are! A little better! " Valtine left the door open.

Lukowsky now registered that he was buckled up on this specially made chair. He looked around the room. The facility looked as they come from the 1950s. He discovered them on a small table Things he had had with him. The revolver was also there. There were some roofs through the window and the night. Steps became audible, and A man entered the room that Lukowsky had met in Toulon. He was called Thanner. This was followed by a second one that Lukowsky already in France Had seen: Erik Bolds. These two stopped in front of him. Bolds gave

Way a hint with his head, whereupon it went out again. Bolds Wearing a light trousers, a brown sports cap and a subtle beige tie With light gray and white stripes. He looked as serious as a banker Quitting time. Bolds pushed an armchair covered with blue synthetic leather ugly abstract picture, sat down and said in a not quite accent -free one, otherwise However, perfect German: "You have two options, Mr. Lukowsky. The first is, for me they are of value and stay alive, the second, you show themselves stubborn and die that night. " Sometimes, earlier, During his mercenary period, Lukowsky had asked himself how he would behave if he fell into the hands of the enemy and into a similar one Situation was created like this. Although the fear of dying was clear, he planned to keep an attitude as well as possible. It wasn't very easy. Bolds tilted, plunged the elbows on their knees and said: "Maybe I even think it can help. That would be Then not to your damage. I can only give you the good advice to get to yourself make an effort." Lukowsky replied: "An old German saying is: 'Good Council is expensive. 'And since I am not a rich man, I probably can't afford her. " Bolds indicated an amused shake of the head: "Lord Lukowsky! Do you want to play the hero? That would be very stupid! They would Do not hold out - that is, most likely not, I admit, exactly You never know that. That would not be productive either. Leave it But first try together! We are not an enemy, but a partner in the North Atlantic alliance. " Lukowsky moved the tied hands a few centimeters, as well as possible, and asked: "Alliance in the sense of tie up?" Bolds got up without a word and strapped Lukowsky's wrists. Lukowsky said: "I am not anti - American. On the contrary. I Even an American car. Only the people who say that with them I don't like it. They always mix in wars that they nothing. I mean, everyone should have their own in their country Take care of matters. " Bolds said: "We had to defend democracy." Lukowsky replied: "They already have their upper ones long since killed and replaced against a bizarre ideology that may be 'Democratism' could be called. The old pioneers and founders of the United States would make a revolution. " The American silent for a moment, but did not go into it. He sat down again

on the blue plastic chair and explained: "It is my job to ensure that one of her compatriots still completed at the end of the war Secret weapon not to the Russians. That should also be in her Interest. " Lukowsky replied: "Maybe it's the hideous Abstract picture there on the wall? If you do that on the front, The Russians are sure to run away screaming and crawl behind that Ural." The American smiled that real humor seemed to be stuck in him: "There they would have to come to New York and see what it is there So give! And not just in pictures. In contrast, that's still harmless! " He became Ernst again: "Let's not do anything: We, the West, want this weapon have! Not only as a weapon, but also for space ride. I'm talking about the German circular aircraft or air circle, which - let's talk to simplicity Half of: U.F.O.S-The Germans described them as V-7, VR 7, H devices Or Vrils. And please! " Bolds turned the palms forward emphasisingly: "Please Do not say now that you have no idea! We all, the free one World, we have common goals! If there is a weapon that That is what Hitler called a miracle weapon - and I am convinced existed! - Then this must not be in the wrong hands! I tell you Very open: I'm afraid that this weapon against us - against all of us! - could be used. The U.F.O.S are not a mere invention! Sure, there is a lot of dizziness, different errors, imagination, optical deception. But the core of this alleged phenomenon is hard as Kruppstahl: they are The last fight reserves of the former Nazi Empire! " Bolds emphasized: "About Someone still has this, and we don't know exactly who! Perhaps Hidden SS units that have settled. Possibly still exists always a small basis of the Germans in the Antarctic, maybe too closer, namely in Greenland. But it could also be something else, something Even more dangerous. We know about the existence of a secret organization that arose against the end of the war. It is not a typical Nazi organization, and it is not exclusively German, although it ends from Germany, also probably also from the former fascist Italy. She is worn by people from a wide variety of nationality; German, Austrians, Italians, French, Dutch, Spaniards, Sweden, Norwegians, Russians, Irish, Swiss, Hungary, Croats, even British - all of Europe - and In addition, some Americans, who may even be special! It is impenetrable. Possible, even very likely that also of connections

to Latin America, Asia and the Orient. The so -called internal Circle should be very small. However, this could, special in Germany, also have unexpected contacts in Italy and Japan. Possibly The old axis never completely stopped passing. We are not in the picture of many details. You see, I'm very open. We don't even know Certainly whether this group does not connect to an alien great power! I assume in the aldebaran solar system. I assume, that it is so. Many consider me crazy about that - but I take that there." He showed a emphatic nod: "Yes ... I think it would be possible! Imagine what that would mean what on this Planet could come to! Help me to the bottom of this thing come when you are possible, Mr. Lukowsky! Like many Germans Scientists have helped us, the race in the world room against the To win Soviets. The war is before! We are friends now! " They sat close to each other. Lukowsky clearly felt that the American his words believed. Lukowsky said: "You assume the western one World that they call the 'free' without being so clear to me Freedom is talking about it is something very great. Are you like that secure? I mean, take a feeling of happiness out of pure over-sophisticated feeling of happiness Even schoolchildren drugs? - For example! And if you do this See bizarre picture there that hangs behind them on the wall and from which they say that it is still harmless compared to the like in New York - recognize They are not the reflection of the Friedelo-Sen, confusing the one in this is so -called western society? " Bolds saw him plenty of one For half a minute. Then he said: "Everything is imperfect!" Lukowsky looked into his eyes to the man sitting quietly. He said: "You see, and maybe the U.F.O. people think if they exist, that those responsible for such an imperfect world shouldn't get the miraculous, perfect technology into their hands? " The American showed a serious face: "So you stand against me?" - "Not Against her personally, "replied Lukowsky, "but against everyone overestimating systems that want to force themselves up to all earth and ultimately only spread mischief. " Bolds asked with thoughtful face: "Would you rather have extraterrestrial Nazis? Or communism?" - "No." replied Lukowsky, "that is not the choice either. Something would be necessary that is simply and honestly according to the nature of different people -

as it may have thought in her home country Thomas Jefferson. That was A clever man. But that was a long time ago. " The American made a serious one Face: "There are people in my country who would now applaud them. Traditionalists and racists who dream of a homogeneous society and long for the time before the civil war, the South would have won him. But these are the ideals of yesterday. " - "Or from Tomorrow! " replied Lukowsky. " Bolds took his forehead: "You don't understand what it is about! The world of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson is dead. Now there are different standards. " Lukowsky said: "I think I understand very well. And I don't like these other standards. You only need once with open eyes through them to go to the city of New York, which I know quite well, to all strain And false to see what can be bound in a single place. Take such a walk through the atrium of hell - and Don't miss Harlem! Then they will be much wiser afterwards. Provided, of course, that you survive this trip to the hard reality. " The two men looked into the eyes and they were each other foreign. Lukowsky said: "Incidentally: I don't have the knowledge that you have with me suspect, and - don't be angry with me - I believe in extraterrestrials too not. But if I knew anything about all of this, I would for me want to keep and hope to be strong enough to die upright. " Bolds Sitting motionless for a good minute. Then he rose and said: "It I'm sorry!" He turned and left the room. Bolds' steps away and others approached. He used the Seconds, bent and strapped the ankles. At the same moment, Since the outlines of two men appeared in the door frame, Lukowsky punched The small table to his revolver. Its run was now aimed at the Two on the door threshold. Neither had expected it to either Canners still the stupid guy he had Valtine's black Jaguar see driving and the sight of Lukowsky now immediately to the name 'Face face'. They remained rooted. Lukowsky Signed quietly: "Keep snout and go in!" They parried. The face face threatened: "There is no longer any getting out here!"- "This will be on the Stand tombstone! " said Lukowsky and gave a clear wink with that Revola course: "Turn over, hands on the wall, one step back!" He took The weapon in the left hand, took a long time and struck hard.

His fist had hit a temple twice. Thanner and that People's face layered like sandbags motionless on the ground. Lukowsky put everyone his things, pulled off the inside of the door and closed outside too. Now he stood in a stairwell, which is poorly illuminated by cold neon light. He expected the two in the room for at least ten minutes would be senseless. But someone could see before come what is going on. So there was a hurry. Showed a look down, this had to be the second floor. All doors were closed, nowhere is a sound listen. Lukowsky went cautiously with the faded blue linoleum Top stairs down. He got into the hallway without difficulty. No light burned there. Lukowsky reached the front door. She was closed And extremely stable. He went in the opposite direction and searched for a rear output. There was none. The narrow wooden door that he is for it Had held, led to the basement. There was a pale light from somewhere. Maybe there were basement windows through which the glow of street lamps fell. Lukowsky was not looking for a light switch, but went to the weak Hinted brightness after. Then he heard something, a quiet, scratching sound, Nearby. Maybe just rats. Or something else? Lukowsky listened. Without question, it had to be very close. He listened to the cellar doors. The noise was behind one of these doors. The key was. Lukowsky Pulled the revolver and opened with the other hand. Now the noise became louder. - Lukowsky put the revolver in the belt and ignited Custody wood. He felt touched by dark gray and at the same time Hot anger fulfilled. There were actually rats, in a dozen. they had also to eat something. Lukowsky missed the rodents and ignited two More matches at once. He almost had Ms. Brunner's body not recognized. In addition to an emergency generator, it was on cold concrete like a thrown away temporary cloth. Apparently she had too good Had memory for telephone numbers and called Valtine again to To warn, maybe also to threaten him. Your dying was certainly not easy been. She had probably sat tied up on the same, tied chair as he had earlier, and Valine had left his anger on her. Mister Bolds, however, that this keeper of western society was Certainly just in the toilet and therefore had nothing of all of this noted. Lukowsky turned away. There was nothing more to do here now. But

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Hopefully soon with a well -targeted shot. Now it wasn't that Hour, but this would come. Lukowsky closed the door Again and continued to the weak light. Finally he spotted two Low basement windows lying close to each other. One of them was Open and it was also possible to squeeze through it. Lukowsky was found In an inner courtyard again, and from here there was a door to a street had to lead. It was closed, but not an insurmountable obstacle. After a strong footstep, the door jumped up. Lukowsky entered the sidewalk on a deserted street and breathed cool, clear night air. He noticed the street name and the house number. Then he almost went one Half an hour until the local area occasionally signs of rental showed and managed to stop a lonely oncoming taxi. His car numbers showed that he was in Bonn.

At this time, no train took from Bonn to Düsseldorf. So there was no choice but an expensive taxi ride. Now the excited bass violins were noticeable in the head, the painful hum of the Had switched off the last hour. The cold anger Over the sight in the basement, deeper and deeper in Lukowsky ate. Nevertheless, he fell asleep during the trip, the ghost moved to another, in A peaceful world. It was again the dream of the green country in which Everything was quiet and beautiful and whose entrance may even be behind the mysterious goal of the system by.2 ... This dream was ended by the mercilessly spoken words of the taxi driver: "We would be there!"

This time Lukowsky entered the house with a good mindfulness. With the same Caution he went to his office. No question that the fun finally over now was at least temporarily one were uncertain. Lukowsky packed everything necessary and important in one Travel bag and two Kaisers coffee business bags and saw each other again around. He was now hung at this office. Neither a Mr. Valtine nor a Mister Bolds shouldn't be able to default it in the long run. It was high the time to ensure clear conditions and especially, the dragon Cut off the head. Lukowsky climbed into his car. He drove to the 'Kakadu'. Rooms were rented over this bar, and certainly between Night and tomorrow.

He had slept for a long time, almost up to half past twelve. A bright, friendly sun seemed due to the high, narrow window of the small room and shed the immediate memory of the bad sight in a Bonn basement.

Lukowsky washed himself and then chose the Buderich phone number. Busch It went on and said: "I have already tried to reach you!" - "I had an eventful night," replied Lukowsky, "I will tell you afterwards. Meet me in the city? What about the Café Bittner? In an hour? - Good!"

Lukowsky had a long breakfast in the café and waited for Busch. He appeared with a quarter of an hour delay, but he brought Fischer with him. "What was there?" Asked Fischer with the facial expression of a dark idea. Lukowsky told what was to be told. Then Busch said: "It was very reasonable from you, I had warned you yesterday. Lay in the air! Valtine is the key person and the driving force on the opposite. If we turn it off, the train is free. Without him, the others are turned up first!" Fischer made a thoughtful dish: "There Val-Tine now obviously interacts closely with Bolds and its institution, He thinks he has full backing for everything. Maybe he has them too. He now goes to the murder on how it only does an insane. I don't know if Bolds aims at it. I do not believe that. But he just looks to the side and thinks in remaining Jesuit: 'The End Justifies the Means' - 'The purpose sanctifies that Medium', like all ideologically bored. I agree with Fritz: Now we have to be ready with Mr. Valtine - finally! Otherwise none of us will survive them next week." Busch confidently said: "When the trap snaps, we are on top! With the help of the tiger." Fischer turned to Lukowsky and explained: "Fritz has an idea that basically appears as simple as it is practical. Lure the appendix and limousine into the system, and then an 8.8 grenade would be close from the gun of the tiger of this chapter. That could even work. But we shouldn't use the system in any way. This would not work either because I put the silver plate in a very safe place and it couldn't rest back so quickly. It something else has to happen." Busch tended to him: "And what, please? It is threaded now! It doesn't go back! I admit, That was self-made from me, but - it is the case. And I think

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It is still right! " Fischer's forehead formed worries: "Yes, me knows, "he said," and we have to go through it. Probably the development is Now simply ripe - one way or another. This is shown by the attack on our Aurora agency and also seriously last night. He could be dead. Us There is no choice. Now the time has come, you will be wiped out relentlessly Each of us, on the first opportunity, if we don't act quickly. And In my opinion, it also applies if we turn off Valtine, we have Back again, .because his state of knowledge above all of us is the actual threat - and his inhibition. However, Valtine is hardly passed on to Bolds. We have with the whole thing too used for a long time, have lost our lead. Now it is only strict forward. But at least that's how we can determine the battleground. " He put The fingertips against each other and smiled: "Although it is right for me Absurd occurs to open the Wild West! " His smile became weaker: "It is strange how to touch this stage Literally dissolve all laws of everyday life and also reason and begin to rule a different reality! I don't know if it is so far had to come. It was probably inevitable. " He sighed, controlled the seat of his tie with both hands and said: "Well! It must be be!" Lukowsky asked: "I see that correctly, we are planning 'play me that Song of death '? " Fischer let a quiet laugh hear: "Yes, you see that right! Three adult men want to play wild west! With sharp ammunition, "he again shook his head: "It's crazy!" Busch stated: "But necessary!" Fischer asked Lukowsky: "Give me a cigarette!" After the first He repeated trains: "It is crazy! But the Rubikon is exceeded! And Fritz is right. " Lukowsky said: "You have no idea how I am on this Western happy! " Busch clapped his hands and almost called loudly: "Me too! It will be an inner pretense for me! " To play a corner of the mouth A sad train: "I hope the last survivor in this fight will be one of us! "

In the early afternoon they drove to the outskirts with Lukowsky's Mustang, were looking for a quiet inn. Fischer was pondering on the narrow back seat. He began to talk suddenly, and it gave the impression that he was talking First and foremost to himself: "We say Valtine is insane. He is. Bolds is also known for a tick. He fears the attack

Ender Untertassen. This is certainly harmless compared to Valtine's bestial Madness. But don't have a door to madness in us for a long time pushed up behind which a monster lurks? - I don't remember it anymore! "

They chose a simple, nice inn to discuss all the details of the upcoming. The sun was still closed to the day, almost one Hinth of summer. They sat at a window table, unless there were only them few guests. The landlord brought coffee, lemonade and a plate more extended Bread that fishermen had ordered for all three.

Busch unpacked a writer. With Lukowskys and Fischer's help, a relatively accurate position sketch of the site around the old epidemic cemetery was created. They considered, improved several times until everything largely right. Then Busch began to develop his ideas: "I meet me this afternoon with Cornelius. He is almost the parliamentary. With Valtine I don't talk myself, or only by phone. I call to Knowing where he is - not already in Bavaria. In principle, everything has to run about Cornelius. That is a condition. We can to a certain extent. It is nice to him, so he appears important and expects both sides to reward. Valtine knows that nearby of the epidemic in the past after an underground complex has been searched for the Third Reich. Back then by Bolds and his people. We also know about this through Miss Karola. That makes the meeting point so credible. I will ask for the meeting to only valtine and I and at most one man accompanying me. Valtine drives Not a car himself, he therefore needs a driver. I ask for a quarter of a million in cash, but apparently Valtine gets the silver plate and additional plans. I prepared a dummy. He is almost eaten on it. Partly because of the platinum that he knows, sometimes certainly because of the from Bolds' to be expected. He is definitely expecting at least ten million to pull out of this matter. I'm quite sure He assumes that. It could also be roughly right. Then he would Finally build a fortress and halfway in front of Vera Jörgens in safety can feel. In this regard, he is undoubtedly a heavy paranoic, and that seems to be expanding constantly. I will be the day after tomorrow Suggest nineteen, but then put it forward at short notice. So In any case, we are in the scene earlier. The meeting point is at the Gothic

Chapel. Of course, both sides cheat. We will be three, Valtine Certainly bring a small army. But he only has wage servants who hardly It should be like to use your life for the boss too bold. If Valtine should actually come to the chapel alone, I would too to counter alone. Then it would be my fight alone! When the Lord falls the Geschär is donated. So maybe everything is very quick and relatively easy. If it turns out differently, there is just 'play the song from Death, then we have to be the better. I am optimistic. " Fisherman said: "If we only get to do with Mr. Valtine's baggage, I would see also good chances. Such rabble runs away when it gets serious. If Valtine inaugurates Bolds and military support through him gets, it gets very, very dangerous. " Busch shook his head: "Believe I don't. Valtine does not want to share the prey! " He looked at the Sketch and asked: "How far is it from the bridge to the chapel?" Lukowsky Gave answer: "About four hundred meters." - "Good!" said Busch, "then do it we everything. I open my operation base in the park hotel, rent there Conference room. " Fischer suggested: "I could get my P 38 right away, I prefer it than the little HSC, and drive ahead. I take it Opel Admiral and will be visibly parked at the chapel. The opponent will Then assume that Fritz Busch is there with this car. You, Fritz, meet on In the afternoon Cornelius. There will be a negotiating back and forth. The next Tomorrow will be your pre -laying of the time. That must be very credible. Rents a sports plane. Ernst knows his way around. Come like this fast it works. I make sure that a rental car is available for you in Augsburg. In this way we most likely have a good one Time advantage, although the enemy will surely break up as early as possible will, possibly even receive support from another side; Because unfortunately that cannot be completely excluded. There are numerous imponderables, which we have to accept. So we meet in the evening at the Chapel to prepare things in detail. We can only do everything else Place in the hands of the gods. " Lukowsky remembered: "I have a bag with the most important things from my office with me. Where could we now It is best to accommodate? " Fischer thought and then said: "With Astrid Xylander. I do that. I would like to go from her anyway say goodbye." Peter Fischer made an effort not to be noted, That he thought about it could be a farewell forever.

Z-plan

Everything went to him according to this plan. Fischer could be brought to the bank of the town hall And climbed into the blue Opel with Lukowsky's bag. There they said goodbye: "Goodbye to the Gothic chapel!"

The next few hours crawled. Busch bought itself in the weapon business In Breitestraße still reserve ammunition for its 8th. The weather remained pleasant. So they strolled through the streets. Busch said: "So hold Please ask you: If, contrary to expectations, Valtine alone Chapel comes, I do it alone with him. I know him the longest I have the oldest rights. " Lukowsky asked: "How practiced are You still with the pistol? " - "Not excessive," Busch replied, "but Valtine is so used to lackeys so much that he can hardly handle a weapon himself. I am still considerably better. He will do that too Knowledge and therefore not come alone. " Lukowsky asked: "How about shooting with Peter?" - "He's a good shooter," assured Busch, "he even trains regularly at the Sießstand. He has his P 38 from have a gunsmith refined. " Busch came back to the possible expiry of the upcoming events. Not alone, I immediately jump into the chapel. I'm by no means tired of life Now less than ever. This old Gothic or possibly also neo -Gothic Masons will be our advantage because we are there first and this festival Have cover for us. " He looked at Lukowsky and said: "That The only thing I am in the case of a pure two encounter with Mark Valtine Fear, I could remember not at the wrong moment that he doesn't has always been such a beast. Always a bastard, but not like Now, it only started fifteen years ago. He is always with have been dissatisfied. It has probably always stuck in it. " bush Laughed: "Everything comes as it comes! - a stupid saying." Then he said He wanted to rest a little, the haggling with Valtine could be exhausting. Lukowsky should get the plane and then wait for him in Mönchengladbach, because that is hardly better than that than that Airport of Düsseldorf, in which who liked it, observer posted could be. Busch gave him money if he should need it. A thick envelope Fully large notes.

The calm before the storm was of particularly pronounced silence. Lukowsky Had rented an airplane, a 'Sportsman' with which you can also use it if necessary

Darkness could fly. So he waited in the restaurant of the Aero club, drank Coffee and smoked some cigarette. The hours crept away. Busch finally came. He already waved a satisfied smile from afar the face, but in which features also mixed with unrest. Busch set Not even at the table, especially said: "We have to go right away! It is Everything went well, but we have to go right away! " Lukowsky waved the waitress and rose. Busch said: "Valtine really wanted to come tomorrow. I had to go into it. Of course he also wants the space advantage And now is already with its pistoliers on the highway. " They lost Not a minute, but immediately started towards Augsburg.

A rental car was ready at the airfield there. It was a VW 1500 in gray -green, almost camouflage color.

They drove off around half past eight. Lukowsky had visualized the way x times in their thoughts and well impressed the map drawn by Fischer. Busch held this plan for safety in his hand.

Soon the car drove between two rows of trees, always on the overgrown Run of a small stream. Nothing reminded of the highway, Nothing in a close city, there was a lonely piece of land in front of them. The weather Was dry and pleasant, the sun of autumn seemed deep in the sky. Lukowsky turned into the side street, which led over a wooden bridge and itself Then lost. The rotten Bohlen gave under the pressure of the wheels Rattling and rumbling noises. Then gravel crunch Under the tires. Sunlight reflexes scurried over the glass from time to time the windshield. All reality seemed to blur in this environment. It was the same impression that Lukowsky was the first time had received this place. Now, in the last sunlight of the day, he felt the bizarre beauty of this square even more. The old cemetery offered his picturesque picture. Occasional trees stretched their tops up. The life-size mother-God figure was a little crooked on her from Moss and ivy overgrewed base with the weathered fountain. She worked Nice, sad and, as it were, give fate. A holey hedge gave the View of broken tombstones and splintered crosses. Slowly rolled Gray -green cars further forward. Behind trees and shrubs rose Small church tower, slim and pointed. Lukowsky looked after the lonely

Madonna around - she patiently waited for a stone fountain for one better time. She didn't look up at the sky. At the last place of the weeds overgrown with a car, the light blue Opel Admiral was parked by the Bridge from good to recognize. Lukowsky steered to the left, about a hundred Meter further. There Fischer sat on the steps to the entrance. Now he rose, gave a proven hand signal and called: "The car There in the bush! Behind the chapel! " Lukowsky followed this wink and Control the car behind the small church in thick undergrowth. Of the Nobody could discover him access side. Fischer welcomed the two Approaches with. "Welcome to the setting of the latest court!" He smiled. They gave their hands. Busch said: "Everything is going, but we have to This means that Valtine will soon appear here. It existed At a meeting tomorrow morning. I finally gave in and said I drive through the night with the Opel. That was the only credible one. He will certainly want to be the first on site. How I assess him, he plans, To post his people here tonight, then in a hotel in To spend the night and come here tomorrow. " - "That means," said Fischer: "From now on we have to count on everything. I will now show you the Conditions. " He went forward into the interior of the chapel. Outside, a strange, squeaky sound had been audible. It stirred from a large slowly swinging iron candidate. Quite evenly and without a recognizable drive, he oscillated on a rusty Chain under the high -arched chapel cover. Breaked windows fell The light of the evening sun colored. The discontinued sandstone floor showed In some places wooden stub on which there have been benches want. In front of the back wall there was a bare altar made of smooth stone and behind it Hung a mottled wooden cross. A low archway led in the little ones Tower and under an empty bell chair. On the right side there was a deep wall of the wall that gave a view of the cemetery and the Madonna figure with hers Fountain released. The sun shone outside there. Their red -gold rays shimmered on the autumn leaves of the trees, the wildly growing Shrubs and also on the moss -covered stones. Gold -colored reflexes played on the glass chips of a lonely rusted lantern. Fischer climbed through the wall opening and said: "From here we can Enemy in the back. This is cheap, because we will surely be in the

Be outnumbered. " He looked at Lukowsky: "One at the front of the entrance, one here The wall column, and a third at the fountain with the mother-God figure. The leaves of the shrubs are already too poor to do good coverage were." He shook his head with a sad smile: "Isn't it Really crazy? But there is no other way! "

There were three of them in front of the Gothic chapel. Surprising could be here nobody gets here. Whoever wanted to visit this abandoned place, had to go over the wooden bridge, the unmistakable rattling sound of would give itself. In addition, the foliage of the shrubs caught the stream was already cleared in autumn, so that at least the headlights are more effective Vehicles had to be unmistakable. A slight wind opened up in the Tree tops rustled the largely dry leaves. Now and again Bleeded out leaves to the ground. Lukowsky looked at the sun that seemed between the branches of the trees. She was already very deep. And he thought: Winter is approaching - and the winter sun - vera ...

Time passed. The sun sank. Only more dark red embers flowed over the clouds of heaven like warm blood. The wind had laid again. It was very still. Just the quiet, monotonous squeak of the on its rusty chain under the Church corner swinging iron candlesticks urge through the entrance into the outside. Busch was wearing a small, flat package under his arm. The dummy of the Silver plate. He said, "When Valtine comes, you immediately go into your covers." Fischer announced: "Ernst on the wall tear; I behind the fountain. Fritz Then immediately into the chapel, position at the entrance. " Lukowsky beat before: "I should go forward to the fountain. My .44 revolver is most likely Suitable to stop a car in approach. " Fischer agreed: "That's right. So we exchange." The atmosphere was now sober, militarily, forgot the romance of the picturesque environment. The red of the sky had turned violet into dark. The evening came.

Motor noises were heard from afar, but not the rattling of the Wooden bridge. The noises became louder and quieter until they completely faded. The evening was there. But still threw a reflection coming from the horizon bright purple light shimmer on earth. It wasn't dark yet.

Several sharp gnalle barked from the other side of the

Batches through the drought branches of the shrubs. Busch fell. Lukowsky felt a deeply stinging pain in the body without knowing exactly where. He Covered, pulled the revolver and shot where the enemy muzzle fire could be seen. Fischer already fired an entire magazine in this Direction, with the success that the fire of over there for a moment Schwcher became. Fischer threw himself on the floor next to Busch and called: "Rapid fire rifles with riflescope! So Bolds people! - In the Chapel!" Then he dragged the heavy body of the wounded bush the entrance to the church. From the other side again whip von von Fire bumps from assault rifles. Lukowsky tried a clear goal to make out. It was not possible. Only outlines of two dark vehicles And multiple muzzle fires were recognizable. The other Bachufer lay Maybe fifty fifty meters away. Nevertheless, a shot just seemed To have had Lukowsky's revolver effect, because the quick fire of the The opponent became weaker again for a moment. But fisherman became met several times by a sheaf. He stumbled, but immediately got stuck back on. Lukowsky jumped. They managed to bush into the interior of the To wear chapel. From beyond the stream, floors came across floors Flew and hailed the old Gothic walls. Fischer said: "All back! We have to expect that you have rifle grenades! The stream is not far, they could use them. " It was in the nave Stock dark. Busch groaned softly, and this groan mixed with that Scrapping noise of the iron candlestick swinging under the ceiling. Busch's wound seemed difficult to be. Fischer said to Lukowsky: "She must not come across the bridge! Hold it up! At all costs! I Try to get the medical kit from the VW, connect Fritz and then drag into the car. I have that, I get you. Maybe escape Then we over the forest path! That's the only chance! " With that he stormed Also forward, even bleeding and pursued by violent fireplaces. Lukowsky hurried to him at least as far as possible fire protection give. Fischer fell, but jumped up again and reached the densities Shrubs. The quick fire from the other side of the stream raged without a plan. In the meantime it had become almost completely dark. Lukowsky climbed to the side Through the wall tear and hurried to the blue Opel. From there he had Just a fire line on the bridge. He changed ammunition, loaded .44 Special now .44 Magnum. It wasn't too late. Again again

Motor noises. And this time the wooden planks of the Bridge. A few car headlights became apparent there. Lukowsky visited the radiator grille behind which the engine block had to lie. The shot broke go; A .44 Magnum left the run of the revolver and shattered Metal. For a second, as a result of the strong mouth flash, light green lights danced in front of Lukowsky's eyes. But there was a big one on the bridge Dark cars lie like a hidden monster. A second behind it should also stop. The situation already saw that a little better. However, not good. The quick -fire rifles on the other side struggled continuously, although it is now less than initially. Lukowsky thought of Fischer. But it wasn't The time to think a lot. On the bridge, shadows got out of the there lying car. Lukowsky aimed and lap. The .44 Magnum hurled the hit from the bridge; A splash in the flat stream It was heard underneath. From the bridge it flashed several times, the sharp ones Bang of pistol shots could be heard, where the muzzle fire from Lukowsky's revolver must have been seen. Floors Skin in the sheet metal of the blue Opel behind which he took cover had. Lukowsky shot back, but it was not a precise goal. Then next to the wide car on the bridge, a strong flash of mouth winced - and the next moment an explosion tears the light blue Opel. A rifle grenade, as Fischer feared. Lukowsky threw himself Behind the burning car wreck on the floor. Now also hit in the Church a rifle grenade and then a second one. The chapel burned. Lukowsky, bush and fishermen hoped with a quick thought Be at the back of the tower or even in the Volkswagen. But it was No time for further considerations. He rolled on his back, invited him Revolver after. The highly blazing fire of the Opel and now also the church illuminated the battlefield. Two figures pushed on the bridge on the bridge Lying car. Lukowsky aimed and pressed. He felt the usual setback of his gun when the ball in a dazzling fireball left the run. For the fraction of a second, light green danced again Narrow in front of his eyes. Even soaked in the ears. Lukowsky counted the shot cartridges: 'One', then: 'Two'. A few seconds of silence. The black car lay on the bridge like a

endet monster. Nothing moved. Then a search light dazzled. Shots whipped up and blew holes into the stuck gravel path. Lukowsky felt a jerk on the hip area. He threw himself out of the Squat to the ground, rolled to the side. New shots put in the way. Sand and sand Gravel splinters stages. Suddenly rapid fire flashed from the bridge Lights. Lukowsky felt a violent jerk in the side and one Further pain - he did not know where - he jumped up, threw himself further ahead The middle of the path rolled into a furrow and counted: 'Three'. - a dark gray Silhouette at the bridge deformed in a bizarre way. - cross racket Warmen howling from the ground. Red and yellow shone behind Lukowsky Flames, eat the remains of the Opel crackling. And a little further right the fire had now also captured the church tower. Flame tongues licked between the broken Gothic architecture. Lukowsky crawled up the fountain too. He registered severe pain at different parts of the body, without paying attention to it. The scheme of a human form Had crossed the bridge and flated to the burning car. Lukowsky Intended from the wrist and counted: 'Four'! - The foreign shape pulled Together, rapid up again, jumping backwards and crashed abruptly Floor. From there briefly sounded a quiet whimper and mingled into that Press the flames and the hard blows of weapons. Again felt Lukowsky the particularly deeply stinging pain that he did not know about, where he moved from. - Then he counted: 'five', and again the setback of the Revolvers in his hand. - Now the fire only replied a single one Gun. 'Better a pyrrhous victory than a defeat, spoke something in his thoughts. - Lukowsky wanted to jump up, storm, but his legs didn't obey him. His head pushed hard against gravel and gravel. - a second Pistol shot out of the bridge again. Warm liquid ran over Lukowsky's face and flowed into his left eye. Colorful spots danced in front of him in the Night, bizarre structure without a solid form. - Lukowsky counted: 'Six'. But on The bridge does not silence the pistol with the light, biting bang. - Lukowsky rolled on his back: loading flap - Euskelen - Refoading - Tension - - - The severe pain that he simply did not know about, At which point of his body he felt it made it difficult to target the indistinctly recognizable opponent. Lukowsky lifted poor and hand, the Members seemed difficult for him like lead and he was glowingly hot. - With a

Male it got light, bright as bright evening red: the chapel was now in Full, highly blazing flames, and the surrounding shrubs also had ignites. Lukowsky shot on something movable that was at the bridge showed. The movable lap back. Lukowsky's hands became sticky, moist and warm. - The hideous firefight illuminated the place of the event And caught a human figure. Lukowsky's revolver screamed. On the other hand it grabbed a head, hurled it up like a ball. Again If the revolver hit Lukowsky's hand, pushed the strange head back. - Something crouched on the edge of the bridge. Lukowsky's hand led the revolver Now calm again, like on rails. The curved index finger typed the narrow trigger - the cropping on the bridge edge was far back thrown before it put it sagging. Now it was just forming A dark blob that moved a little again and then splashed from the bridge edge into the stream. Moments of silence again. Lukowsky invited the revolver. That made trouble, pain everywhere and Dark, warm blood. And that very deeply glowing pain that is not Leave places, took rampant. - Lukowsky lost reflection.

In addition to the crackling of the fire, no sound sounded; except the tangle The now lower burning flames did nothing when Lukowsky came back. A light rain had used, with isolated thicknesses Drops. Lukowsky tried to open both eyes. It went, albeit tedious. He recognized in front of himself, first blurry, then clearer, finally clear: A hand with a revolver - his hand. Bizarre lines covered hand And weapon dark red. - he closed his eyes. Nothing but the pattering and hissing of the flames could be heard. Little by little, their crackling also subsided. Lukowsky raised his head and looked up. Thick raindrops now fell from Heaven. Only small flameds led out of the car wreck, yellow, Orange and blue flaming. The flames hit even higher from the remains of the chapel. Lukowsky thought of Fischer and Busch. He tried to get up, based on the heavy revolver. Thick, dark drops crawled and ran along his arm over the back of the hand and the revolving course to the ground. There they gradually seeped away. Lukowsky noticed that he was in a large, sticky laugh. He pushed himself forward, tedious, bit by bit. As a result, there was again a clearly audible sound that night: Grinding his body over a sticky mixture of blood and rain

Water in gravel and gravel. - The senses left him again. It was him when Vera's voice: Vita Nova ... that was very nice. But then he woke him up an ugly, abrading sound from the soothing sleep. He forced himself to keep the eyes too opened and noticed that something black bumped into his revolver, so that he no longer held it in his hand, but not far away, in one Little puddle saw, splashed into the thick raindrops and small there Wave rings formed. Lukowsky raised his eyes. The clouds had the moon Released. But something round pushed in front of this moon - like with one Lunar eclipse. But there was no lunar eclipse that night. The round In front of the moon was a head that moved slowly, very slowly. And Then a quiet sound sounded, a crazy kick. It went in Mark Valtines Voice over, which said: "Tot! You are all dead!" The crazy sound again Giggle, and then again Valtine's voice: "There are a lot of deaths around, many! And there is fire everywhere ... and there is a lot of blood! " Valtine's voice became too a whisper, but very clearly audible: "Apocalyptic!" The Subordinate of flames sparkled on his eyeballs like error lights. Valtine repeated the word even quieter: "Apocalyptic!" Suddenly he shouted out loud beyond: "It is not there yet, the 14th chapter! No bell has Jesus Christ Called up! It is the 13th chapter! The time of the Antichrist! The rule of the Number!" A quick tremor shook the black silhouette in front of the moon. Valtine was silent. Then the giggle sounded again, it became a quiet one Lachen, and Valtine's massive outlines slowly moved closer. Lukowsky took strong engine noises with one ear and the rattling of Bohlen true. Apparently another car pushed the first one over the Bridge. But Lukowsky's thoughts blushed now and was completely directed On the enemy who stood there and looked at him in a giggling way from above. In Valtine held a large black pistol of the right hand. He raised the gun hesitated and aimed at the stone state of Mary in the dried out Spring. His giggle passed into a crows: "There!" he emerged: "It says she! A women's image with long dignified hair, like Vera Jörgens! Only this one, he wants to be the Mother of God and worship himself let! Look at you! I think it's the vera now! " Valtine pressed. The shot crashed. But the ball bounced off the solid stone and whizzed Whistling through the air without having damaged the female figure. Valtine saw

She confuses while he was the mouth of his pistol against Lukowsky's head directed. The blood that ran out of some head wound threatened his eyes to glue. But he saw. His body, who seemed rigid, nevertheless rose by a few centimeters. And the bleeding right hand that hardly made moving, it was still quick and seized the one lying in the puddle Revolver, lifted him, and the left hand edge roamed over the rooster. The Shoot broke off. Valtine fell back to the ground. - the moon was not more darkened. Lukowsky gathered all his strength and succeeded: He stood! His thumb calmly tightened the rooster. The soft crack of the soft Castle gang suddenly sounded very loudly. A second shot smashed the Dragon's skull. Lukowsky took a look at the Steinerne Mother of God, which stood sadly in the last fire. He called loudly: "The Dragon is dead! " - and it was as if this reputation of his voice had to be far over The horizon sounds out of the Nordic winter sun. -

The damaged black car had now set in motion on the bridge, pushed away by another with a cropping engine, behind which another approach. Lukowsky looked at the chapel. He Thought of Fischer and Busch. His hand still held the revolver, but the Thumbs no longer wanted to lift the tap. Informal Shadows threatened to lower his eyes. But it was a good fight been. And the dragon was defeated! The dragon was defeated! - Dulcinea! - Vera! - Lukowsky stood upright, but he felt that he would not be able to last long. Astrid's saying came to his mind: 'There is no death!' Almost as if he hears this sentence in this moment His ear whispered. The rain strengthened and was suddenly too a violent cloudburst. From somewhere the dull rumbling became one Donersonal. Then a single cloud hovered deep and Seated a blissful light flash against the enemy vehicles at the Bridge that instantly devoured her. Lukowsky still stood - against all nature. The rain poured into him. The he somehow noticed. He would have liked to put himself, but no member could be move. Then suddenly he had the feeling that he was lying on the ground and rest From the same time, but at the same time he looked up and the moon, which clearly, freely, freely and beautifully beamed between the pulling clouds.

Everything seemed very strange to him. - But the dragon was defeated! - Lukowsky lost consciousness.

It was very nice in that strange green country, over the horizon of which Orange -red light shimmered up. There was no pain there, none Kief and no sadness in a very strange way. Everything had His path it went, and that was really the case. Lukowsky wandered through This strange country, initially all alone. Riders met twice And once a whole swarm of giant birds crossed his way. The It seemed very strange to him. He went on an avenue overgrown by grass Between high slim trees that reminded of poplars. On this avenue But then people came towards him. And he knew them all. Was there Beat! His father and mother were also there and the grandparents. But she were all young! And they waved to him. But then the green country was suddenly gone and he saw something Much nicer: Vera! She looked at him, leaned over him so that her long brown hair spread around him and he felt the tender kiss her soft lips on his. It was beautiful. But then Vera was gone again and he saw a clear starry sky through A large window. This was not the green country. He was in a bed and he was also felt pain at various parts of the body. However, these were Not too bad. Soon he believed, Vera would come back. But this woman with Antonietta was the long dark hair. She sat on the edge of the bed and said something he couldn't understand. Hugo white also came. This smiled in a good mood and kept emperor Nero's sign with her thumb above. After that, Lukowsky wandered through the green country again. When he came back from there, he no longer remembered what there was. Peter Fischer looked at him and that was probably back in the strange hospital, because Peter Fischer was on a kind of rollable bed. But he seemed to be well tuned. Lukowsky wanted to ask what was with Busch, but Apparently he couldn't speak. Or could Peter just not hear him? But no, it had to be because of him, apparently he was neither able to speak nor listen. That seemed very strange to him.

So he hiked through the green country again. After his return from there, he saw Fritz Busch sitting in a wheelchair, but obvious Very good in a good mood. Busch spoke, just Lukowsky couldn't hear anything again. Antonietta also came again. She carried her glasses and hair to one Tied ponytail. Antonietta touched his hand with her fingertips. He felt that. Maybe she felt after his pulse? She made a serious face. But Lukowsky moved through the green country again. As he this time Came back was a young woman with him whom he didn't know. She also wore a long ponytail, but a flax blonde. She gave him to eat And Lukowsky noticed that he ate and drank. But he was in a bed Or maybe also on a chaiselongue. This blonde girl came Even more often. It also spoke to him and he heard something, he just didn't know what. Even an older gentleman in a dark blue suit came to visit him, but He had never seen it before and he didn't understand his words either. So he went into the green country again, and this time it led him a lot Far inside, to a beautiful circular space, from which many paths went out that led to different high arches. Lukowsky considered, which of these paths he should choose. He all liked the door arches very well But especially one who was decorated with ornaments, similar to that Decorations on old Viking ships, and behind which a mild indigo -colored light shone. He decided on the way through this gate, from which he felt more and more attracted. But suddenly a reddish -gold shimmering curtain between him and the gate, soon sank it completely and gave himself gently and softly over his eyes. Then Lukowsky noticed a narrow woman's hand who pushed back this miraculous veil, And Astrid Xylander's brown eyes looked at him, from very close. The wavy Red gold sank again, but Astrid's face remained. Your gaze was Very strict, and her lips formed two words; He heard her: "Come over!" - But then he fell asleep for a while. He had the feeling that he was completely protected under this beautiful soft veil. He forgot the tempting archway and no longer longed for the strange green country.

The previous hike there had to have taken a long time without it having a had had a precise memory because when he returned, he was in one completely different environment than before. It was a medium -sized, bright cozy

Rooms with floral wallpaper and gathered curtains in front of the windows. And Astrid Xylander was sitting on his bed. She was wearing an ivory-colored morning skirt and her open hair on one side with a tortoiseshort stuck out of the crown. It was very nice. And Lukowsky also heard hers Agree. She said with a cheerful smile: "The beautiful days of Aranjuez are now over, my friend - you are cured! " Lukowsky directed Watch up in bed and looked at the woman. It was as if he was out of a long, dreamy sleep awakened. After a few moments he asked: "Astrid! What about fishermen and bush?" She smiled, showed one Small gesture with both hands and said lightly: "Well, you were all just being died a little. But it's okay again! The three musketeers will soon be happy again! " Lukowsky looked at the woman unsafe: "Tell me what's going on, Astrid, please! I have a feeling - it is very strange. What was? " She moved closer to him and raised her hair up so as not to sit on them. For the first time, Lukowsky noticed that she was really like that Was long, and that reminded him of 'Vita Nova'. Astrid spoke like a patient mother: "Everything is very simple! I have already told you that our eternal self is inseparable from our inviolable astral bodies, isn't it? Good! Anyone who knows a certain extent can be one Repair a lot - let's call it this way - from the inside out, so to speak. " She emphasized: "It is really not difficult to understand! Peter Fischer And Fritz Busch were relatively easy to restore, because their wounds were not so numerous. After all, already bad! With you Would it have become a little more time-consuming if you didn't do the light so well would have received. But you had yes! In you " - she counted it their fingers - "eight balls, medically, at least four of them Fatally, there were also six shots and some forgives that I am in unmentioned to be unmentioned. There was a lot to do and I have to Tell you, once I was afraid for you. You were almost too far into the green country. " Lukowsky grabbed her hair with one hand, The red-gold veil, which had taken his view of his way without repentance, and said: "That was when you bowed very close to me?" She nodded: "But now everything is fine!" Lukowsky looked around: "I am now in your house? " Astrid nodded: "You guess that!" He asked: "How long did I have been unconscious?" The woman thought for a moment

after and then replied: "Oh, maybe five to six weeks. However, You were by no means always without reflection, you even eaten. It was just that your inner and outer body had to be separated from each other temporarily so that the interior in those places additional Forces could be brought to which the exterior was badly damaged. So the interior, the indispensable astral body, was enabled The damage to the outer gray fabric lye, so to speak, 'art plugs'. " She Laughed, and it sounded like silver bell: "It was probably a strange comparison? But not so wrong!" It showed indifference that was indifferent Gesture with her beautiful hands: "But let's don't talk about it anymore!" It stood from the edge of the bed, clapped into the hands and said: "On, open! Tighten to! The bathroom is the door right on the left. I'm waiting in the living room below! You're so far now! " She gave him another kiss on the tip of the nose and left him him alone. Lukowsky took a look out of the window. The linden tree, the one before Your branches spread, seemed almost wintry. He got up - and it went. In He found his wardrobe with artistic carvings Things. Even his old pilot jacket, which had been given numerous patches by patient hands. Nothing else was missing, everything was there, what He belonged neatly on a shelf: wallet, key and the revolver - scraped, but cleaned and oiled. There was also a small stack of post There that someone had to get regularly from the Jürgensplatz. In addition to this Small and large letters, separately, was a flat square package on it without a stamp. It wore Vera's handwriting! The It was said that it had been handed over personally. Probably to Antonietta and From this to Astrid. And that in turn meant: Vera had actually been to his bed; He hadn't just imagined it! A warm wave Ernst Lukowsky flowed through. He went to the window and opened with light trembling fingers the strong white paper. A flat wooden box with carefully painted Germanic ornaments came to light, and a poetry album with red -brown leather cover. Lukowsky opened it. Inside, like a title, stood with Umbrabraun ink: 'Don Quijote and Dulcinea'. The small book was fully written from the first to the last page. Everything In verse form, a single, long poem that extends over many pages. On the The last sheet was the word: 'Thank you', surrounded by a large chestnut brown curl, which was sewn with silver threads. Lukowsky closed the leather

Barded book and held it between the hands for a few moments. He spoke in a half - veneration to himself: "Thank you!" - he would rest this long poem in peace Read and think of nothing else and see Vera's picture in front of him.

He got ready and then went down the winding wooden staircase. In the He knew the ground floor. The housewife awaited him in the company of the Black and white cat purring on the windowsill with coffee and cake.

Everything was exactly as if nothing could happen at all. They sat together on the sofa, and Astrid said that Fritz Busch was now in his house near Salzburg, where he with a French friend who is entirely Having to calm near to rest from early to late chess games. Busch be still on the way to complete recovery, but it will not be take more long. Peter Fischer still had a little trouble walking But in a few weeks he will be the old again; also prevented it doesn't work in a lot anyway. He now has Aurora GmbH gets going again, but is in Munich, where he is a Economic advisor to do how he used to be successful had done. It should be mentioned as particularly gratifying: he is now engaged, his Bride hot karola. Fischer comes to Düsseldorf every fourteen days, To look after his local company 'Aurora', he also had this otherwise some before. As for Lukowsky's office and residential area, there was in the meantime regularly a nice and thorough cleaning lady for Order provided and seen after the post. "Well," Astrid Xylander closed Her little report, "that would be about things in retrospect. Let us prefer to look ahead! " Lukowsky asked: "Tell me Please how we got out of the situation that appeared so hopelessly! You have to know at least a lot about it. " Astrid tended to head: "You Just got help! A happy coincidence of the kind gods! The you Yes, not unknown Hugo knows - I have now met him how By the way, also Antonietta Alotti - passed. He is probably a more battle young gentleman. " The woman showed a graceful hand movement and added: "Well, and Antonietta also has a shooting rifle and is therefore possible around. " Lukowsky doubted: "Hugo Weiß and Antonietta Alotti should have finished a whole militarily equipped squad? " Astrid Smiled him: "It must have been like that! Well, maybe they had one

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Particularly effective thunderbell? " She leaned her shoulder to his and said: "Let's rest now! It is over and well over! You Have to prepare for something new. " Lukowsky asked a little amazed: "And what?" Astrid turned his head and looked at him: "Antonietta wants Speak to you. On Sunday in Vienna. That is the day after tomorrow. " He researched: "What Will Antonietta Alotti want me? " - "There is still something to do," replied Astrid, "What is urgent. You should fly somewhere as much as I know. Not very far, it only takes a day. Actually, you would have to Collect forces for a few more weeks, but you will already create!" Lukowsky noticed the woman next to her. put an arm around her shoulders and pulled her tightly: "Tell me what Get going, Astrid! Please!" - "It is nothing special," she replied, "only - you have to be careful. Quite as strong as before the fight with the You are not again kite. And I won't be there for a while to To maintain yourself if necessary. " She let her head sink on his shoulder: "Yes, we Will not see us for a while. So for a year. I'll travel. " She Smiled, and it was a satisfied smile, filled with silent happiness. Astrid promised: "But then we see each other again - maybe!" Lukowsky asked: "Where do you want to go, Astrid?" - "to Vienna," she replied and pointed to her Cat: "Mitzi also travels! So I'm not far. And you will be able to reach me." She looked at him with a long look: "I'm looking forward to that Coming time! And also that we see each other again later! "

They were still sitting together, cozy and carefree. Astrid spoke about her Childhood, many of them that she had never lost a word about. Everything unusual, strange, strange, the events around that Project Z-Plan and everything related to it, including the Green Lands, had no place in this room for a little while, in which Astrid Xylander and Ernst Lukowsky sat on a comfortable sofa and sat together and chatted, accompanied by the cozy purr of the black and white cat.

In the early evening he had a taxi to Jürgensplatz. There stood the Mustang. Lukowsky got in and tried whether the car jumped would. After the long time of the beach, he didn't want to. Lukowsky left it for the time being There and went to the office first. Nothing was changed, at most everything a little cleaner than usual. Nevertheless, he could not defend himself to feel like

he was not here for a very long time and therefore I don't know himself so right. Everything was the same as it used to be, and now appeared differently. He found no answer to the question of what that was like. Lukowsky took the phone and chose Wellmeyer's number. He had long since paid the Mustang, even though the dealer hadn't warned him because of it. Wellmeyer immediately agreed to come over to get the car going again. It didn't take any Wellmeyer was there twenty minutes. With the help of a fresh battery and Petrol drizzle on the carburetor, the good old Mustang jumped on. Lukowsky thanked him and went for a walk. The sun was shining. It Was a cool sun in autumn - not the winter sun yet.

Then he sat at his desk and read the extensive handwritten text in the leather -bound book by Vera. The words and rhymes were Beautiful, a language that could sometimes remember Goethe's 'Faust'. But a lot remained puzzling. Vera certainly wanted to say something with this minutes, something very specific. In the rhymes there were some things what Lukowsky knew, names from the Edda and also the term 'the green country'. But most of it in Vera's miraculous poem failed to materialize in dense fog artistic language wrapped. And he suspected that these verses rose a lot that they had a deep, far -reaching meaning that wanted to be understood. It was necessary, vera's copy verse for verse, sentence for sentence and word for word to read in perfect calm and with a lot of care and then, he hoped, to understand everything. Lukowsky looked at the one on the last page of the book sewn -on red -brown curl. It was thick and a good fifteen centimeters long. It Vera Woe had to have done her to cut off, and he would rather have it she hadn't done it, although the loss of her filling hair could hardly be noticed.

In the evening Lukowsky was back at Astrid. They had eaten together and Now sat on the sofa on coffee again. Astrid wore a cream -colored Dress and hair bound to the ponytail. Lukowsky again fell on the fact that she could actually sit down on the end of this tail, and Again he thought of 'Vita Nova'. Astrid really expected a child? Maybe even from him? So she wanted to travel for around a year to this To give birth to a child in the undisturbed calm of another environment?

The woman noticed his brooding and puzzled. She asked, "How do you think about?" He did not answer completely dishonest: "That you have a very beautiful long Having hair! " She pulled the hair tail forward, looked at him and smiled: "They didn't necessarily need to be for quite that long, they are already already One meter. Three magical cubits, so eighty centimeters, would completely enough. This is an ideal measure, no more has to be. Also seventy Centimeters still looked quite good, and sixty are sufficient for the astralate, even at fifty it is still reasonably possible. However for work With the forces too little - and shorter would be badly harmful! " She smiled: "That Just go to us women! " Lukowsky said: "The way you are, it's fantastic Nice, Astrid. Stay exactly the same! " The woman gave him a slight kiss on the Mouth: "Thank you! I like myself best!" Then stood They suddenly opened up a dazzling shell box from the showcase and sat down next to Lukowsky. Your slim fingers with the orange -red Nails opened the box. Astrid kept Lukowsky. In it was on Snow -white cotton wool and a folded piece of paper Domenico Alotti's strange legacy. The woman deliberately said: "Before I forget this: The two -time key belongs to you and Antonietta Alotti together! You because her father gave you - because he did that! - and you because you Inherited her father - not just for itself! " Astrid closed the Lid of the shell box again and put it on the words Table: "Antonietta knows that you have the double key, that I have it to you Give you back. Like me, she believes that this very special Part of you also belongs to you - and she also believes that you are the right man to apply it when time comes. A third person Peter Fischer is said to be in the group for this secret. I have that Antonietta already dealt with. He deserves it, especially - this is that Key to his biggest dream! " Lukowsky did not have to think about it: "The flying saucer? This one that can disappear between the dimensions?" Astrid nodded and improved at the same time: "Not between The dimensions, rather: between the worldness! - on this side and beyond! " She smiled and indicated a shake of the head: "From now on it is Antonietta's The matter to tell you all of this. It is, so to speak, Office and I am convinced, it fulfills it very well! You still get from me A guide or, you already have it in the form of a togetherness

folded sheet of paper on the bottom of the cast. - By the way: this I took a shell castle as a child many years ago on a holiday stay get the Baltic Sea. So it's a souvenir! Maybe look You also do it a little with such eyes. " Lukowsky's fingers carefully touched the wooden box with many different -shaped mussels. He took The woman in his arms and she let herself be held. A feeling that was floating from afar caunted him that there was no one between Astrid and Vera There was contradiction because one of these two women did not belong to this world. And now he suspected that the long poem in the reddish brown Poetry album acted.

On the way to Vienna, Lukowsky had Fritz Busch in Grödig near Salzburg visited. It was also an agreed meeting point with Peter Fischer. The Reunion of the 'three musketeers', as Astrid Xylander called it, was A warm, yes, a happy reunion. They lay in the arms and celebrated their wonderful survival and the no less miraculous victory. Busch's house had a small well -kept garden with a terrace on which To sit it was already too cool. However, there was also a winter garden, through the glass front wall of which the nearby Untersberg is highly sailing could be seen. Busch, the Holy Berg Wotan, explained knowingly, around the summit of which the wise ravens circle Hugin and Munin, until the end of the time and Wotan with his daring army from the mountains storms out to beat the decisive battle for the new eon ... Claude Hérniaire also appeared later in the evening. He lived in the same Street. So they all sat together like the veterans of a long past War whose bad pages are forgotten. But her fight was still not passed on to his end; At least not for Lukowsky and Fischer.

The next morning, after an extensive breakfast with friends Together in the winter garden of Busch's house, Lukowsky continued towards Vienna. Antonietta Alotti wished to speak to him alone And only to meet fishermen in the middle of the next week. She seemed to be a person of respect, her wishes apparently came up with orders.

In the late morning, Lukowsky steered the Mustang over the west entrance and through the Wiental in Astrid Xylanders beautiful hometown, in which now Obviously Antonietta Alotti resided - possibly - probably - as Head or at least a leading link between the mysterious magical Chain. Before the city center started, Lukowsky took one of the first branches to the right, which culminated in Auhofstrasse. Found on the corner the 'Café Schwarz', the agreed meeting point. Lukowsky was plentiful Half an hour early. He ordered one around the other cup of coffee and waited.

Just as the incorruptible sundial, at half past two, Time, a pretty flax blonde young lady entered the café. Lukowsky recalled that she had seen her in various ways - when he was between the Green country and this world was hiking back and forth. She wore an elegant light blue costume and matching gloves. Your hair was open And were only tamed on the back of the head by a light blue clasp. They may have been exactly eighty centimeters long. Lukowsky had to Think Astrid's explanations. Maybe the ladies of this circle held Consciously on the magical ideal measure of eighty centimeters. The boy Lady recognized Lukowsky immediately and came to me: "Gree God! How beautiful, that they are healthy and visit us! My name is Hilla Seidel! " She spoke in the particularly pleasant -sounding Viennese, which had been called 'Schönbrunner German' in earlier times. Lukowsky replied: "Hello, Miss Seidel! Even afterwards, thank you very much for your help as Nurse! I remember them very well. " They gave each other Hands. The young woman said: "We are all happy that they are well! Is it You right if we leave right away? " She gave the waitress a sign And wanted to pay the colliery, but Lukowsky himself took over. In the meantime, he asked himself who Miss Seidel might have meant 'We all'.

The young lady chauffeured Lukowsky with a dark blue Mercedes in the Downtown; Via Schönbrunner Straße, along the Wienzeile and soon directly To the opera. There she turned left and drove to the beginning of the castle, once again steered on the left and into the side lane of the opera ring. After She braked a few hundred meters and operated one on the sun visor Attached signal provider. A large old wooden gate with beautiful decorations open

nete electrically. Miss Seidel headed the car into the yard, stopped and said: "Please, Mr. Lukowsky, if you may have done it before want? Parking the large car here in the courtyard is always a plague! It Will not go that quickly. - on the first floor, door numero nine! " She nodded to him with a warm smile: "Goodbye!" Lukowsky got out. The maneuver that the Miss Hilla had in front of it really didn't see after a pleasure, because two other cars were already in that tight courtyard; a rounded BMW V8, old but well -groomed, and a silver gray Porsche 911 with Starnberger Auton number - Antonietta Alottis car. miss Hilla would not be easy to park with the wide Mercedes between the other two vehicles without causing bumps. Lukowsky got out and passed the curved marble staircase past a beautiful old -fashioned elevator. There were pigeon blue runners on the steps, fastened with flashing brass rods. Also the brass lights on the Walls shone as if they were cleaned continuously. After the first stairs, 'Mezzanium' came, at the end of the second a high oak door with The brassletter 9 on it. Lukowsky pressed it out of a flashing Brass existing bell button. A serious man around fifty opened in the gray two eggs and with a silver -gray tie and said: "Good ones Day! You are, can I accept, Mr. Lukowsky? Miss Alotti expected She!" The man in the gray suit led Lukowsky into a huge anteroom with a ceiling at least four meters high, which, like the walls, one true artwork. Obviously valuable images hung on the walls that might come from the time of Maria-Theresias. The friendly gentleman in the gray suit recommended and disappeared through one behind Several meter high ornamental plants almost invisible archway. Half of the high two -winged door opened on the opposite side. Antonietta stepped towards Lukowsky. She wore an anthracite -colored shimmering Dress with silver embroidery and a horn comb in the silver in the silver Open, side -shaped hair. She offered a very nice sight. Her Smile was warm when she shook his hand and said: "I am happy very much to see them! Salvation and fresh! Come in, Mr. Lukowsky! We have a lot to talk. " Lukowsky replied: "I'm also happy to see!" When she turned, Lukowsky fell in memory of Astrid's words on the fact that Antonietta's hair may be the magical ideal measure of eighty

meters. Maybe not quite. That was not so easy treasure. In any case, they looked even at the bottom as if the tips were being regularly cut a little. And then he wondered if Antonietta It may have been noticed that he was wearing the seal ring that a gift from her was. Women had a very good look for such a good look, certainly a better than his sense of proportion for the length of their hair. Miss Alotti's office was like a palace, big enough to play football in it to be able to. The compensation area of a imperial minister could hardly have looked more magnificent. Far back in a corner in front of high windows diagonally a delicate baroque desk. Prince Eugen, the noble knight, showed a huge painting on the front of the hall -like space Horses, in the background there are violent battle frame. On the opposite side there was a spacious seating set made of light pig leather. Two monumental crystal worms were emblazoned under the ceiling. On the table were ready cups and pots with coffee and tea, plus mineral water and Silver bowl full of pastries and confectionery. There were also an ashtray and two silver cans with different types of cigarette as well as a Table lighter. A little writer was a writer with a leather pad. She sat down and the woman gave in coffee. She noticed: "It's really Wonderful to call how well they are very much from theirs in a few weeks have recovered bad wounds, Mr. Lukowsky! " He replied: "It also seems to me to be wonderful. Don't have you and her Freundeskreis contributed significantly? Already on site on the battlefield to put it this way? " Antonietta Alotti weighed with a fine Smile the head: "Maybe a little bit!" It was noticeable to the woman that she did not want to speak about this point. Lukowsky Looked around and asked: "But let me be curious in other ways: you have started your own business?" Antonietta showed A waling gesture: "To a certain extent, yes. However, in the background is My old company. I think it will go very well. " Now she asked: "And how Is it with you? Would you like to stay with flying? " - " If possible, " Lukowsky replied, "I have to record my old connections again." - "We will see," smiled the woman, "possible, that I can be useful to them. "Then she asked:" Has Astrid to you No said when she comes to Vienna? " - " She didn't tell me anything precise, "

Derte Lukowsky, "only that it would be soon." Antonietta said: "It's nice! I'm really looking forward to your visit. She is next to an old gentleman Here in Vienna, the smartest and educated person I know! "Then sighed The woman in the armchair opposite with a little smile: "Just throws me Too often I cut my tips of hair. It is literally strict. " Antonietta Alotti looked Lukowsky in the eye for a moment and changed Then the topic: "I asked her to me, Mr. Lukowsky, because there is a flight too Company applies - not an ordinary one. I want your opinion to do this hear. They were in the active facility in Bavaria. I assume that you are yours A tidy two-engine flight, a Junkers Ju 88. " Lukowsky nodded: "Of course. I would have loved to take a closer look, but that The time was missing. There was almost no light back there. " -" The machine is in a very good condition in accordance with the circumstances, "assured The woman, "Set this once. I think you could do this Ju 88 fly? -Handbooks and so on are available.! "Lukowsky was a little amazed, but he said:" Basically, yes. Why not. " -" good, "said Antonietta, and further asked:" Can you imagine Start from the current location of the machine? About the long Straight, the flat ramp up and through the fully opened gate out? As far as I know, this has never been done before, but it was calculated exactly. The one -engine hunters were effortless in early 1945 Started directly and landed back into the system. These are But of course there were much smaller aircraft. Trust with the Ju 88 to? Just out, not back in. "Lukowsky replied again:" Basically, yes. "The woman nodded satisfied. She noticed:" In order to advance any objections: The mature of the chassis are inflated and the Slices of the pilot's pilot cleaned. Everything else is in order. " She looked at Lukowsky expectantly. the engines? After the long time, the pistons could stuck in the cylinders. That can even be assumed, we have to calculate. "Antonietta Alotti indicated a shake of the head: "Don't worry! The engines are running flawlessly, which was checked." The thought of a flight with the old Ju 88 Fascinated Lukowsky. He nodded pleased: "Then we try! go. Back in, I imagine it difficult. " Antonietta showed A slight shaking of the head, with the ornamental comb in her hair loosened:

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"That is not intended either. I said it. Your job would be to fly the Ju 88 out of the complex and in one place, a few hundred Kilometer away to land safely. Otherwise there is nothing to be done, it is no military company. At least not in the immediate Senses. The bomber should only serve for transport. The cargo is already on board. So she doesn't need to worry about this, they should only have fly." Lukowsky asked: "Why don't we just rent a cheap transport machine, but take the old Ju 88?" The woman stuck the comb Again and replied: "Because I wish it!" She opened an anthracite -colored handbag, took out her glasses and put it on. Then reach you the ready -to -write writer and a silver rotary pencil and began to sketch: "You will be after the system in a direct course Lower Austria fly and land in the Marchfeld. This is not far from Vienna removed and completely flat terrain. A suitable position has already been explored and have been stored. Two other pilots take over the machine there and Fly fly to your final goal. One of them is during the war Ju 88 flown, he dominates this plane 100 %." She raised that Silver-nen pencil: "To meet two other possible questions: The machine has a device that invisible to Radar might. Furthermore: We would like to use the pilots experienced with this type of aircraft not entrusted this task because the group of people who know from the system, should be kept as narrow as possible. Do you understand?" The woman saw Lukowsky a clear, factual look. No question, she was the born boss. She also liked it twenty -six years old, she would have easily So many established board director and all young, dynamic managers. Lukowsky nodded: "Among the requirements you described, I see no significant difficulty, Miss Alotti. Remains open, as I know in Marchfeld - I know the area - unnoticed. see, and already in the evening edition of the 'Kronen-Zeitung' the Title page. At night, however, a runway should at least provisionally Firing can be made recognizable. But it runs nearby Court roads, that should simply be noticed." The woman conducted With your silver pencil approval: "You are right, Mr. Lukowsky. You are led to landing using a very precise radio fire. It is a Otherwise still unknown procedure. Subject to it that it works

nated. " Her beautiful dark eyes saw him again expectantly Slip -framed glasses. Lukowsky replied: "First again to the Radar problem. Maybe you have a particularly sophisticated technique and It also goes - or it turns out, it doesn't work. But well, me Underflower the radar area. That is not without risk at night near the Alps, But good. Landing after radio fire at night - how sophisticated it will be Should - just too risky; In any case, if the machine is supposed to fly further afterwards, so we do not afford a bent chassis can." The woman took her glasses thoughtfully: "You like right there have! So I will ensure a very short -term but sufficient light marking of the runway. " She tended her head: "Are you satisfied with it?" Lukowsky nodded. Antonietta put the pen down. "Very good, Lord Lukowsky! Please be ready tomorrow afternoon at Seventeen in front of Parkhotel in Vienna-Hietzing. A room is reserved for you. There is there Hardly any parking spaces, so I ask you to wait in front of the entrance. I will pick up and be on time. I come with the Mercedes you know. With We then drive this together to the facility. The car stays there. " Lukowsky looked at her incredulously: "Do you want to express it, you Do you plan to take part in the flight? " Antonietta Alotti showed a little nod and replied in the greatest naturalness: "So it is that I wanted to express it, Mr. Lukowsky! I already said The circle of persons taught about the system must be as close as possible be kept. So tomorrow seventeen in front of the Parkhotel in Hietzing! " She leaned back in a relaxed manner and asked in the chat: "I look forward to This undertaking! Always crouching in the office does not make any Joy! But I confess that a little bit excited I am already because of our upcoming aviator adventure. But everything will certainly go well. " - "But yes!" Lukowsky assured, "if it works for landing with the slopes, I hardly see a problem." The woman nodded with a thoughtful smile and then said: "Should it not be done to satisfaction - then we would have to fly through, and the other two men would get up with a line machine." Lukowsky asked: "Where to? Or is this question indiscreet? " Antonietta looked into his eyes, she only replied: "To the south!" - she rose, handed his hand and said: "Unfortunately I have little time. Hilla will bring her to her car!" -

The flax blonde Miss Hilla brought Lukowsky to his car and drove. Then on, because she was already in a hurry, had to meet someone in the inn 'Marchfelder Hof' in three quarters of an hour, and that was not around the corner. So unfortunately she has no time at all, so she apologized. And looked at him with regrets from cornflower blue eyes. It was obviously embarrassing to appear to be unmatching, but certain requirements were up. Lukowsky saw that. Miss Seidel still pressed him a laced stack of historical manuals about the Ju 88 in the hand before she said goodbye with a warm handshake.

In the 'Café Schwarz' there was a huge portion of scrambled eggs with ham and Solls, Kipferl and everything that could produce the high school of the baker's trade. Also three cups of coffee from that kind that in Vienna at the name 'extended blacker' can be obtained.

Astrid had the business card of a man named Leopold a while ago Wiesinger given and said that she does not know a wiser, wise person than this older gentleman. On occasion he should definitely visit him. It was not easy to be received by this man, but but I wrote it to him because of that. Mr. Wiesinger invited Lukowsky to his call immediately; For a friend of Astrid Xylander he has always time.

Leopold Wiesinger lived in a small but comfortable one Apartment in the 4th district. He was a tall man in the 1960s, the way he is in spite of white hair and the exceptionally peaceful way had anything but old. He led Lukowsky to a narrow room, On the front of the window a small desk with one Deser on it. Two walls of the room consisted of shelves that were filled with books from below to top. In one corner there was one Schemel, who was probably intended to climb when Mr. Wiesinger wanted to go to the books on the top rows of shelves. On the opposite wall hung closely on pictures, under these Dürers cycle About the Johannes apocalypse. There was also a small square table In the room, a floor lamp and two very comfortable upholstery armchairs. Wiesinger pointed to one of these armchairs and said: "Take a seat, Mr. Lukow-

Sky! " Then they sat opposite each other. offered Lukowsky from a polished wooden box with the Viennese coat of arms on top of the cigarettes. Soon a nice older lady, Ms. Wiesinger, and brought coffee along with pastries. Leopold Wiesinger gave coffee in cups and said: "Well, Mr. Lukowsky, Astrid wrote to me a while ago. We write ourselves regularly. She believes that they are gradually becoming a certain interest in the spiritual things awake and at some point, sooner or later, maybe not yet Now, but soon, you could have the desire to look a little deeper. " Lukowsky replied: "I hope Astrid doesn't overestimate me." - "No, no," Wiesinger shook his head: "It doesn't happen with her! She is an extremely clever, educated and also particularly sensitive woman - And a very nice one. You know that! But, as I said, it is Maybe not time. Still, now they are there and I'm happy me about your visit. " Lukowsky looked at the illustrations on the apocalypse and asked: "You have dealt with the openness to Johannes?" The old gentleman Puffed on his pipe and smiled: "Yes. With the revelation - Especially with the real one that is not in the Bible. " Lukowsky asked: "That is wrong in the Bible?" Wiesinger reinforced his smile: "Almost everything is wrong in the Bible! The Old Testament has with the new one Nothing to do, except that Christ and Yahweh are diametrical opposites and Christ occurred against the incorporation of the Hebrew writings - because that is the truth! But ... "He stuffed the tobacco in his pipe more firmly: "... This falsification already used Christ's earth's work - very systematic and consistent! With the true gospel of Christ After all, you couldn't have built up a power apparatus. And especially It didn't fit Judaism into the stuff, which is understandable. " He leaned back and explained in a calm voice: "Look, Christ was that Incarnation of the real light of God. This found with good reason in that The only country in this world takes place in which the devil as the sole God Adored and worshiped with blood and fire victims: El Schaddai-Jahweh! To Christ would have been welcomed with open arms to any other place on earth. Just not in Palestine. Because there, in Jerusalem, the adversary had His central temple - the Satan. Christ knew that he would be murdered there; And as a sign of the fact that the servant Yahwes so full of dark

nis are that they even kill the god of light and love, he took this up yourself - to the knowledge of all people. And the day will come because the World this understands. Anyone who knows the truth will also find their traces in New Testa Ment, for example in the 8th chapter of the Gospel of John or in the letter of Paul to Titus; Matthew 23. 33-36 is also particularly interesting. He showed In the direction of his countless books: "You have to read it yourself! - In any case: Christ is by no means the son of the Hebräergott Yahweh, as the Church claims! No. Christ is God - Yahweh is the devil! So easy! Yahwe also introduces himself with the sentence: 'I am El Schaddai' - In the original text: 'Ani Ha El Schaddai', Genesis, first book Moses, 17.1. Where they Read today in the Bible, 'the Almighty' or 'God', there is in the original text something different, namely El Schaddai, Yahweh or Zebaoth. The word 'God' there is no in the Hebrew Old Testament. At most 'Adonai', that is, 'Mister'. Basically it is easy to see through has started to think. It is not without reason that the 'Old Testament Cruelty 'literally - it is the book of the devil!" Lukowsky said: "This is not exactly my specialty, Mr. Wiesinger, but I have heard a little bit of Marcion. " - "Marcion!" The old gentleman nodded and pointed to his book wall with the pipe: "Yes, he was a announcement of the Truth. He was murdered for that. What else. This is just that Age of darkness! " Lukowsky asked: "Would you like your view of things describe?" - "Oh!" Wiesinger laughed: "That wouldn't be in a few hours go. Or maybe if we limit ourselves to the most important thing: The questions that we humans have always moved in this or that way Are: Who are we? Where do we come from? Why are we here? Where Will it lead us after our dying? People - like all other living things, animals, plants - have not been created. You are with and In addition to the deity being eternal being. The beginning found in the space Infinity and timeless eternity take place. This is the purely divine level that we cannot understand because we cannot exist without space and time. That is why divine power has created time and space for us. And that was - for us - the beginning. Imagine that since all eternity Myriads of seeds of upcoming life were ready. At this stage, all those seeds consisted of shell and core. The bowl corresponds to the soul, The core of the spirit. The soul is the shape, the quasi astral, physical, the Spirit is the character, are the talents and so on. In this still life

The divine power gave loose two -way power: the power of life. And with the revitalization of all the innumerable seeds, the Eternal dressiness of spirit-soul life. " He looked at his pipe and then saw Again Lukowsky and said: "Astrid would speak of the ilu forces in the deity. You will surely already know that. That is an ancient view, and you can see it that way." He thought for a little moment, and started: "The power of life that we all received from the deity is invaluable - there is no death. Dying is no more than a change of the Body dresses, which then in another world according to the inner pattern of our Astral body can be rebuilt. There is also no wipe out of the icon that die, no forgetting who we are, but a conscious one Pass from this into an outdoor world. Our life then takes there his progress. The fact that there is at all is just because we once have to walk through the grossly fabricate world. How come? Because we have once moved out of our original home, the Empire of the Eternal Light, and our heavenly bodies lost, i.e. the purely luminous implementations of our astral body to once to express. We could not exist in emptying. We lost our consciousness and sank back into a segment. We are in Certainly all fallen angels! How did it come about? Well, because the Conscious Yahweh became a Schaddain, the rejected. Also words like Shadows and Shaddow come from this trunk linguistically. His original name in the kingdom of heaven was Balael. In the Bible this name comes in twisted manner still before. Balael, that is, literally taken: Verfer of the fire-Bal-a-El, i.e. Lucifer. Just the frequent translation of the name Lucifer with 'light lovers' is wrong, it would have to mean because 'elu' the fire is, 'il' or 'ilu', but the light, on the other hand, The divine light but 'ilu'. Well, this Balael, who wanted to be God himself, pulled with some followers from the realm of eternal light to get his to build your own world and play God there. He also used the unsuitable substances that he found outside the kingdom of heaven. What he created was - Hell! From there he logs the angels remaining in the realm of light before that his new world was very great. Christ therefore calls him that 'Father of Lies'. This is also to be read in the Gospel of John. Approximately A third of the angels of the kingdom of heaven - among them too! - believed that

Schaddain and set off. But, as I said, all of them - Among them we! - lost their consciousness and heavenly body. So that we could come back to ourselves and embody again, created The divine power the coarse -fashioned cosmos with the earth - a Provisional. However, this gave the necessary vibration basis, which made it possible to develop from the segment again. During the sexual act between man and woman A vibration creates and attracted a seed from a special sphere in which these seeds are located. Also here The legality of the affinity of vibrations works. That explains the Family similarity. Astrid would at this point on another aspect pointer: at the same time, a little different happens during the love act Important: In this union of the two genders, divine lighting power is conceived! - But that would be a long topic in itself. " Wiesinger Stuffed his whistle again, smiled and said: "Our way through The gross world of earth is therefore necessary so that the re -enforced is possible - and thereby the way back to the original home, the realm of the Eternal light. It is our job, through the witness of children too to give other 'fallen angels' this opportunity - there are still many Seeds passed out in that intermediate sphere. After our earthly dying we do not lose our consciousness again, but hike into the hereafter into the green country, as Astrid would say - from where we through one of the numerous worlds are attracted; And that of those that corresponds to our mental vibration, as we do it during have acquired our earth together through thoughts and deeds. From there we can then continue hiking - in light or darker worlds, Our will is completely free in this regard. The one stuck by the deity However, the goal is to return to the original home in the realm of eternal light. There is no such thing as a reincarnation. One Another embodiment in earthly can be possible under very specific circumstances. All substances required to form an earthly body are available in the local nature. Very strong spirit Sometimes it can be enough of these fabrics by virtue of their will to pull and temporarily visible around their astral body To build body. Old myths then speak of venous daughters and accompanied. But that would also be an issue in itself, so Astrid also knows a lot

ser from than me. I primarily deal with the action around Christ - What on Astrids, so to speak, pagan world of belief in no contrast stands, because the true Christ has with the one described in the Bible and from The churches scholarize almost nothing to do. Christ, that means All-Christian-creative crystallization. A symbol of the all-Christian and the Christ-Alls is also the Hagal Rune-Hag-All, Heger of the Alls. The Bible knows of all of this. It is not the book of Christ, but that of the opponent, the Satan. " Wiesinger rose, pulled a dark red bible From one of the shelves and sat down again. He first noticed the book not further, but continued with his explanations: "Well, we humans! Since we have our personalities from the start and So also brought into this world, our tasks are different. The Most should only go properly their immediate path; However, others are called to do things for the community. Alone when this world in a usable condition remains, especially the natural ratio of the two genders, the other fallen angels can also perceive your chance to return. " He took a little break and said in a more serious tone: "Now Satan is in his hell have not been hidden that this subsequent creation of the deity, this one Cosmos with the earth and man. It was his wish to get there as To play God. He looked for people dark spirit as the media, like Moses, and could be announced by those as God. The age of darkness hub-the Indians call it the Kali-Yuga-as a Yahweh success had. He initially won a people for himself, namely the Hebrews when Not all of these either. But now the Schaddain had his foot on the Earth set and his influence spread quickly. And so the fight rages between the powers of darkness and the forces of light on this Earth! The end time, the 20th century, leads the Satan to the summit of his Might. It will fall all the sudden and deeper - including his entire appendix. The darkness has apparently gained all the advantages - and yet she will soon take an abrupt end! Because there is a new Äon - And the victory of light! And there the argument between the chosen Yahwes and the specific Christ a role. In the Gospel of Matthew, 21.43, you can still read a fragment of truth. Christ says: 'The kingdom of God will be given to another people who produce the expected fruits.' What is no longer in the Bible, but yet

It is handed down: Christ turned to a group of Germanic legislative And said it will be your people! - Do you understand? " Some of what the man who smoke in his armchair tells the gentleman in his armchair had known Lukowsky. Astrid had sometimes spoken in a similar way, albeit without the biblical reference points. But he came up with his First question back: "This struggle between light and darkness, Mr. Wiesinger, speaks of John's apocalypse? Not with the 14th chapter the victory of light? I heard about it. " The old Man smiled mischievously and picked up the Bible. "Yes," he replied, "Yes, there is a lot true. Because this summary of the last part of the Apocalypse - it is nothing more! - wrote Marcion. And because he knew that all the truth of Christ would be falsified, he encrypted This font in such a way that inaugurated people could correctly interpret! The Fellers did not know about it! They pushed some here and there Terms from the Old Testament, as they do in the whole so -called New Testament - you read it, never fit it together - and so comes So also in the apocalypse the name of Moses and so on. But thanks to the Encryption made by Marcion before, the falschlers were only able to proceed indiscriminately and therefore did not destroy the meaning. For the Taught, this text still reads very clearly! Take a look once here. " He opened the Bible and leafed up to the Apocalypse: "In Chapter 13 culminates the present. You have to imagine how a seer in first century saw things of today. Bomber, tank, television And all such was unknown to him. He therefore had to choose descriptions that seemed vividly. But first the most important keys to the N.T. apocalypse: The lamb is Christ, the God of light. The dragon is Yahweh, The Satan. The first animal is the worshipers of Yahwes. The second animal are of them Willing to serve. The pagan peoples are those who worship the animal and this serve. The saints, on the other hand, are those who are against the animal and whose servants. The great whore is the church. Babylon - this name was falsified afterwards, Marcion only wrote 'big city' - is that Capital of the Animal Better in the end time. So that is undoubtedly new York. The number 666 is the money power; This refers to the Old Testament, 1. Book kings, chapter 10, verse 14, where it says: 'The weight of the gold, that Against Salomo, 666 gold talents were received. 'The Berg Zion is here The mountain sin, the midnight mountain, which by the way, which is particularly clear in the 48.

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Psalm is expressed - most psalms go to Babylonian, Assyrian or Phoenician texts. - These are the starting points that You need to read the apocalypse. Let's take a look at the 13th chapter a little; It affects this century. Verse 13.1 thinks the 'animal' increases from the sea of the peoples and get a lot of influence. That means the worshiper of Yahweh. Verse 13.2 describes the two world wars. The opponents of Germany: the leopard, spotted, different colors, comes across the sea. These are The U.S.A. The Tatzen des Bären is Russia. The Lion's mouth, England. The dragon gave them the power to win the war because it is The gentleman of the dark age, the prince of this world as long as it lasts. In Verse 13.5 even read 42 months. The U.S.A. Against us in World War II. And so it continues completely conclusively. 13.13: The bomb terror against the civilian population, 13.17: If you are not a materialist, the number 666 does not have in your head and no money in your hand to do nothing. The animal and its servants now seem to be unlimited to rule this earth - and yet comes soon, in a few decades, Everything very different! " Wiesinger lit his ran pipe freshly and said: "We did not have the war because of the huge outnumber of the Lost enemies, not even because of various defects, but because we too Even remedies of the darkness! That shouldn't have happened! Because It was a war between light and darkness - this great war from 1914 until 1945! The powers of darkness led him against the German people. Why? The position in the New Testament already mentioned speaks this Important words Christ, Matthew 21.43: 'The kingdom of God will be given to another people who produce the expected fruits!' said Christ, yes. Then the group of Germanic legionnaires, who was still listening to him, turned and said: 'Your people will be!' - and that's how it will be! This is in the preserved fragments of the true gospel, of which Good as nothing is in the Bible, clearly attested. And it becomes clear where the Front ran and still runs. It is the big struggle between darkness and light. It was and is a struggle of the worshiper of Yahwewes against the administrator of Christ, against that people that is called to be the new clear age too realize - for all people, not in the sense of petty Nationalism! The first round, so to speak, the double world war from 1914 to In 1945 against the German people and their mission, darkness won. - I don't speak of winners, because a winner goes out of a knightly

Combat; If ten are on a single threshing into, they are not winners, but at most winners. - Well, this is about the thousand year old Reich, of which the Johannes apocalypse also announces-only that in the original text there is not talk of a new Jerusalem, but of the new Babylon: Bab Ilu - gateway to the divine light. This is a symbol, it means the triumph of the spiritual being human about materialism. " Wiesinger interpreted The whistle in hand: "This is how things look, Mr. Lukowsky - in the most important features. Astrid would be in the new age of the realm of the Goddess speak, and that also has its correctness. It is another aspect about the same matter. All of this works together. But she can do that Tell you more even if you are interested. " Lukowsky asked: "The 14th chapter of the Apocalypse is particularly touching me. A man who was my enemy and himself as a servant of the Antichrist referred to, was panicked. Would you tell me something else? " Wiesinger nodded, and it was noticeable to him that he was at this Thoughts felt very comfortable. "Yes!" he said: "The 14th chapter! With 14.9-12 the fall of the beast begins, the number and the kite! In the end, the victory is of light! " Wiesinger made a serious face: "The darkness thinks that To be able to blow out new light with bombs and grenades so that it could not be unfolded in the first place. Therefore the prevailing powers More and more wars, large or small, around the world. She If people will incite each other, in the name of their ideology of the Empty hearts and currently still full bellies, the symbols of which are selfishness, rock gods, drug addiction and crime. They are concerned with The vibrations of Roheit, hatred and violence to increase and Yahweh as possible to show many blood and fire victims in order to the rule of darkness Strengthen - and at the same time your own. But finally it overestimates itself Hell - and it underestimates the good forces in the large majority of the people of all nations. Because, as I said, the hour will come, in who see the peoples through their rulers! And then comes the big one Turn." He handed Lukowsky the Bible: "Here. Take them with and Read on the occasion. The Bible is anything but a holy book, But a very revealing one. The Old Testament reveals all the plans of the Hell; And in the new there are still a number of traces of truth. " Lukowsky took the Bible. It was the Herder translation in one Dark red leather cover. The older gentleman in the armchair spoke in the tone

Complete certainty: "Look, around 1990 the Eastern Bloc breaks first together. Then the wall also disappears in Berlin and there is one small reunification. Due to the expanding European community, Austria will soon come closer again. The Russian people becomes free and a good friend. Yes, and around the year 2000 he breaks Western block together. Maybe it is not exactly right for the year, arithmetic They have a scope of four to five years, because the time runs are after determined the real John of John, which is not entirely mathematically was possible. But it will come like that, that's certain. Finally has it reveals Christ. For a little while - and we are the winners without Even a single shot! Because Roheit and Haß, these are the vibrations of Satan, not ours! Our spirit is the light, the light of Christ And the light of the eternal goddess, as Astrid would add. In this light we are invincible. - stupid agitators sometimes mean very silly, that A thousand -year -old empire had only existed for twelve years. It still has it Not started at all! " He smiled quietly and saw Lukowsky full Consciousness of faith. Lukowsky took the Bible and asked in doubt: "How Should that be possible, Mr. Wiesinger? The power blocks with their nuclear weapons? For example, none of them would be a German reunification allow." Wiesinger only smiled full of noticeable inner certainty and replied calmly: "God doesn't mistake!"

It was already evening when Lukowsky said goodbye to Leopold Wiesinger, With the intent to meet another conversation. This man was undoubtedly an impressive personality.

Lukowsky made himself a little comfortable in the hotel. Astrid was right When she said that he was not yet completely manufactured, it should actually rest. He did this until the following afternoon and studied in all Rest the documents from 1942 over the Ju 88 and the only outlined course instructions for the upcoming flight that is in had found a diligent envelope between the manuals.

The dark blue broke five minutes before the agreed time Mercedes-Lilmoside of type 280 SE 3.5 in front of the hotel portal, immediate

Bar where Lukowsky stood. Antonietta Alotti rose from the Mercedes. She wore gray breeches and a waisted gray jacket made of soft leather, plus Black boots and gloves. She had her hair in front of her shoulder tied together to a tail. Antonietta welcomed Lukowsky with one Smile and the words: "I don't wear pants otherwise - except for riding! Hello, Mr. Lukowsky! " - "Hello, Miss Alotti!" He replied: "You In any case, offer a very gratifying sight! What do you think of it, When I drive? " She nodded him: "I just wanted to suggest that have!"

The interior of the car was made of light leather. It was comfortable driving in this large sedan with her quietly running engine. On the first kilometers they chatted about the advantages of the old imperial city Vienna, in which some of Antonietta's ancestors were at home. In This connection she mentioned the diary sheets from 1862, about which she also talked to Astrid Xylander with which she now has become known personally. These diary leaves, she explained, relegated prophetically on 2002. The 'Figura' also came up, and Antonietta emphasized that this could be just this time, or rather a few years earlier, still very important. She also said: "This figure should Stay in the care of Astrid. She knows the best way with all of this and it becomes in operation when the time is ripe and if it is necessary move. " Lukowsky asked: "If it doesn't seem too curious to you: too what purpose? " The woman smiled: "It's curious! But I want them Answer anyway. This figure is a reduction in the 'big figure', which is supposed to send their beam towards the magical sun. You can do that Astrid occasionally tell more than me. The figure that we are talking about now, has another, basically easy task. It is possible that it will be needed once, but not yet. We, our silent community, to whose link the fate has now also determined it, are that committed to upcoming, clear age. View as its pioneer we us. Raw violence and brutality are not our thing, the new Eon will By light from the light! But before the powers plunge of darkness, you will try again to cause as much damage as possible, this To dive into the hopeless chaos, because most of the instruments of earthly violence are in their hands. We don't know exactly what maybe there

In the very last phase of the old age, it is imminent whether people On the other hand, it will be able to protect yourself so easily. And on the way to the new There must be some, like us, and these first meet them Most arrows. So we cannot rule out that in a few decades it will be necessary to make the decision -making struggle for the new age in a way to lead that requires support. Then the figura will send out a signal to call very far, far away friends who There are much stronger than human thinking could imagine. The is your meaning and purpose. " Lukowsky looked over to the woman: "You mean by that But not extraterrestrials? " Antonietta deviated: "Maybe also unearthly! The figura sends its signals into both the hereafter and Through this through this into the distant space. But probably it will do not have to come to the like because the vast majority of people will be grasped in good time by the vibration of the light - and then has the beast finally lost, then the time of destruction is over and everyone Heal wounds. " She was silent. From me in the Figura works! I'm pretty sure now, my father wanted to have it for this purpose. He insisted that fifteen Be centimeter, no less and nothing more. That fits exactly into the elongated Muld in the Figura base, this is exactly fifteen centimeters and Two millimeters long. Astrid and I also measured the old braid, It has exactly this measure. " Lukowsky asked: "You are at Astrid in Düsseldorf been?" Antonietta grabbed her hair tail and replied: "Yes. And there she strictly accused me of cutting too much on my hair. I Believe, I already mentioned that. But I'm not Astrid. My mane almost has Seventy centimeters that are enough. I will continue to cut the tips. The However, the ideal measure would be eighty centimeters in length. That too has with the way into To do new age. The female vibration is best attracted to the divine light forces. Only when the darkness was successful in the 20th century, Most women cut off the long hair and thereby destroy their magnetism, the most terrible crimes in history were able to open up this planet. " She looked at the end of the tail and said: "But seventy centimeters of hair length are just right for normal women like Me, who do not work magically, sixty would still be good, even fifty. It really shouldn't be shorter. And uniformity

It is important that pony stirring fringes would break the vibration. Besides that the head hair is particularly important because they control the vibration The female willpower. Permanent waves also have a devastating effect. Not only because they easily do Scha-Den, but also because the inner ones Astralhaire no longer find their way around the unnatural form. I have I also deal with it a little. It is actually important for women before especially for the astral breath. I don't know if Astrid spoke to you about it. It is very fascinating. Our inner astral bodies must also Breathe like the earthly gross -fuel bilges. Just that the subtle fabrics that the female astral body breathes are completely different than those the male needs. You have been built more robust, also as far as the astral body is concerned. The Astral breathing organ of men is the diaphragm, it breathes cloudy Fine fabrics. We women need tiny feasts in large quantities for our astral breath, which are captured as if with a spanned network have to be. This is possible solely through the long hair, they are Astral respiratory organ for women. If the hair length is not sufficient, No more light fed to the female astral body, it becomes dark and Always weaker. This then leads to mental disorders and also to Physical diseases. This is also transferred to the men because they With the act of love no longer received the additional light from their women can you need. Because so the divine nature has set it up. It is a very serious affair. But many women are nowadays Simply too lazy to make the bit of trouble making long hair. And then you are surprised that your men are too comfortable to make you so exert yourself. So one gives the other! " She smiled: "Now you have Get a lecture on women's affairs! And Astrid is right Women's hair should not be cut more than a total of seven centimeters a year, otherwise the female astral body would be wounded. It is But it is also important that the abundance remains good and helps to cut bites. At It is less delicate over eighty centimeters. I cut twice Five to six each year, sometimes almost ten. That is still justifiable, but a lot. Maybe I should follow astrits admonitions. But Actually it would be so far again, on my wild mane they are tip to cut. I'll think about it. " Lukowsky remembered, from Astrid To have heard anything similar. He said, "I have the big one Happiness, three completely beautiful women to know: You, Vera Jörgens and Astrid

Xylander. " Antonietta Alotti was silent for a few seconds and then said deliberately: "I take that as a real compliment that I am very am happy! - And I am pleased that you like Vera! "

After a while, Antonietta began: "To come back to the skills of the Figura, in which a bit of me is now a bit of me. Our parents managed to do that mysterious process in it is also used in an interaction. The principle of the figura is To attract intercosmic light vibrations and radiate again. This The magical apparatus flows through, so to speak. Our parents thought If it were possible to collect such vibrations, they would be in Let the strength convert. This means that you have used intercosmic forces and understood to use drive technology. " Lukowsky asked: "That is The technical secret of the flying saucers? " Antonietta hesitated with the answer: "It is an important part of that, yes. but of course are The components are different from that in the figura, and the implementation of the strength also takes place differently. Nobody knows exactly. I I only spoke of this matter so that they would not be surprised about the engine noise of the Ju 88. It is hardly louder than the buzz of one Bumblebee. We, Mr. Weiß and I, tried it; With the help of the manuals and some additional notes from the time there are no pistons As with a conventional engine that could be stuck in the cylinders, as they thought. They are completely different. That is why this has Airplane also a very large range and is considerably faster than that ordinary ju 88 it was. Another special feature of this machine is - and This will make your job easier for you - that you are to a certain extent The ability has to float, at least glide very gently. Although it can they do not rise vertically into the air, but especially when landing This heavy body regulation will prove to be useful on the field in the Marchfeld. We tried to put the old aircraft into the best possible constitution. Maybe it will be needed here and there. Incidentally, Mr. Weiß, nice way, cleaned everything inside and on my request a parking heater with a timer installed, as we do in this Have dared. I don't want to freeze! " Lukowsky was amazed and came to the Question: "If this machine with new and obviously very strong engines

is equipped, what about the cell, I mean, the aircraft body? Does he endure that? Has that been tried out? " Antonietta simply replied: "That I don't know. But I understand what they mean. We just have to be careful that nothing breaks. - You will do that! After all, that's her Profession. - Or do I see that wrong? " - " No, "replied Lukowsky, " you see that right. "

The large comfortable car rolled quickly and yet almost noiselessly. Antonietta Alotti explained: "There is also a time circuit for the big tipping gate. When it is so far, we have to go with that within seven minutes Airplane be out. The tilt gate stays open that long. Mr. Baumann - you met him in my Vienna office - everything calculated exactly and he Never is wrong in mathematical things. We know all the individual factors, The curve of the aircraft, the necessary runway and so on. The space in the facility is sufficient. The plane has a span of Twenty meters, it is around fourteen and a half meters long and, on the chassis, Almost five meters high. The train is nine hundred meters long, thirty -seven Meter wide and the height or depth, the system runs from eleven at twenty -two meters. The lamps can be pulled in. The Has already happened. The tipping gate has a width of thirty -two meters. It So there is room enough. In front of the tilt gate we have another three hundred and fifty meter of almost flat meadow. It is only important not to take off too early and Cover your head to the ceiling. The meadow has now been cultivated a little. After the dramatic events in the area there, in whose course burned down the pretty Gothic chapel - apparently because Someone was negligent with open fire - we founded a non -profit association to preserve this monument. You will Then see ... there is already a new bridge over the stream. " Lukowsky said, "If I didn't believe that we would get out of it, dignity I don't even try - and definitely not with a woman on board! " - "That's how I see it too!" The woman confirmed: "Before we start, Mr. Weiß becomes Arriving and closing the system. " Lukowsky wanted to know: "Why don't you go back with Mr. Weiß? Why do you want to fly along at all?" Antonietta gave him an amazing look: "I have already told you that: Because I enjoy it! And besides - primarily: I am then necessary when handing over. Our Ju 88

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will convert some unusual things to say that too, With the help of which friends may be possible, before in to protect violent attacks in the coming time. Also the Machine itself will stay there for the time being. I already mentioned, I already mentioned her special advantages. "

It was already dark when they left the highway near Augsburg and overland continued, initially federal road and soon increasingly narrower paths. Lukowsky was surprised that he hardly had any special feelings when she was approached the scene of the fight with the kite. It all seemed To be so long ago. When she crossed the bridge, nothing rattled and rumbled, everything was new and stable. The path past the cemetery showed no traces of the past fight, no burnt -down car wrecks, no destruction. Only at the chapel The signs of that night became unmistakable. The Madonna figure stood flawless, proud and especially on her base at the stone fountain, Both had now been carefully cleaned. But the chapel showed significant damage. But there was already a scaffolding, masonry work Obviously in progress and a sign announced: 'Association for the Preservation of Monuments e.V. '. Antonietta referred to this sign: "That was a good idea, find Not you too? Nobody who randomly saw one of us would see here Word about it! Why too? Our club tries to Restoration and the maintenance of this historical spot! "

They continued slowly, and Lukowsky waited in vain that any lively memory might get up in it - it was so long ago. - Antonietta conducted on the last few meters so that Lukowsky exactly the car was able to stop in front of the still closed entrance of the system. Then took You your handbag from the back seat, got out and asked: "Please wait!" Only passed for three or four minutes, then the huge tipping gate rose around Two meters. The woman went in and immediately after that there was a pale light shimmer. She came out and waved. Lukowsky steered the Mercedes into the facility and slowed down on the flat ramp. The woman got back into the car. Above them was the dull-gropy noise To hear, with which the giant fall door closed, like a thunderstorm clinging away. Antonietta said: "Let's go to the Ju 88!" Lukowsky Let the car roll over the long, width straight. The energetic light bulbs

were now pulled all the way up, their light hardly reached to the ground. The car's headlights showed the way. Antonietta said: "Auf here Both sides stand theater lights. Mr. Weiß got her. She Glow green and mark the beginning of the ramp. " Lukowsky continued. Everything seemed to be unchanged. The old tiger tank looked at them with his Silent strength towards the right and left we went into the individual subdivisions of the extensive system. When they are at the strange metal gate Lukowsky asked involuntarily: "What is actually behind?" - "Nothing at all," the woman replied, "just a broad gear and then a big one Cavity, maybe two thirds as large as this system, and the is empty. There is nothing there!" - "But," said Lukowsky carefully so that it was not too To appear curious, "that has a meaning?" The woman next to him He smiled at him: "It has - or maybe get, my desired friend!" Her hand pointed over: "Maybe behind the figure will be her Sign a signal - maybe! And now we want to leave it! " The way led to the silent fighter planes and also to the Flying saucers. Something had changed on this. She worked no longer dusted so completely. Although she hadn't been cleaned, it looked like this as if it had been exposed to heavy rain for a while. Lukowsky Nothing asked about that. When the headlights of the Mercedes the towering glazed bug of the Ju 88 recorded, the woman ordered: "Drive over there In the niche, the car can stop there! " He did it, and Antonietta climbed out. She took a small leather travel bag from the back seat of the car And looked at the clock: "We are very good in time!" She noticed happily: "So come! Ins the plane! That's your life element! " With it she pushed his travel bag into his hand and step ahead. In the only Sweet-lit underground facilities, the anchored medium-sized two-engine machine looked huge. Lukowsky only knew this type out of Books. He hadn't taken a closer look at her during the first visit to this place can. Now he was right in front of her. A JU 88, a piece of history. What hard fights this plane might have had in the years of the War passed. Meanwhile, Antonietta had already started the Open the floor tub and reach the interior. She obviously knew herself well from, had operated a light switch. A matt interior lighting illuminated the Bug glazing. Antonietta called: "Don't dream! We want to go!" She Climbed into the machine. Lukowsky followed her. The woman crouched in the ground

Tub to close the entry again, and said: "Give me the Bag and climb your place! " It was pleasantly warm in the aircraft. Pilot seat. There was one on this as well as the second next to it Soft pillow with a colorful flower embroidery. The lady wanted it comfortably have! Antonietta climbed her seat to the right of the Lukowsky and felt obviously very comfortable. She took out her glasses, put them on and explained Some details: "The radio system is new. You will be familiar with it. This tilting switch limits the speed to a maximum of seven hundred Empty kilometers. The machine can withstand this without further ado. In a possible emergency, we can also fly faster at short notice. These two Round slices are something similar to radar. Just better. And this Device controls the dismissal of foreign radars. These are inventions of mine Company, first installed. On this glass you can see a ring -shaped light Greater and then red, if you get too deep - the desired flight height can be set. And this, this cog, is the heavy regger. It only works to a certain degree, but makes it easier Landing or flying very slow. You should know everything else! The You know the course, and I also have a little in this regard enrolled. We will have a pleasant flight! " The woman operated two apparently newly attached tipping switches, and under the bow of the aircraft Strong headlights. She put her glasses back in, saw Lukowsky In a good mood and asked: "Well? Start the engines! Since the two Buttons! In a few minutes, Mr. Weiß will come and open the tilt gate! " She buckled up. Lukowsky operated the two buttons. A quiet dull Sums sounded that actually on the sound of a crowd of thick bumblebees Reminded, and the two screws set in motion. Drier Dust whirled up. Antonietta Alotti looked at the clock. It cracked in the aircraft's radio. Then Hugo's voice sounded: "Hello! Far - the green lamps burn - the door opens in two minutes. " Antonietta took the microphone and said: "We are so far! Thank you." She cut out the interior lighting. Only on the fittings of light. The bow headlights beamed ahead and showed the sub-earth rabbit. The woman pointed to the clock with one hand and touched with the other Lukowsky's shoulder: "Go!" Lukowsky loosened the brakes and carefully pushed the gas lever forward. The

Ju 88 started to move. He felt the woman's hand on his shoulder more accessed as if she wanted to hold on to him. The voice of Hugo Weiß once again sounded out of the loudspeaker of the radio device: "The door is full open! Good luck!" Lukowsky stepped on the brakes and gave more gas. He captured the machine for a little moment. Then he let her go, pushed the gas lever even further and at the same time gave the rudder down. The Ju 88 raced the slopes along the underground complex. What was to be seen on the right and left, Hasted Gone as if it were torn from the invisible hands. After Maids whizzing past the two green marking lights and the flat rising ramp up, over which the gigantic tipping gate wide opened. Lukowsky changed rudder and pulled steeply up - They were outside. The machine flew into a clear starry sky, on which stood a light crescent moon. The women's hands let go of his shoulder and Turn off the bow headlights. They only rose to about five hundred meters. The Ju 88 actually got a lot handle well. During the war she had had a reputation that everything was could do with her, and that was still right today. Antonietta Alotti said With not yet quite as firm voice as she otherwise used to speak: "Me Would like to fly a round over the site. Slow." Lukowsky did her that favor. If you take a closer look, they could just see how that Accessed entrance over grass and shrubs closed again. Antonietta Looked down, and in her words there was a hint of awe: "Put it before what our parents did there to build something like this - and that under The difficult circumstances of back then! " But then she became completely objectively and said: "Off to Austria!"

Lukowsky did not get involved in the anti -wheeler, which, like Antonietta itself had said in the test phase at her company. So they flew With its quiet, humming, after - black painted machine at tree tops, not too quickly because they were on schedule. The sickle -shaped moon donated enough light to clear the outline of the mountains to make it recognizable when they approached the Alps. It was a calm, completely Problem -free flight. Due to the fully glazed pulpit, the starry sky was closed see, and again and again the woman let her gaze wander to the stars. She was very quiet, with her thoughts alone that Lukowsky didn't know.

They already flown the Wachau when the woman spoke pensively: "Can it give something nicer than the starry sky? I could constantly up Look and never look at me. It is said that the universe is cold And inhospitable. But it's beautiful. " It was felt that Antonietta did not expect her words to do so. nothing. He had the feeling that she wanted to be alone with the stars.

When they had left the lights of Vienna behind and the goal approached, Antonietta Alotti jerked on her seat, reached for the radio and said: "Hilla?!" The voice of the called answered: "It is understood. As discussed." Antonietta said: "Well. We're there right away." It was Radio traffic without all military or other rules and quantities. " The woman next to Lukowsky looked at him and explained: "There is only Two cars to mark the runway and two rows of warning triangles. How are the aircraft's bow lights switch on, then can You recognize the warning triangle. It will not be difficult because we're shooting Then on this cog. " With that she pointed to that small bike that she Had called heavy strength regulators. She was noticeably in a good mood. Lukowsky took before not relying on such miraculous aids. She Swimmied to the southeast. Antonietta operated a tipping switch. The promised radio fire sounded. Lukowsky followed this signal. Also gave Antonietta clues. She had the landscape and all circumstances apparently well imprinted. She also explained this: "We have several flights with us undertook a sports plane, both in the evening and during days. Included We also did aerial photos. You will see, everything is easy to play - Despite the bumpy field! " She was right. Among them were the lights of the streets and towns see. Soon the headlights of two were at the destination of the radio fire Vehicle recognizable. Lukowsky pressed even deeper than she was already flew. Antonietta switched on the bow headlight and said: "Now fit You up! Maybe it works! " Lukowsky saw her turning the conscious cog, and at first he would have preferred that she would have failed to do so. But then he noticed how the machine actually floated a little seemed to be unusually light and gentle on the load. Lukowsky took more gas back. The headlights captured two rows of warning triangles that initially looked like tiny red glowworms before

they got closer. The Ju 88 put on soft as a glider. But then Hop the hard -captured chassis over the field. Maybe fifteen meters In front of the two cars, the machine came to a standstill. Antonietta said lively: "Let the engines run! There are a flying one, so to speak, Change! " She rose from her seat in a hurry and climbed down. Lukowsky followed her. When he also got out through the hatch Antonietta Alotti already two other men in front of him. The one was Sturdy and around the fifty, his pronunciation for unmistakably Tyrolean. He I was beaming all over the face. That was certainly the pilot who used to be Ju 88 had flown and was now happy like a child for Christmas, this was still to be allowed to do. Lukowsky could understand him very well. The other Man was younger, at most in the mid thirties, and had a Mediterranean appearance. Antonietta spoke to him with the name Tarek. But everything went very Quickly, there was no time for personal imagination. Hilla Seidel, now with Pferdeschwanz, and Mr. Baumann, now in a perfect Waidmannskluft, scoured Along the makeshift roller train and turned the warning triangle. The Tyrolean And the younger man named Tarek meanwhile were already in the machine, The skilful 180-degree application with air screw and rudder pressure Completed. The two propellers of the aircraft produced for a few moments A small hurricane that opened the half -closed zip of Lukowsky's jacket and Antonietta pulled the tape out of her hair so that she was blown up by them. But it wasn't the moment in to deepen this romantic sight. The old plane, which was now sitting on the tax horn of the Ju 88, dominated his craft. There have hardly been since landing Five minutes passed, when the machine rolled back on and climbed Summend to the night sky. There was no time to look at her. Antonietta commanded to pack everything and leave the place immediately. Miss Seidel and Mr. Baumann hastily stowed the warning triangle in one Central dark blue BMW V8 older year of construction. The second car was one Silver gray Porsche 911. Antonietta went to it and gave Lukowsky a hint. She was the boss, there was no question. Before you get started She called the other two: "See you tomorrow!" to. Lukowsky had now sat in the Porsche. Antonietta led from the glove compartment one From different ribbons to which she apparently had a stock, and Tied her hair together again. Lukowsky noticed: "Her hair is Really beautiful! "The woman threw her hair tailoring in a spirited manner

behind and said violently: "I know I know! That's why I have the mane until To the bottom! But as Astrid wishes, it won't be, no! "Antonietta left it Motor and suggested Lukowsky: "You can spend the night with me. I Would also like to talk to them a little. For me this is Flight was an experience. " She looked at him and added: "One Exciting and beautiful! " The woman drove on and steered the car over that uneven terrain. Soon a dirt road came and then the street. Lukowsky watched Antonietta over. She was a good driver - and one more at all as a remarkable woman.

Antonietta Alotti's apartment was in the 19th district, on the first floor of one Medium -sized house, which may have been built in the interwar period. Architecturally there was no special features in which Vienna is otherwise so rich, But the apartment was very pretty, it had large windows and was equipped with comfortable furniture. Four paintings hung on the walls and the same landscape in spring, summer, autumn and winter - like additional windows. Electric candles burned between them under small parchment umbrellas and gave a warm light. A large Orient carpet was above the anthracite carpeted carpet of this spacious living room, one cozy atmosphere spread. The couch and the armchair made of ivory - colored leather looked comfortable in terms of view. On the wall opposite, moved to the window, there was a delicate secretary made of light wood Books and small photographs on it. Antonietta asked with a carefree smile: "Do we want to draw who is allowed to go to the bathroom first?" Lukowsky replied: "Of course the lady!" - "Thanks!" She said: "But I put beforehand already open coffee. And then we have to eat something. I Assume you will be no less hungry than me. "

Lukowsky looked at the pictures and books on the secretary. In narrow Silver frames were family photos. The picture of Domenico Alotti, hers Father. Another showed her mother and a third perhaps hers Bangled fiancée, the father of her daughter, of whom there were two pictures. Standed between two bookkeeping in the shape of carved bulls: The Gilgamesch-Epos, the songs of the RG-Veda, Virgils Aeneis, the Carthage Book, Dantes Vita Nova, Goethe's Faust, the Libretti to Wagner's Ring, Schopenhauer's aphorisms, two volumes Julius Evola, Künkels Sonnenbahn and one Small band entitled 'Magical World Sight'.

After half an hour the woman appeared in a wide wine -red carmine skirt, whose leather belt with the silver buckle appears a breathtaking Slim waist. In addition, Antonietta Alotti wore a closed pink Blouse, under whose delicate silk is clearly apparent two well -shaped breasts Wölbten. The almost black hair was open and touched with theirs Dense tips the narrow hips. Your face didn't need make -up to To be enchantingly beautiful. Lukowsky would like her to be easy for a while just viewed. But Antonietta pointed towards the hallway and said with a smile: "The second door is the bathroom."

When he had freshened up, he found Antonietta with a pre -bound apron and ponytail in her small but well -equipped kitchen while cooking before. Macaroni became all sorts of things that could not yet be guessed. The coffee was already finished and waited in a silver jug on the elongated table in front of the large, comfortable leather couch, which stood in front of that wall, on which the paintings 'summer' and 'autumn' hung.

The Antonietta, apparently efficient in all areas of life proven as a good cook. They had both eaten with a lot of appetite and there The details of their just passed the aviator adventure, as the woman called it. In the meantime, the dishes were already in the dishwasher. Antonietta went into the bathroom again and came back with open Hair back. Lukowsky was amazed at her for a moment - so remarkable The starry sky also liked his, from which Antonietta had raved about during the nightly flight, a woman was still much more beautiful. She Sit on the couch with the right distance from him and smiled. She As a woman, enjoyed the man's admiring looks. Lukowsky couldn't Unlike saying: "You are really beautiful! And also also Smart, strong will - a very extraordinary woman. But you know that Of course everything yourself. " She tilted her head a little and saw the man next to research. Dark hair glides out of the parting. She pushed her with her Fee -spread fingers back and held them so tight for a moment, Lukowsky looked in the eye and said: "You would not make an effort to me help if it were different? " He replied: "Isn't that the law of nature? The more perfect the female shows, the more the man is ready To serve women. " She nodded: "This is a law of nature, you are right. You, Ernst Lukowsky, do a lot for women who appreciate them - for a lot - for

Vera Jörgens, for Astrid Xylander - and also for me. She honors that! I find It's nice! At the same time, however, I would prefer to see it if they are around the Wanted to use the thing himself. " Lukowsky replied: "What would be one Thing if it is not about people? One thing is a lifeless one Thing, that says the word. I think - without being a philosopher - Just if we do something for humans, it makes sense and the effort is worth. " She Sann for half a minute over it, then took his hand out of the hair and said: "Yes, I can agree with them. If I have the expression 'thing' Used, it might not have been quite right. " Lukowsky Asked: "Your ideal, your goal - let's call it this way - do not open A goddess? At the same time, the men at the same time worshiped theirs to them Inherent goddess. I think that's a very nice thought. " Antonietta smiled, but it was a serious smile: "And that presupposes that the woman Try to be an image of the goddess according to her possibilities! " She indicated a head nod: "The spirit of the knights and minstrels! I think You see and feel all the right. - Yes, yes! " Your smile reinforced and radiated a lot of warmth. But after a few moments the woman became very factual again. She said, "We - we all together - have done a lot in the past few weeks and months. Only One thing is still to be done before we for a while, maybe thirty years, Let the time and the intercosmic forces work alone. I would like to put the one that has to be done beforehand - as it is in a way My father has already done: they should find 'fist' and see that there Everything is fine. " Lukowsky asked: "Faust?" The woman nodded: "A name. Just as ships get names. Two ships of this kind were completed. One was built for the sky. That is why it received the god name 'Odin'. The other is intended for the earth. Therefore it got his Name for the searching restless spirit Doctor Faust! " She showed one graceful gesture: "It may be, it is to be understood in a double: the fist that the If necessary, if necessary, if it is in the sense of the divine will and for Contraception of mischief should be necessary. " Lukowsky spent what Antonietta's words went out of. She nodded: "It is the very last remedy that hopefully never has to be used. But we should be prepared. But above all ours have ours Leaving it. That is why we have to do this Honor. In addition, 'Faust' is not just a weapon, but is very able to

much more. " She just sat up and explained: "The trail had been lost. The two carriers of knowledge - there were originally only two - died so suddenly that the chain almost torn down. But there was for one Such a very last security precaution: the submarine in front of Toulon! So my father settled in this place. He was a great idealist And was one of the few who knew the big picture. - What more about it would be said, you will also imagine without a detailed explanation can. "She was silent for two minutes and meanwhile played with her hair. Then she looked Lukowsky in the eye and said: "Now I ask You, to tell me about the double key how Astrid Xylander den The object names that they received from my father. " She leaned comfortably Back and sat down a little at the same time to Lukowsky without his head to be able to watch. So she let the eyes of her beautiful dark brown eyes rest on him. He started his story with the history How this was presented in his view, then described the object itself As exactly as possible, reported what Astrid had told him and closed: "Now the shell box with the double key is in one like me Belief in hiding in the back room of my Düsseldorf office. " Antonietta Alotti had listened quietly and attentively. She was still silent Moment and then said: "Good! From the estate kept so far From Eberhard Jörgens, Vera's father, we now know what else us was missing. Vera had already entrusted the most important to them because they should - and should! - be your administrator. She thinks a lot of them, and that wants to be at Vera Something called! But she always expects everything to be fought. So wanted they also from them that they themselves in their father's documents solve. She could have made it easier for them, but she didn't. It corresponds to her way. I like Vera very much. When we were the first time met, there was friendship between us at first glance - also something like that Is there. But Vera is sometimes not easy to understand. "Antonietta saw Lukowsky calmly in the eye and said: "When they saw me in Café Roma, And I reminded her of another woman - it was of Vera Jörgens. I know that now. In general, you and me, we are a little similar. We embody the image of women of the new eon, as well as Astrid. - We are strong! " Antonietta played with her long hair again and tied to her previous thread: "Vera had given them what was necessary. In confidence in it, trusting it, You would solve the puzzles. They would certainly have succeeded. But then

they have been seriously wounded, and during the days when we don't Vera handed over exactly whether they might not die Copies. She explained to me what to know. In this way it was for I was easy to decipher the papers, and where I still needed help with regard to technical details, Mr. Baumann jumped in - you know him, who Man who opened the door in the office. - So we will also be the temporary Reduce the last step of the path successfully. - You will do that, Lord Lukowsky! Together with her boyfriend Peter Fischer. Astrid Xylander has guaranteed for this man. I want to get to know him tomorrow. He becomes after Vienna come, that has already been agreed. Fly to Düsseldorf tomorrow And get my father's conscious key. I get the booking Or Hilla is at hand in everything. Then come back Drive to Salzburg with your car and stay in the weekend Fuschl lock ready. A room will be reserved for you, as well as for Mr. Fischer. You can find out what else to know from me. " They saw on. Lukowsky understood that the beautiful young woman next to him on the couch was permeated by unconditional duty At a high goal that everything else put in the background of life. He If she had liked to hire in her arms, only once, completely innocent. And he felt that the woman there wished to be hugged in the arms - and still didn't want to. She was the boss of the chain! Antonietta just sat up and said: "So this one is still to be done. You will do your job! " Lukowsky assured: "You can rely on me! " The woman nodded him, pushed again with spread Fingers back a lot from the crowned hair that shone like polished ebony, and said: "Then, if you are fine with 'Faust' find what I am going, we can all be able to do it for a long time Life devotes like other people. The time has to mature. " She took the Hand back and hit her eyes: "My Viennese apartment is small. I don't have a guest room here. But the bed in the bedroom is very large. Would you give me your word of honor to stay on your side? " She looked up And looked at him with a look that is now not completely safe. Lukowsky replied what the woman awaited after his feeling: "It is Better, I sleep on the couch. " And it was better because the charisma The smooth, slim woman with the beautiful dark eyes, the wonderfully shaped lips of her red mouth and extends to the hips

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The hair would have made compliance with that word of honor more difficult As the finding of project 7 from the Z-Plan. They both felt this, during a very long moment. Then Antonietta smiled, moved on the Couch closer to Lukowsky and leaned slightly at his upper arm. For a small minute she was captured, very firm. Her head sank to his Shoulder and she said softly: "Sometimes it is not easy." -

Lukowsky had slept well on the couch. Nevertheless, the interior aroused him Clock of habit early. Antonietta was already on the feet, albeit Still in a lilac -colored nightgown, and caused breakfast. Before the Large windows spread a bright, friendly sky over autumn tree crowns. When Lukowsky came out of the bathroom, the breakfast table was with everything what was covered. He should start, the woman said. But Lukowsky waited. The breakfast eggs had small, feds, so that they stayed warm. After a quarter of an hour, Antonietta Alotti came in an elegant light gray dress with pink blouse, pushed her open hair on the back and sat down at the table. She gave in coffee, raised the Hütchen from the eggs and said in a good mood: "So then!" -

Around half of the o'clock they drove the silver -gray Porsche to the opera ring. Antonietta parked in the side lane and said: "Hilla becomes her Bring car. Then she drives to Schwechat and takes care of Your flight. You meet them at the AUA counter. Leave your car in the parking garage at the airport. When you come back, go to the Hotel Schloß Fuschl and spare yourself a little. I don't know how exhausting The tour that is imminent. It is certainly not very simple. I would like to come myself, but climbing is not my strength. We As I said, meet us on Sunday afternoon. I'll wait in Fuschl to are back. " She tied her open hair together and saw At the beginning: "Goodbye, Mr. Lukowsky! And thank you very much!" She was enough His hand, got out quickly and went into the opposite building. A Fresh autumn wind played with her long dark hair tail and with that Wide skirt of her light gray dress. Lukowsky looked at her. It was him as if he could still see Antonietta Alotti, although she has been for a while had disappeared behind the high house entrance.

Hilla Seidel came two minutes later. Also drove with their skirts and hair The wind its games. She tried one hand like the other with one hand to hold on to the sidewalk and a approaching Layed the car past. She got into the Porsche and said lively: "Good ones Tomorrow, Mr. Lukowsky! We have a cool wind. But the sun still seems! " That was right. She ran over the traffic lights on the corner of OperaGasse near yellow and said: "We have to hurry so that you don't miss your plane."

He had brought two boring flights to line machines - how Omnibus trips - and in between from his office that strange The object brought, which Astrid Xylander described as a double key, as well as the folded -down sheet of paper. When he looked at it, noticed He could not read the strange strange script that he had seen several times. He assumed that Antonietta would be able to do it. The sensitive shell box was probably kept in a shoe box in Düsseldorf, Where the poetry album from Vera was also kept.

In Vienna-Schwechat he had brought the Mustang out of the parking garage and was Without a stay towards Salzburg and Fuschl Castle. That was there Late stage of the autumn already felt very clearly. A cool wind Blew brown leaves over the parking lot, on which Fischer's Ferrari was already standing. It was early afternoon, but a thick layer of dust was hung deep below that Heaven and covered the sun. When Lukowsky got out of the car, dry leaves fluttered over his feet. He looked up at the trees. Winter was no longer away.

At the reception he was told that Mr. Fischer is at the shooting range. The Schloßhotel Fuschl had its own shooting cellar. Lukowsky let himself describe how to get there. Fischer was alone in the shooting cellar. He was wearing leather knee -hub and was Standed off like a mountaineer. So he shot with a scenarious scale Rifle at a distance of fifty meters. It hit properly and whizzed in the ears. Lukowsky called: "Hello!" Fischer turned, took cartrids, which from his P 38 lying on a table, out of his ears and said:

"Greetings from you! I bought a mouse 66. Again happens to me Something like the Gothic chapel! " They gave their hands. Fischer Lukowsky held the rifle: "Do you want to try it out?" - "No, thanks," replied Lukowsky, "rifles are not so much my matter." And he asked: "Do you know when Antonietta Alotti is coming?" Fisherman said: "She is a remarkable woman!" He took a look at his wristwatch: "You are right, it is time! I hadn't paid attention to it anymore." Fischer put together his things, put the pistol in, stowed it away Rifle in a leather feed and said: "Let's go!

Together with a gush of dry autumn leaves that the wind over the Parking with reddish ashes, seamed without any audible Motor noise A heavy dark blue sedan: a Mercedes 600. It was the normal version, not the pullman, but the size of the car still had to impress. At the wheel an old man was in gray chauffeur uniform. After slowing down, he opened the rear car. Antonietta Alotti got out. She was wearing a gray -blue costume with a light blue blouse And bound the hair to the ponytail. On the other hand arose Mr. Baumann the car, in an elegant dark blue suit, suitable To the color of the car. The driver ranked the Mercedes 600 alongside Lukowsky's old Mustang. The two cars formed an extremely unequal couple.

Lukowsky and Fischer went towards the two newcomers. Antonietta She welcomed them with the words: "Hello! Both of them make a freshness and Rested impression. Then we want to take care of 'fist'! "

Antonietta Alotti had pre -ordered a conference room. Its walls consisting of woodenes were decorated with horse pictures. Through the width Window was seen by the Fuschlsee. There they were sitting at four on one green cloth covered table on which drinks and ashtray were provided; Antonietta and Mr. Baumann on one side, Lukowsky And fisherman on the other. The woman opened her handbag, put the glasses and took a leather -bound notebook and a small writing block at hand. She looked at Lukowsky and asked: "You have the key?" He nodded, pulled the strange object out of his pocket and put it on that Dark green tablecloth. Antonietta carefully took him into her right hand. She Look at him in detail and said: "Very good! I am very grateful to you!" She

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put the object back. Mr. Baumann noticed: "It is quite sure I see the right one at first glance. " Antonietta said: "Mr. Baumann will now tell you a little about the path to you. He. He At the time, the planning work for Z.A - as 'Fausts' quarters was called. So now I leave it up to him to inform them to the best of his assets. What I have to see, I will follow up. " Baumann nodded to the green tablecloth, then saw Fischer and Lukowsky and said: "First to the device itself. It has Five of five meters in diameter and is eighteen meters on the central axis high. The dome has a diameter of nineteen meters. Are above Two guns, three below. These have moved in, they are extended if necessary. About the system: It is essentially a large natural grotto and is about half of the mountain massif and to the other half underground, or sub -seed. The device is free on one solid bricked base. It has to look like a huge one Mushroom. It is therefore not possible to get the usually intended entry of to use below. However, there is a swinging out of the side Bridge, over which you entered directly from above, or from the side. The bridge had to be made of simple iron because of the shortage of materials to be made, it may therefore be that it has strong rust damage. In this regard you have to be careful. When 'fist' leave the system Will, this is usually done by a gate consisting of four parts. It is permeable to water, but from the outside with natural rock that it nobody can stand out as something unusual. 'Faust' can be under also move certain circumstances out of a spherical jump. But that is not the topic now. The electrical lighting of the The system will in all likelihood be intact. " - "Nevertheless, they become Take safety lamps with them, "Antonietta used. She leafed into the Notebook and said: "I am now calling you your tasks: you see each other First the swivel bridge on whether it is in sufficient use or must be renewed. Then go into the interior of ,Fist'. The door on the side of the dome opens when it is the conscious Push the key into the right opening. It's just one for it in Asking there is that you will recognize. You see yourself after the List that I will give you together with this notebook and make note if you find out defects. You also leave that

Triebwerk and try whether it does its job. There is a similar sum of themselves as the Ju 88. You, Mr. Lukowsky, know this sound. She check whether the windows of the command bridge open and close them again. Also switch on the screens and visual glasses. Explanations You can find this in this book. Furthermore, they let the upper guns go out, but they subsequently move in again. The lower ones have to go because of the Supported by Mr. Baumann on which the device is located remain. Also check the guns' readiness for fire - with the highest Caution! You recognize this by the fact that there is a green one on the target look Forms illuminated point. Now the most delicate: you will try out whether the device flies. This is in particular her job, Mr. Lukowsky. " The woman beat on your writing block, took a silver rotary pencil and illustrated Your words based on an already ready -made sketch: "Behind the three big ones Windows of the command bridge you will find five staggered seats. The first one in front is the pilot seat. They take a seat on this. At the beginning of the right armrest is the joystick. It is significantly smaller than with an airplane and is only moved with the fingers. All flight directions, altitude and Page movements are determined by him. On the outside of the left The armrest are three small levers. These make the flight and flight levels set. In the middle of this lever you will see a bike, it looks more like Like a tap. With this they let the engine on - turn forward, on, turn back. You also have two pedals. These correspond, as with a car, gas and brake. To attempt to fly, press As soon as the engine runs, first the first lever on the left and place this on level 1. Five hundred and fifty levels are possible, fit So you open, it's just a tiny movement! Then take the joystick with your fingertips - please with great sensitivity! - and pull a little bit up. The device is not anchored on its base, it So will lift. The height of the grotto has thirty meters, but it should only let 'fist' float for a tiny, maybe two Meter, and then put on again! " Antonietta looked Lukowsky in the Eyes and asked: "You dare to do that?" He nodded. The woman replied that Board nods and continued: "As soon as you all listed in this book Have checked points - you will find precise instructions in it - come immediately back. They don't care about the gateway to the lake. Should it be in Do not work an emergency, 'Faust' leaves his quarters either by one

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SPHARER JUM ASSOUT or simply breaks through the gate. That would not be difficult. This device is made of very firm material. Incidentally, it moves under water as well as in the air or in space. It is also due to the water in the system came in. So fail every attempt with the gate Otherwise it may be up and not again. " Antonietta first looked at Lukowsky and then Fischer: "Do you have any questions? - Then everything would be clear! As soon as you have fulfilled your task, we will meet here. I will spend the night here in the event that your company turns out to be lengthy should when we accept. I have the room number 34. Please unashamed if I should sleep! I hope very and with confidence, you Will find everything in good condition and will soon return healthy! " Antonietta Alotti gave Mr. Baumann a wink, and now he put again One: "We do not know how difficult the way into the system is Exactly. The entry is located under an inconspicuous hut. This is since long in a miserable condition, but that doesn't matter. We try us to buy them. The same key also opens the start. It leads one Shaft with iron sprouts in the facility. The shaft is tight The sprouts are certainly very rusty. You will definitely need gloves. We brought them with us, in the event that you have none with you. The shaft leads steeply down. About a hundred and fifty meters, maybe too Two hundred meters. The exact documents about Z.A were destroyed in 1945 for security reasons. It could be that there is still a lock there gives. It was originally planned, but probably had to be avoided due to time constraints. This system was in the very last minute completed. In the event that this lock was still installed, it will be The conscious key also open them. At the end of the shaft they come to a platform. There they encounter a strong gap that they use with the help of the Open the key. Then they are in the facility. You will be light switches there find. I assume, as I said, the lighting will go. Everything You can see more yourself. On the right side is 'fist' on the left Is water. " He considered and closed: "There is nothing more to say. Since this system had to be completed under great time pressure, may not be everything perfect. Unfortunately, we are not in the picture about the last details. Essentially, however, they should find everything as described. " Fischer asked: "How Are we getting started? " Antonietta took over the answer: "We drive with our car as far as possible and follow us - best

With the car of Mr. Lukowsky, which may arouse less sensation than the Ferrari. Z.A is not on this lake, but nearby. " Lukowsky remembered Astrid's word: 'Mondsee'. Paper and meanwhile continued: "From the point where the street is not Continue, you have about twenty minutes to get started. There we will give you some equipment that we have brought with us. It could look strange here in the parking lot. If there On the forest, contrary to expectations, someone sees their car, the unsuspecting hiker will accept that a couple of lovers are nearby. We turn up immediately. With the help of this sketch - it contains the same information as that of Mr. Lukowsky brought with you - become the entrance Find very easy. Please - I certainly don't need to tell you that - Make sure that you are not seen there, especially there. However, is It is extremely unlikely that someone gets lost at this time of year. But there could be a forester on the game, we have to consider everything. " She presented the notebook, plus a few pages of the writing block, and took Then your glasses. Now Antonietta Alotti's face showed a little smile: "Then we want to tackle it!" She looked at the men: "Is everything clear? - Good! I assume that you will be four to five hours all in all need, maybe six. " Antonietta rose. ended.

The large chauffeur -controlled Mercedes with Antonietta Alotti and Mr. Baumann in the fund slowly drove ahead. Lukowsky and Fischer followed in the Ford Mustang. Fischer said: "Miss Alotti has energetic sides that you truly not looking at. " Lukowsky confirmed: "You're right. You impressed her me. She lives for a goal she believes. " He looked over to Fischer: "Is that Not the same goal that you also told me about? " - "Yes," replied Peter Fischer, "the goal and my dream. I can't put into words what it is for I mean seeing and even entering this spaceship - because that Is it: a space ship! The greatest work that earthly technology has produced. " He pulled out a box of cigarettes, lit one for Lukowsky and then also for itself. Lukowsky asked: "What do you actually expect from this device, this spaceship?" Fischer thought a moment after he replied: "I have to confess, I don't know exactly myself. It's just a dream of mine! And what do we know about the hidden Sources of our dreams?! "

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From the Mondsee motorway exit, the journey led over and narrower And romantic streets until it ended in a forest path at the junction. Lukowsky steered the Mustang between trees and shrubs. Just so that the car could not be discovered immediately, but on the other hand too Not how hidden, rather like a couple of lovers like to park.

The chauffeur of the Mercedes got two backpacks from his trunk. Antonietta Alotti and Mr. Baumann had already got out. Lukowsky and Fischer went to them. There was windless at once. From the The driver's hands received one of the backpacks. Antonietta explained: "You will find everything you need. Light, gloves, For eventualities, oil and rust released, the most necessary in tools, also some provisions and even cigarettes! " She smiled: "Mr. Lukowsky's variety, I noticed it. " The driver brought two Bergmannshelme Carbid lamps. Lukowsky and Fischer each took one of them under their arms. Antonietta first shook Fischer and then Lukowsky: "Make it good! I don't think it will be dangerous - but still, Take care! " Lukowsky also promised Mr. Baumann with good wishes and the greeting of the old Knights of Tempel: "Heil and Blessing!" Then the two climbed back into the dark blue Mercedes. Antonietta waved again. The driver ranked, and soon that was Large sedan disappeared behind the next bend.

Fischer and Lukowsky were now alone on the edge of the forest, high above the Mondsee. In a strange way, Lukowsky passed this feeling of 'alone' - he missed the closeness of the beautiful, clever woman, whose dark eyes so much Could radiate warmth if they wanted it.

The steeply rising path to the hut would not be for a practiced hiker Strenuous, but a pleasure. For two Rhinelanders, however, the were used to the means of transport automobile and aircraft There is no pleasure. Fischer went in hands with the plan sketch. His silent yet noticeable enthusiasm gave him the skills of one Gemse. After a quarter of an hour away through dense forest, every now and then from suddenly interrupted rocks, came a meadow, which was covered by the afternoon sun, and from afar there was a half -fallen To recognize mountain hut. Lukowsky paused. But Fischer accelerated his Steps, and so Lukowsky also trotted behind.

Viewed up close, the hut built like a log house was in a better condition than it initially looked. The massive wooden walls were straight, there was no door anymore and the roof was two Third sunk. Fischer went around the hut and eagerly searched the basement -like substructure there according to the plan. With the help of a little one Hoe from the backpack, he released extraordinarily an opening, through which a man could squeeze down. Meanwhile, Lukowsky had the strange key ready that Antonietta's father had brought from the submarine with the last effort. Fischer called Lukowsky: "I think Here it is! " They both put on their Bergmannshelme and switched them on it attached lamps. A round plate, similar to a channel lid with Hinging, had become visible. The plate was completely smooth. Just on one There was a small hole. Fischer bent and blown out dust. The Strange keys fit exactly - the plate could be a gap wide open. Fischer oiled the hinges. They both took on and raised the hatch. There was a handwheel on the inside, as with the tower of a uboot. Presumably one was converted here for this special purpose made. The lamp beam down showed exactly what Baumann had described. Lukowsky and Fischer put on gloves. This time made Lukowsky started and climbed down on the iron stairs. Over him Fischer pulled the hatch and closed it by turning on the inner one Rad. There was an uncomfortably sounding squeak, but Fischer Could proclaim: "Luke closed again!" The shaft was steep and tight, directly in driven the rock. Soon it became moist and the rusty iron stairs felt slippery. The deep darkness devoured the sparse light of the Helmal lamps. Lukowsky checked the new sprouts before everyone kicks. But these were solidly stuck. So they got down and it seemed to take a long time. Suddenly a rung was missing. Lukowsky left a foot Keep it up. The next but one was back. Maybe that was that Place where an intermediate protection should be installed. It Go deeper and deeper into the dark. Lukowsky suddenly had to think about how he had a different shaft had climbed up. Whether the brave Italian may also be in would see that moment? In the way Astrid Xylander had spoken? It was still going down. The memory of Toulon gave Lukowsky the idea that here too the restoration

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Men could possibly be more difficult than it had been. - and it continued to go further. - Finally Lukowsky felt Foot tip instead of a new rung solid ground. He checked his foot. There seemed to be stable. Now the lamp also showed that the shaft ended was and had in a small, square room. Lukowsky called Fischer to: "We are below!" - "Fine!" it came from over him with fisherm Vote back: "I'm curious to see how a flash arch!" In the next Fischer stood next to him. Gave in a wall of the square room Such a kind of submarine hatch again. But this was obviously made of stainless steel. In this too, an opening that suits Domenico Alotti's key and one of the signs on the papers of Vera's father showed were to be seen. Lukowsky put the strange key in. Peter Fischer grabbed impatiently, bite his teeth together and pulled the LUK with a single jerk. This resulted in a quiet, squeaky sound that looked loud in the loneliness of the depth. Cool damp air flowed towards them. Fischer could no longer be kept. He pushed into Lukowsky Gone, shone behind the opening and quickly rose through. He said, "Help me to look for the light switch! " Lukowsky also climbed through the round Opening. They were in a spacious natural cavity that was only dealt with in a few places with a hammer and chisel. Lukowsky discovered a switch. It was an old - fashioned light switch to turn. Lukowsky turned - and in fact light started. Perhaps a dozen barred light bulb, irregularly distributed at various points in the system, opened them an almost incomprehensible picture. In front of them was a wild novel Proper mountain cavity of amazing dimensions. The further the look On the left, the more drip stone formations were recognizable, on which the weak light of the light bulbs a multicolored reflection found. Little had been changed here by human hands. On the The right side, where there were no dripping stones, stuck like a huge gray mushroom stranger -like structures from the water. It looked like this was So there for millennia, quietly and motionless. Fischer said with one Approach of awe in the voice: "There is it!" Although he hadn't spoken loudly, the wide grotto gave his words a solemn reverb. He preceded the increase on the right side, which introduced close to the mushroom -shaped structure. There they now stood side by side and looked at the 'Project 7', the secret fist of the Z-Plan. That over the course of time of

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A lime crust covered device offered a strange impression. It corresponded almost exactly what imaginative people could imagine under a 'flying saucer', which extraterrestrial visitors might have forgotten here a long time ago. But the faded bare cross on the Page of the structure testified that this strange structure of earthly origin was. To the left of the Balkreuz, the number 7 was the strange flash symbol that they had already seen on the ME 109 tail unit and on the right This was a stylized implementation of the magical sun. A swastika could not be seen. Nevertheless, the device undoubtedly came from that time. It Was huge and looked like the spaceship in Peter Fischer's old film. Antonietta Alottis and Mr. Baumann's description was correct up to all the details. Only that 'Faust' had a strong aging through the decades. But Probably the device should only have been cleaned and cleaned to fix this appearance. Drew in several places of the structure quadratical windows of around one and a half meters high, but these were Under tank boards. The apparatus enthroned on his thick concrete base of Certainly eight to ten meters in diameter. This spaceship offered in his current state literally the impression of a huge fossil. Here was Certainly no one has been for many years. And yet it looked like this As if everything could be brought to life within a few hours. Behind A rusty metal construction was recognizable to a rocky on the right side, which was reminiscent of the long boom of a building crane. Fisherman said: "The bridge!" And went to it. Lukowsky followed him. With united They managed to spoil this metal frame. The rusty hinges squeaked and groaned. The scaffold had finally taken up the intended position. The end of the swivel bridge reached exactly the side of the dome and pointed out the place where the outlines of the magical sun could be seen. Lukowsky and Fischer entered the pull bridge -like metal frame. It fluctuated and gave grinding noises from but seemed to be sufficiently stable. Your steps on the grating echoed through the vault. There was something like one around the dome horizontal running board of maybe forty centimeters wide. Then they stood Now immediately in front of the door, which was painted with the magical sun. In their The focus was on the opening for Domenico Alotti's key. It was covered with a lime layer. Fischer was enough to be Lukowsky Driving knife. With the help, the lime crumbled down quickly. Fisherman

pushed: "Open up!" Lukowsky put the key into the hole. It sounded the noise as when opening a toy car and immediately afterwards grind quiet. The door opened thanks to a functioning mechanism. Behind it was dark. Dry air came towards them. Lukowsky and Fischer left their miners' helmets on the running board and entered. The flashlight switched on the spaceship. They were in one narrow gear that bumped into metal doors on the right and left. On both sides were switches. Fischer operated the first, and pale green light glimed up. It came from small elongated lamps on the inner edge of the gang ceiling. They went to the left, because there was probably the front and so also the command bridge. This assumption turned out to be correct. It was a semicircular space of maybe five meters wide and three meters depth. There was also weak green lighting here. The five staggered seats were recognizable that Antonietta had spoken of. Fischer explained in a lower voice, as afraid he was afraid to wake up sleepers: "Yes ... entirely. The pilot seat is in front. To the right of that of the navigator and left for the weapons officer. In the increased chairs behind it, the commander and right sits on the left and the woman on the right for telepathic contact. We can do this perhaps imagined similarly to our astrid, very long hair - magical antennas." He settled on the first chair and asked Lukowsky: "Leave the engine to get energy." Lukowsky sat down on the pilot seat. His left hand groped after the tap-like wheel described and carefully turned it forward. It took a few seconds for a quiet hum to sound. The lighting became brighter and went from green into the normal rays of electrical light. Fischer could enthusiastic enthusiasm only hold back, but he remained factual. He took that notebook at hand and said: "So let's go to the list systematically before!" They did it first. Roll up the windows. It went. Then they switched on the screens. There were small black and white umbrellas, as already at the television broadcasts of the Olympic Games were used in 1936. There were also styles standing round glasses of a good half meter in diameter. On this appeared to Lukowsky's and Fischer's amazement good color images of what could be seen through the windows. Fischer made hinks in the notebook, and Lukowsky switched off all of this again. Next they tried whether they had the upper guns extended. Clearly audible noises spoke

for that. But Fischer went outside and convinced himself from the running board from the fact that the guns were really fully extended. He came back and said: "Everything is fine. They are enormous!" Lukowsky tipped the switch for the The willingness to fire, and the expected green dots shone on two rounds. Fischer made more checkers in that Notebook. Lukowsky switched off the guns and drove them back in. She went through the whole program, point by point. Before the final Flight attempt attempted the other rooms. They found what was to be expected on a small ship. A lounge, on Its wall of the flags of the three axis powers Germany, Italy and Japan hung, a whole series of sleeping cabins, some of which obviously were intended for women, a comby, a small laundry room, two Bathroom as well as women's and men's toilets. The whole thing was designed for A crew of maybe fifteen people. A lot of material of different types was stowed in a low intermediate deck, including Water tanks, numerous canned goods, coffee and tea, furnished fruit and Wine as well as plenty of toilet items and sewing stews, a accordion, boxes Full books; also tools, binoculars and some handguns, Rifles K 43 and Walther-PPK pistols along with ammunition. Also found A disassembled motorcycle with sidecar and two inflatable inflatable boats. Everything was available for a longer journey with adventurous Interruptions could be useful. Lukowsky and Fischer went back to the command bridge. The most delicate part of the matter came: the Flight attempt. Lukowsky took a seat on the pilot seat, Fischer Sit next to him on the chair of the navigator. The constant running Triebwerk made its monotonous sum. It was quieter than that Motors of the Ju 88 had sounded. The view through the three large square windows showed the matt -lit dripping stones above the quiet water the cave. Lukowsky said: "Then we want to!" Fischer asked: "Be careful, please! That something doesn't go wrong now!" But he welded his Invisible excitement. Lukowsky was also a little nervous. So careful, How he would serve this little joystick here, he was with Certainly never handled a technical device. He initially pushed The first lever on the steering side on the first position. The snap was clearly felt. Nevertheless, he checked it exactly. Then he pulled carefully With two fingers onto the joystick - 'Faust' jerked on his base and

raised. Fischer shouted: "Pass"! Pass "! " They have already floated several Meter up and approached the grotto blanket. Lukowsky took his nerves Together and pressing the joystick again gently. 'Faust' lowered and came up again with an almost gentle crunch his base to rest. Fischer snapped off the breath. Lukowsky was also happy to have completed this maneuver. His Hands were hot and moist. Fischer leaned back in his seat. He smiled dreamily and said relaxed: "Imagine if we wanted to we could fly to the stars now! " Lukowsky operated the switch that The Scots let the windows roll again and exhibited the engine. The lighting was now limited to a matt green. "Done!" said Fischer. He again flogged all the points in the notebook. He put it in and looked at Lukowsky: "I would like to have a while here Stay and dream. " Lukowsky knocked on his shoulder: "Antonieta is waiting for us!" When they left the spaceship and Lukowsky closed the door again, Fischer said: "It is definitely possible to climb the roof! Probably from behind." He already balanced to the right on the running board along. Lukowsky followed him. On the back of the dome was like how Usual at the time, the imperial eagle and below the Name Es Schiffes, in this case: 'Faust'. There were crusty stairs by lime. Fischer climbed her immediately and called Lukowsky from above To: "Come on!" Then they both stood on the flat roof of the spaceship dome. It was a strange feeling. In front of them stretched on the Opposite side to the stalactite cavity opposite. There were to recognize four strong steel jars. This concerned the gate they were about should not take care. The view from the dome over the huge lens -shaped pane of the spaceship body was impressive. The one from above Down -hung uphill light bulbs looked tiny and reflected the quiet water surface. Fischer said quietly: "This is the biggest Moment of my life! " -

The way back did not cause any special difficulties. Only that the slippery iron sprouts proved on the way up even more unpleasant when it was the case. Lukowsky noticed that his strength After the wounds were not quite the old ones, and for fishermen

There was no other. When they got back at the hut, left They both settled in the now damp grass and rested ten minutes out of. The evening already dawned. Lukowsky said: "I didn't think that this thing really exists. " - "I always knew," Fischer replied, "And somehow I always had the feeling that one day I would see it!" He looked at Lukowsky and pondered: "Now this dream is fulfilled for me Gone - I need a new one. And I already have it. " Lukowsky suspected: "Karola?" Fischer nodded: "We want children!"

They got up and went to the car. The moisture of the evening had The rocks that they had to overcome on the way, similarly slippery made how the iron sprouts were in the shaft. They slipped several times, helped each other and came up like bold climbers the storm of the Matterhorn.

In a good mood like men who had the feeling that a right performance was done They finally reached the location of the car. You threw hers Utensils in the trunk and finally let themselves be on the dark red Cross leather seats of the Mustang fall. She had the rocky spots for so long stopped that it was now completely dark. Fischer looked at From top to bottom and stated: "We look like the pigs!" Lukowsky laughed: "The main thing is that we are not!"

When they drove to the parking lot of the Schloßhotel Fuschl, the headlights of the Mustang captured silver -gray Porsche instead of the dark blue Mercedes 600 Antonietta. She probably had hers from Hilla have your own car brought and the large limousine and Mr. Baumann Seried away, Lukowsky speculated, and Fischer spoke right away this idea. It should soon turn out that it behaved that way.

At the reception, Lukowsky could be connected to the Numero 34 room. Antonietta went on the phone. Lukowsky reported: "Good evening, Miss Alotti. Everything is fine. Only we should wash ourselves thoroughly. " - "Good," The woman replied, "I'll wait for both of her in the restaurant."

A quarter of an hour later, Lukowsky and Fischer entered the restaurant. Peter Fischer cultivated in a dark brown suit with tie and tie pin, Lukowsky only washed properly and with a fresh shirt,

Otherwise he had nothing with himself to move. In the generously laid out And at the same time comfortably furnished, on the soft carpets of which their own steps could not be heard, there were only a few guests. There was a small frame of fabric at each of the Lindgrün laid tables Lamp that donated warm light. Antonietta received Lukowsky and Fischer in a festive dress made of silver shimmering silk and with one Brilliantly covered sparkling clasp in open hair, also around the neck You brilliant jewelry. She smiled towards the two men and said: "Me I'm happy! Sit with me! It's an hour of solemn tranquility! " Fischer said: "Thank you. It's nice to see her, gracious woman!" And Lukowsky sat down with the simpler words: "Good evening."

Antonietta Alotti showed a graceful gesture: "Gentlemen, we're going to be very good now dine together. Meanwhile, they tell me. And then we celebrate With a glass of sparkling wine, the stage successfully returned in recent months on the way to the victory of light! " She was obvious in Excellent mood. After the waiter had received the orders, Fischer handed over the notebook. He said: "All Points are positively provided, that is, the results of the exams are positive. Tomorrow I will make you an additional report with detailed comments that I agree with you, if you agree, gracious Woman, will send it to her Viennese office. " Antonietta cordially smiled: "That Would be very friendly of them, dear Mr. Fischer. You will be of that convinced, find nice descriptions that completely for security make appearing incomprehensible. " She thought about a moment and said Then: "I suggest that 'fist' call them 'apple', z.a as 'pear', and Things that may affect the way as 'plum'. " Fischer smiled amused: "Certainly, gracious woman! And the swivel bridge, to which there is a lot I will call, I will call 'lemon'. " - "Excellent!" happy Antonietta Alotti: "And how I was already able to take her words - no difficulties?" Fischer confirmed: "None! Everything is located in an amazingly good condition. You can certainly assume that things are for full satisfaction. " - "Fine!" said The woman, and turned to the second man at the table: "Mr. Lukowsky, You tried whether 'fist' is able to fly, and apparently you have that Found satisfactory? " - "Yes," Lukowsky replied: "I had the impression that we could fly at any time. But of course what we were there was

undertook, no real flight test. Nevertheless, I think everything is fine. " The woman said satisfied: "If the device moves, everything works too other! That is in the nature of the matter, I am sure of it. " She nodded to the two men and emphasized: "Thank you very much!" Then she turned again to Lukowsky and became more serious: "Mr. Lukowsky, you have that Key. I would like to see it to leave him in her care. Provided me can assume that you will continue to be available in the future if our community she needs? " Lukowsky considered a moment before He replied: "Of course you can count on me. But of course Nobody knows what can happen to him the next day. And me I'm alone. If something happens to me - let's assume, I'll fall off, that's yes Not impossible - so nobody would be there to lead the key. Out of I would find it better in their interest and in the sense of the whole, if you take it. You are not alone. " Antonietta saw Lukowsky in The eyes, and for a little moment her gaze became sad, as if that Word 'alone' triggered this. Then she smiled again and said: "Well! She are right. Then I suggest that you hand over the key to me, look at but still belongs to him as a matter of them - and if he needs again I will ask you to use it! Are you with it agreed?" Lukowsky nodded. And handed him Antonietta with the words: "Call me when you need. I will be there if the gods or the fate allow." The woman received the valuable little object, and The soft tops of her fingers gently touched the back of his Hand. She looked at the two -time key before she in her handbag stuck. She looked at Lukowsky thoughtfully in the eye, and again sounded in her A touch of sadness: "We have confidence!"

The following an hour and a half went carefree, almost happy. She Ate together, chatted and drank a glass of sparkling wine. Antonietta Alotti made her second glass and said: "We have now done what so far could be done. Now time will pass. Our connection So it won't be looser, but more narrower! Lords: My name is You are welcome to the structure of our community - two new members of the Chain!" - They pushed and drank, they were well tuned. Standed to the windows on the right side of the table. It was Dark outside. And the first snow fell.

The next morning they said goodbye and agreed to meet again soon. From then on life would be in for a while quieter lanes. Antonietta Alotti drove back to Vienna, Peter Fischer followed Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Lukowsky towards Düsseldorf.

When Lukowsky parked the Mustang at the Jürgensplatz, exit and stepped to the house entrance, the first snowflakes of the year stumbled out of the year Clouds. He looked up at the sky. Then she suddenly beamed out, the winter sun, and Lukowsky passed a strange feeling. He accelerated his Steps, hurried up the stairs, opened the door and looked into the mailbox. There is a lot of mail in it, including a letter from Wenzel, the announced an order to Turin. But no letter from Vera.

From that day on, he was waiting for the post every morning, and he always hoped On a message from Vera. So the days passed. Lukowsky stood by the window and watched the snowflakes that are increasingly and denser from the sky fell. It was as if everything had been covered by this snow and his Inner look withdrawn. The only thought of Vera remained, and this was From hour to hour larger and stronger. He no longer knew how many days he had been by the window for most of the time had spent standing and watched the snow. And he always hoped that the Sun wants to show itself. But it didn't do it, the sky remained gray. But then she shone in the early morning. And it came from Vera! - It was a light brown envelope, Vera's handwriting in Umbrabraun ink on it And a Swedish stamp. Lukowsky's hands trembled. He went to Desk and opened the envelope. It was a single letter sheet in it, and The words were on that: come now! In addition as a P.S. The directions And that he from her driver with an old Mercedes 300 midday would be picked up at the village station.

He steered his car through the southern Swedish winter landscape. The goal was not far. Had a traffic sign at the previous intersection displayed: 14 km. From the branches of the trees trickled under the touch of one Light wind of freshly fallen snow. The sky was bright, but the sun,

The winter sun, spoken of Vera that day in the Hotel Kaiserhof Has didn't seem - not yet. But the weather was clear. Possible that the Sun would soon break out with friendly rays. Lukowsky hoped on it so that it should be the way he had imagined. He drove to the small town station, as Vera had called him, and waited. It wasn't quite noon yet. A car should come around lunchtime and pick it up, Vera had written, an old, rounded dark blue Mercedes. Lukowsky smoked a cigarette, he waited. With the engine turned off It quickly became cold in the car. But it didn't take long. A big one Dark Mercedes 300 S, which may have been built in 1953 or '54 might, came, came and stop directly on the wine -red Ford Mustang. Vera had to have described him to the driver. Lukowsky got out. The rounded Mercedes Braked. The driver was an old man with a wrinkle furrow but friendly face. He greeted Lukowsky in German and kept him Passenger door.

The journey led deep into the snowy landscape, through forests, A lake over and again through dense forest. The engine of the large Wags ran so quietly that only the sound of the rolling tires and the under could be heard from them. After a good half hour, the car turned into a narrow side street. The forest was cleared. On At the end of the street a building was recognizable, a large beautiful house with Many gable and ingress, certainly a hundred or more years old. There they drove Tin - Vera lived there. - and suddenly a clear, cool Sun - the winter sun! The driver held the door right in front of the high carving with rich carvings in Nordic ornamentation, got out and led Lukowsky into the house. He took the fur -occupied pilot jacket. An old woman also greeted him in German and with a warm handshake. She continued. The old couple, Lukowsky recalled Vera's words that took care of their requirements. - It went over Persian bridges through a cool marble area, on the walls of which large paintings of sailing ships hung. Behind Another hallway was a high two -winged door, which in turn was decorated with old Germanic carvings. There was a big, high behind this Warm room with a wooden ceiling. Hunting trophies, antlers of deer, reindeer, moose and a powerful one hung on the walls

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Week skulls, in between old weapons, percussion rifles, wheel castle guns, crossed drinking sons. There was a large open fireplace in which a fire Pras-self. The model of a cruiser with three stood on the fireplace Chimney. The furniture was made of dark oak, again rich with Carving. Orient carpets covered the floor. The nice old woman said something in good German. However, Lukowsky didn't understand it. His Thoughts were at Vera. Then he understood. Food is prepared - whether he is not Want to eat? No, he thanked no, he didn't want to eat. At most, nothing else. The friendly woman assured that they would bring coffee straight away And removed.

Lukowsky stood in the big room and waited - hoped: Vera was supposed to come! But first the nice old woman came back and served coffee and In addition, pastries. She also set a polished wooden box with cigarettes Table lighter and a bronze ashtray ready. Lukowsky had for None of this. His heart beat violently, called to Vera. Finally: a dark door opened. She came! She smiled.

Vera wore a floor -length skirt of a lot of light brown fabric, a dark brown belt and a beige blouse with a top attachment. Her face was without makeup, the big gray -blue eyes shone under the dark eyelash rays. Her smooth hip -length hair was open. Only two horn clips held back behind the temples. There was a narrow brown throat strap around Vera's slim neck. She had no jewelry except a baroque ring with a diamond and two pearls on the ring finger of theirs left hand. Her lips smiled. Ernst Lukowsky saw this woman and his heart began to grass, he felt Suddenly small and insignificant compared to this wonderful being, which belonged to a higher, noble manner. Vera went towards him, handed him hand, and her soft voice sounded: "Welcome to my secret castle, Don Quijote!" She held his hand Fixed and so informed him, on a highly backrested padded bench at the fireplace Take space. When he had done it, she let go of his hand and sat down Next to him. Only now did Lukowsky found words. He simply said: "It's nice To see you, vera! " She indicated a nod: "I'm also happy!" They looked at each other silently. Again it was as if their both looks at one The only ones would have happened in the past, but without

to remain. Then Vera broke the silence, she asked: "Tell me, What was! " He told her. It ended in the sentence: "Your enemy has entered hell. You wanted that. And you wanted it through me. " She looked at him in silence before she said: "I wanted that! - through you! The knight has the lady for his lady Dragon killed. And for that I thank him - thank you - very much! " Their slimming body approached him. Eyelashes sank over her eyes, Vera's face approached his, his, Her soft warm lips kissed him. At the same time, their narrow hands felt After his shoulders, she tilted over. He encounters her waist Tender, careful, as with a very easily fragile being. And he felt at the same moment as a quiet tremor was the flexible female body went through. Vera opened his eyes. Her face was very close to him. She Language - quiet but very clearly: "It's good. - Now it's good now!" - Lukowsky said: "You wrote me a wonderful poem. I have it again And read again and yet, I confess, not all of them. Does it refer to the old Germanic myths? " She looked him in the eye: "This is the soil. You will understand it!" He gently grabbed her hair: "And you gave me a curl. It must have hurt you. I have It hurt when I saw it. " She turned his back on him and asked: "Do you notice that something is missing?" - "No," he replied, because in their densities Hair was actually not detectable to the loss of the big curls. The woman turned back to him and said: "I wanted you to have a piece of me have. Everything about me is yours. The knight has conquered his lady! I belong to you - as far as I can. " Again she let him be hugged And it was beautiful. Due to the high windows fell light light - the Rays of the winter sun. -

It had become evening. Lukowsky now had some details in detail tells of all of this what he had experienced and what not least the legacy her father touched. And Vera had listened to him as if she went through the whole Happened in his words. A special kind of happiness had arisen, the cheerfulness that knows about their finiteness and therefore never completely is carefree. But they felt comfortable, both of them were happy to everyone Moment. Then they went outside, under the free sky, Walked through the clear Nordic landscape until the evening red raised And sank the winter sun.

Four candlesticks gave the light. They were sitting on the ground on moose skins the fireplace of another room, which was designed very womanly: bright the Walls with narrowly framed colored copper engravings of flowers. Two antique statuettes on pedestals: Paris and Helena. Everything was dominant, however The large painting on the opposite wall. An illustration too Wagner's Tristan and Isolde: Liebest. Vera also let this music play - From a system hidden somewhere, a specially made tape: prelude and love death. Quiet and yet loud enough this music sounded like greetings From another world, from election - from Vera's world. She wore the wide silk bathrobe where she had already shown him. And this time again there was no other fabric underneath. She Had taken the clasps out of his hair and pulled the ring out of the finger - as she ever let her tell. Many irrelevant things, you just wanted to listen. And he told her, told about adventures, about thoughts, hopes and dreams - and again and again this resulted in her, with her Vera - Dulcinea! But then a bitter train suddenly stepped on her beautiful Face. She didn't want him to speak of her, not of his dreams in Relation to them. It was there, the elbows on several times layered skins Supported and head in the hands. That's how she looked at him, so she was viewed. He lay next to her on the bottom covered by skins. The fingers of his right Hand stroked along her temple and over her head and sank In the floods of her reddish-brown hair. She slowly turned on the Back. His face was now over her. Vera looked at him. The lips of your Beautifully shaped mouth. She spoke and a quiet tremor sounded Her voice: "I can't! Don Quijote, I can't! I would like to I wish so much a child! And yet I can't. Something has me for made this earthen life unsuitable, you know. " She was a little bit and stated: "That's why I want you to look for another woman, one, that sees me similarly that is my size and such hair like me and with the You think of me! You can find her - and in it too! And you should Have children!" She suddenly looked at him with a strict look: "This is What do I ask for my knight, do you hear? It's my will! " He held her glowing look stood and said: "I love you, vera, I love you! You! You! About everything - imperishable. " She demanded: "So fulfill mine Will! And I promise you: should you not find me in any other woman - Then I'll come to you! In a way that you will understand when

You understand my poem completely. Because we, I have long known, belong to each other for eternal law. " The long curved eyelashes over theirs Gray -blue eyes hardly began to get noticeably restless, her gaze spoke From agony. She said quietly: "Now ... I can't! - If we are in the see other world in the realm of eternal dawn ... not here. " Tears entered their eyes and ran over their cheeks, very quietly, silently, without one Sob. She slowly lowered the eyelids, there was a pull depths on her mouth Pain Lukowsky put her in his arms - now very tight. He felt under your body. On his shoulders he felt long lace fingernails that hit him deep into the meat and tore wounds, again and again, so that that Warm blood flowed; And it was a sweet pain. Enveloping fabrics fell, Body touched each other, lips and hands and warm skin. And of Somewhere sounded: Tristan and Isolde - Liebeste - Liebeste. - A cry broke out of Vera, a cry - not loud and yet terrible. With a sudden movement of enormous strength, she was half astit. Her eyes looked at the man confused, her corner of your mouth trembled, her whole Body seemed frozen like marble. Lukowsky said softly: "Vera! Dulcinea! " The tension in her loose. Hands and the blood that troff from her fingernails. A rigid horror she took. It was apparently incapable of stirring. Lukowsky leaned over You, he lovingly took her hands and freed his fingertips with his Mouth of the blood. A quiet, infinitely tortured cry, Vera's throat, And tears flowed out of their eyes. Lukowsky wanted her to go into the Take your arms, but she twitched back in front of him. She looked at him and stammered: "Don't you see ...?" Then her voice became stuck and she repeated: "Don't you see!" She lowered her head and hid her face behind The waves of her red -brown shimmering hair. She spoke very quietly and yet Sure, not whispering, completely controlled again: "Please leave me now - and Never come back. - If you love me - go! - I'm going to you come - in my own way. I promise it." She took a look. Eyes blazed fire. And Ernst Lukowsky began to understand what He did not want to admit: Vera did not belong to the world. - From Somewhere from: love death. -

She had gotten up, confidently like an ancient goddess, had been looked at again - for half a moment - and then she was over, in

An adjoining room and had closed behind. No sound was from there listen. Only Richard Wagner's divine music sounded: love death. -

Vera didn't see Lukowsky again. It was the third day that he brought in the only inn in the tiny place and led the torque, the nameless Torment of concern and uncertainty - fear for Vera, for Dulcinea. Always He had called again, and again and again from the old Swede who House supplied, heard, Miss Jörgens are doing well, but she doesn't want anyone still speak. Since Lukowsky did not calm down, Vera finally came But even on the phone. He was relieved to hear her voice, he started to live again. She just said: "Don Quijote, dear, let me. It's good! In the The next world we will definitely see each other again. Then we will also be together. Forever! But in this world let me - and do what I do for Asked you. You will definitely do everything right, you are brave. But if you really need me, I come to visit you, wherever you It may be as I promised you. I don't leave you alone. Live Well now - goodbye! " - she hung up.

Ernst Lukowsky was sitting in Düsseldorf behind the desk of his new office On the bank of the town hall that Fischer had set up in Aurora GmbH View of the Rhine. The sky in front of the windows was gray. Lukowsky turned The drum of the heavy revolver. Five chambers were empty in the Sixth was a .44 Magnum cartridge. Lukowsky spanned the rooster, led The mouth of the run on the head and pressed. It only made: 'click'. Already for the seventh or eighth or twelfth time - he hadn't counted. It there was no more feeling in him, neither fear nor hope - nothing living. - Vera had killed. She had gone home through the light of Eternal dawn - to Walhall. Her brother was very open on the phone Has honestly. Three people would have Vera on his conscience, he said: Valtine, her own mother - and himself, her brother. But he had it to Loved insanity; Intraent, but honestly loved. That's why she forgiven him. There was no second woman like Vera, her brother said, no second one Woman was so beautiful, so clever, yes wise, and as enchanting as she - like a Magic from another world that had only reached this raw earth by oversight by fate. And, he said, Vera had that Power of being unforgettable. - Lukowsky knew that it was. He had hung up and got his revolver. He wanted to feel the pain of dying.

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For the countless time he turned the drum and - 'click'. Then an urgent letter from Sweden had arrived. A letter from Vera, only a few lines:

Dear, Now I'm at home. It is good. Don't be sad I'm not dead, the power of love makes you immortal. Please do not visit the grave, there you didn't find anything from me. I visit you. If you think of me, I will know and be happy. Now live a good life! When the time comes, we'll see each other again - then forever. In later. Your vera

It had become evening now and then night. The revolver was on the Desk. Lukowsky looked out of the window with empty thoughts. Lonely lights were reflected in the water of the Rhine. Then - after long, unchanged hours - he suddenly had the feeling that To turn the view to the right, towards the door. And there she stood quietly Smiling: Vera! He could see her very clearly, completely physical. She Had her reddish shimmering hair open, and they were even longer than he had ever seen it. He has never tackled such a pink-colored dress you saw. But this appearance was certainly Vera. And she smiled Smiled with red lips and saw him from her big, quiet gray blue Eyes on. She nodded him and stroked the usual hand movement Hearted back from the vertex. Vera! It was so beautiful! - He got up to go against her. - but now there was nothing more As the empty dark door frame. But he said deeply in Vera's voice Hear, that spoke, clearly, clear, full of certainty: "Later!" -

When the morning gray, Georg called. An old friend and comrade from Vienna, from which he only heard once every year. Right now he was with his plane On the intermediate landing in Düsseldorf, of all things he called and said: "Our life, that of men like you and me, flows differently. It doesn't go Between the hedges of security, like most people. We neither die in bed nor behind the desk - nor off Melanche of a deceased lover. The Chinese say: 'A person lives

As long as someone looks at his picture. 'So forward, old boy! As long as You live and look at the picture of your vera - be it as a photo or as your picture in Your heart - so long it is not only in heaven, but even here this earth immortal! " -

Vera's photo had looked at Lukowsky, then put it back and had broken up. He had gone, had chosen a hearty war where the view of falling was good to get a decent way to Vera, Just like a knight goes to his lady - after passing the fight. But he had survived - and with him on earth Vera's picture, the photo as well as that in his heart. He then knew other women who looked a little similar to Vera, Vera had searched in them - and yet not found. Vera, that was called: 'the real'. They only existed once. And again and again he thought: Vera, my vera, sweet lover in that distant other world, in the eternal There is a dawn, we'll see each other over there, everything will be good there, All bitteries have passed, every agony is overcome and we will be love. But if it is nothing over there, over there, we will Defeat dark and pass the deflections together - without fear. - He thought of Vera, no matter how many years had passed, now decades - he would always think of Vera. - she was fate.

-

More than a quarter of a century had passed, but not Vera's picture in Ernst Lukowsky's hearts. Now he was sitting in the narrow office of a small air freight company in Bunkerhill, Angeles. In this, as in any other room before, he hoped vera might Visit him again. But so far she had never come back. Maybe so Sometimes he thought she would only do that at home - or she expected First of all, that he may fulfill what her wish had been.

The connection to his old circle had not broken off in all the time, although Lukowsky had not entered European soil again. But she wrote, quite regularly. With Astrid Xylander, he changed a letter every month, almost like according to plan. Astrid had in spring after his Get a child's departure. A daughter. It was called Siglinde. One and a half years She had married later. An architect that she had known in a friendly manner for a long time, and now she had a son to the world brought, Holger. With Peter Fischer he changed about every six weeks Letters. He was also fine. He had married Karola and meanwhile No less than four children: Ernst, Fritz, Astrid and Vera. A couple of times a year He also corresponded to Antonietta. She was now married for a long time and had get two more children. He knew from her that Susanne Löw Son gave birth to Dr. War and in Antoniettas Office worked. She thought a lot of him and indicated that he was her to hers Want to make successors. The contact had also maintained with Fritz Busch. But a while ago, this, high in the nineties, was died too his happiness without the previous diesthination; A few weeks after his friend and chess partner Claude Herniaire. Hugo Weiß had soon suffered his fate. A shot in the back, in the middle of the street in Madrid. The had written Antonietta. With Leopold Wiesinger there was also a sporadic correspondence, once every two years. Whose prophecies were so far. The wall through Berlin has long since been no longer The world had started to move. Lukowsky often had to think about that. In the the rest, even with Wellmayer, who has long since retired from business had at least changed Christmas cards. By Cornelius was never again something to be heard; he was sent in forced premium pension, so Fischer wrote. So the connection to the aging home had remained quite alive - and But very far.

Now more than two and a half decades had passed. And often serious Lukowsky think of Astrid's words: 'You will stay young!' He was older, certain, but hardly that someone was significantly over the fifty would appreciate. And his strength also seemed for nothing in all the time to have become narrower. He was still a good plane and for exhausting flights even in demand and also participated in flight races a grumman bearcat. What he hadn't done was a reasonable, to build up proper life. Not done? He didn't even have it anymore wanted.

The 'Bearcat' was painted sky blue and decorated with cloud patterns, on There were bare crosses in dark blue. The plane also remembered Little to the German FW 190 a, just that the screw was four -leafed in front of the star engine and had no spinner like that of the FW 190. Construction of this fighter plane came from the final phase of the second World War II, but was only used in the Korean war and later Even in the service of the South Vietnamese Air Force. She was a good one Airplane. Now the sky blue Grumman Bearcat stood with the identification n - 24 19 B on the private airfield of San Pedro, south of Los Angeles. One Series of other old fighter planes, mostly painted even more colorfully, waited Also: three Mustangs, a Hellcat, a Thunderbold, a Lightning and a corsair and a Spanish license building of the ME 109, which the owner is involved had equipped an allison engine and a Galland hood, so that This machine now looked like a Me 109 G-10. Her painting with a tulip nose was modeled on Erich Hartmann's plane. Then there was still a hobbyist that is painted on the bright red - but more or less were all of these aircraft handicrafts. It was important to the speed Not on historical originality. To the war that these machines once Had served, nobody thought anyway. They were racing planes like it also gave racing cars. For the technically best possible state of Lukowsky's Bearcat provided Joe McGarden, a more proven for many years Friend. So these ten machines were now in the heat of the California Ready in the morning to get a race for twice five hundred miles delivery. There was money for that, because each of the machines was bore the advertising prescription of a sponsor. The logo of 'Wang' was emblazoned on Lukowsky's Bearcat. Before But everything was a lot of fun. There was no bitter rivalry

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Comradeship went up. All of them who took part in such aviation races, knew each other well. Lukowsky had won one of the races twice, but Most of the time it was the third or fourth place, in Reyno the fifth. The bearcat was relatively close to its original state, while two of the Mustangs, the Corsair, the ME 109 and the bright red self-construction based on the Fury, had been refined with all conceivable refinements. One of these machines mostly won, but it didn't matter. The Lightning Always stayed last, and yet the assessor was with full pleasure. This time the bright red self -made, Lukowsky Bearcat ended up as third Start and finish. But it had been a good race, without accidents, without technical damage. When the ten colored aircraft stood, the mood was excellent. The audience was now allowed to look at the planes up close. That was something special, also for California. The pilots and their mechanics meanwhile celebrated, and that took Traditionally until the next morning. The girls provided food. Beamfire burned during the night. Found every two to three months Such a race instead, and again and again it was a small event. Then But everyday life followed - how life existed.

It was a hot September day in Los Angeles, the sun crashed into the windows when the phone bored on the small shabby desk And a completely unexpected German voice said: "Hello serious! I hope, not to have offset me, and with you there is day. " It was Bernd Meißner. He had received the phone number from Wellmeyer. Bernd said: "It is Something very strange happens: You found the fuselage of our DO 28 in a glacier, with Felix 'now already buried corpse. It was a coincidence, by mountaineers. And ... in the boxes, you know the boxes, there Was something in it ... what from the Nazi era. It would be good if you could come. " The same day was a second call from Germany. This time a Women's voice. She said, "My name is Julia Beckmann. I am the daughter by Antonietta. Something happened. You should come back. Please Tuesday morning next week when it can be set up. By Vienna's office you know. Can we count on you? " Lukowsky didn't think long. There was nothing that now mandatory in Angeles held, and maybe it was time to return home anyway. He said, "I'll be."

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Lukowsky was sitting at his desk in Los Angeles and working on a course out of. That would be a little adventure, but it had to work: with six Intermediate landings across the continent, then over several stations, new Braunschweig, Iceland and Greenland to Europe. Joe had the Bearcat with two Additional tanks that came from a P 51, but still approved. It should be quite possible. Then he would just do it in time with one Hunting Easitz built in 1946 in Vienna-Schwechat. Because he did not want to leave the bearcat behind, he was now hung on this plane.

He had sent a fax to Peter Fischer and asked him to get him a suitable neighborhood in Düsseldorf. Fischer had faxed that Lukowsky could initially move into his Neuss apartment. There in the garage By the way, his Mustang is still standing. He will now be of one Let the workshop look through and then register for 'Aurora GmbH', Lukowsky can therefore expect his old car available have. This thought was happy. He took a look out of the window. For the For the first time, he noticed that in the core of Los Angeles a lot of new high -rise buildings had been added since he had settled in this city. Some years had passed.

There wasn't much to pack. Joe would send him two suitcases by air freight, because there was no space for the like in the Bearcat. When he was the office in Bunkerhill closed behind him, in which Joe McGarden will sit alone in the future dignity, the unexpected feeling that he would miss Joe and A lot else - the stranger was no longer alien to him, and suddenly I had doubts whether he still belonged to Düsseldorf, whether not going Angeles, this city with a lot of shade but also sunny pages, now for he was something like a home. Certainly, the dark sides increased, especially the violent crime, which was basically nothing more than a permanent racial war. A lot had changed for bad. But on that the individual was not to blame, Lukowsky had good friends found among them. As he went down the stairs, the uncertainty grew. He turned on the street and looked at the House wall up, on the window from which he had looked so often when he was on Desk sat. Perhaps that he would soon return to the New home when it was done in the old what was there now.

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The silver -gray Buick Riviera, with which he drove to the airport, was now too Not new. Lukowsky thought that nobody would do this car want to have if he doesn't. The car would stay in the hangar. Maybe whoever liked it would come back soon.

When he said goodbye to Joe, also from Sandy and some others, Was the thought of not going on in the long run, very strong in it. And as he With the edit, a round of space turned and saw how to get it from below Winking, it suddenly hurt to fly away.

The evening was already dawning over Vienna when Lukowsky followed the Bearcat a long flight and many fuel stops in Schwechat to land. Autumn 1999 - He hadn't been in Europe for a long time Quarter century! And yet - was that really a long time ...? The roller train had now been renewed and no longer as bumpy as earlier. But the parking spaces for small private machines were still the same, and so the light blue Grumman Bearcat now took a place One in which a blue T-6 had already stood many years ago, with who had often flown to Lukowsky at the time. There were things that changed And others who stayed the same.

After completing the formalities, Lukowsky rented himself in the 'Novotel', Right at the airport. In any case, that was new, hadn't existed before. He ate and then went to his room. He switched on the TV. There were the well -known Austrian, German and Swiss broadcaster, but with all new faces. There were also numerous Programs that hadn't existed in the past. Everything was louder Grellier, raw and soaked with breed mixing ideology. It worked Americanized, and yet not American. Whatever there was bad from America - the good was not. And now half a Nazi era past century was rolled broadly, with according to television In the meantime, every German has already been a criminal who was not a betrayal had committed. It had become dangerous to say something else, so people kept their mouths. But the German soldier marched again, and Where he got, he was friendly by the local population, often Even warm, greeted. So the memory of the German Wehrmacht could hardly be so bad. However, the Germans now marched for strangers Interests, just like the Americans. Together they had to conquer new sales markets so that a few people whose nationality was their fat bank account were able to incorporate even more money and dream of unrestricted world control. Maybe the old Karl Marx didn't have So wrongly when he claimed that the inevitable cycle of capitalism was: 'economic crisis war'. Now it was the turn of the war again. Former pacifists had become glowing militarists, from one Hour to the other, just as they were prescribed. There was also Four or five peoples who insisted on their sovereignty. They had to

be bombed down in the name of democratism; Because the few people with The nationality of fat bank account demanded unrestricted rule About this planet. Of course in the name of an ideology that, like Everyone, as the sole elderly, which is why everyone, is the same which international tribes that she didn't want to have, was evil and knocked down must be. According to the motto: if you don't want to be a democrat, I'll hit you the damage. The gentlemen of the whole were those of the nationality fat Bank account, each of them as infallible as the Pope for his last Believers. All television stations were unconditional to the nation of fat bank account, and so the programs looked like. With enthusiasm, one just reported a so - called recently held in Berlin 'Love Parade', in which hundreds of thousands were brainless and bizarre ugliness, only stomach, without spirit, often stated by intoxication, just as the upper wanted their will -free consumption slaves. The following day, however, most of them were back to people became, and the upper one had no pleasure. The devil was unhappy, you could see it clearly in the corner of the television agency with a nationality fat bank account. Because the young generation thought again in Concepts such as duty and family, women wanted to be women again and again Men work properly, marriages kept more and more and there were less Abortions-the devil was inconsolable, and the TV agitator too. He just mocked natural feelings over time and then, such as intolerance to perversity, which are no longer called that may now mean 'sexual minorities' that is just democracy. The only existence of the democratic majority existed to serve minorities like those who are in Sodom and Gomorra felt really comfortable. It was revealing, these television programs once to endure. Fortunately, reality looked different from that Pictures played there, and that's why the devil was so unhappy. One impressed Lukowsky: the weather map that Germany no longer in 'BRD' and 'GDR'. The current world rulers had not expected that. But at least they could now go to the Germans Price force to give up your good D-Mark for reunification. The saved the US dollar from the final crash. But people danced Not bluntly after the official pipe. They no longer believed everything that was told to them, neither what the past received nor that,

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What the present and the future of the future did. More and more started To think quietly - quietly, but yet - about unemployment, alienation, Negroes that did not belong to Europe, intoxication and violence everywhere, Even at schools, that much was not in order. That left Listen to the nuances of the television comments, it prepared The agitators noticeable discomfort. Some of these might be afraid of his benefits in dark; and the nationality fat bank account had the disadvantage that in the event of the case nobody behind theirs Could hide the border. In spite of television and all current power conditions: it was approaching a new time! She would soon no longer Leave. - Lukowsky switched off the device and lay down sleep. The tour interrupted by fuel stops and two small breaks From Los Angeles to Vienna was easy and not particularly exhausting was, but still tiring - and the thirsty Bearcat had on this flight Around a quarter of Lukowsky's money reserves through the exhaust system of your Blown star motor. But she was a fine plane! -

When the new morning was there - a friendly autumn day with sunshine - Lukowsky exchanged money. The banknotes now looked different. Instead of the pretty Bertha von Suttner, a strictly gentleman of the thousand shilling banknote. In the meantime there was also war leaders Europe again very popular, what would you have done with Bertha from Suttner should! So the money had become uglier and also significantly less worth it. The latter noticed Lukowsky at the price of the taxi ride from the airport into the Downtown. But there the opera still looked as it belonged, and Everything else seemed to be fine. Vienna remained Vienna.

Around ten o'clock he entered the house on the opera ring, where Antonietta's office found that was no longer called Alotti, but because of her marriage Antonietta Kern. That sounded less pretty, but somehow fit her. Three cars parked in the courtyard of the house: a new Mercedes 500, dark blue, one New Porsche 911, silver gray - and the old BMW V8, where nothing had changed. Everything else seemed to be the same, even though the pigeon blue runners on the stairs have definitely been renewed several times were. The brass rods under the steps flashed as usual, and Likewise the lamps. On the dark oak door stood on a simple Brass sign of the company name: Neoenergen Ges.m.b.H .. About this company

Antonietta had written to Los Angeles. The headquarters were initially in Frankfurt am Main and recently in Berlin. However, the technical development center was in Munich, which International connections ran over Vienna. Lukowsky remembered the corresponding stories from the letters. To the high-gloss polished bell button remembered his previous visit. Lukowsky pressed on it. Soon steps sounded behind the door and this opened. The black-haired girl who opened was perhaps nineteen years old, had beautiful dark eyes and a dream figure. She was wearing a light red costume and a magnificent long hair tail. Lukowsky immediately considered whether it was one of Antonietta's daughters could be. But soon he should find out that you the granddaughter of the known Mr. Baumann was. The girl apparently knew let it, it said: "Grüß God! Mr. Lukowsky?" He nodded and replied that greeting. The girl smiled and continued. The big anteroom was unchanged, except for two brown desks on the back wall. One of them seemed the workplace of the black-haired girl to be. On the second a petite woman was sitting in his mid-thirties, the one in beige blouse with large ruffles carried on it and her blonde hair to one naked grade had been wrapped like a classic ballerina. The blonde Lukowsky therefore only greeted the phone on the phone. Still before the girl came with the perfect figure to knock on the high door, behind the boss's office, Antonietta opened and came towards Lukowsky. She wore her glasses, a dress in old pink and hair in front of the braided shoulder to a braid - almost as with her very first encounter in the Munich Café Roma. And she was still the beautiful woman from back then. The decades hadn't had much to do with her. Antonietta gave Lukowsky's hand and smiled: "Nice to see her again!" He said: "Me too I am very happy! It is a bit like the time had stopped. She are very nice, Antonietta!" The woman strengthened her smile: "Do you find? Maybe you just feel like that!" They went to the big office the painting by Prince Eugen on the wall. Apparently there was a lot nothing changed. Only the seating set in the meeting corner was different, now made of darker, red-brown leather. Everything was ready on the table: coffee, dishes, glasses, ashtrays. They sat opposite each other and looked at each other in silence for a few moments. Then the woman said: "Thanks We know the most important thing of our mail traffic. As a result there is

Not as much to tell as it would otherwise be common after such a long time. I was very happy that our connection in this way remained quite tight. " She returned coffee in two cups. "I was also happy about each of your letters. And they are fine. That is fine. is beautiful!" - "I have no reason to complain," said Antonietta, "that Fate meant well with me. I'm no longer constantly in the Company, I wrote that to you, so that I have already been the role in the meantime the grandma can fill out, because my eldest daughter already has two children - My daughter Julia, she called her. " Lukowsky asked: "She's not here?" Antonietta shook her head: "Julia lives in Frankfurt am Main, or in Bad Homburg, and now with one foot in Berlin. Now move a lot there. I would like to ask you to go there - Because of a matter that we will talk about later. First Is it important to soon take up the strange story about loading yours before To clarify thirty years of crashed aircraft. You should do this with Jörg Löw speak, a man from the circles who has developed very well. She will get to know him right away. He is in his office, here in the next room. But it was important to me to greet them alone. We have Get to know at a time that was particularly important to me. I wish me that the relationship that is in a way between us resulted in when a small peculiarity of life remains. Our Nocturnal flying adventure is unforgettable! So let us in first chat little personally! " She pointed to her braid and said: "Look There is now a few gray hair! " Lukowsky said: "That bothers not!" She kept her head: "Me when I'm honest. Perhaps I will reduce them if it gets worse. " She smiled: "I don't want to look, that doesn't correspond to my real picture - you Knowledge: the inner, eternal body! Astrid would even understand that. " She Increased her smile: "By the way - if you remember - I have Astrids Eighty Center Command obeyed! At least something like that. Mine Fortunately, daughters adhere to it. Julia anyway, she's a little stepped into the Astrid's footsteps if their interests are now also more Family apply. Sometimes I had to fight with the younger one, but with good success. Marianne, the sister of mine Son -in -law. I think you will get to know you. " So talked about their very personal experiences over the past decades.

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And the more they spoke, the more it seemed than shrinking the period From decades to one hour together, in which they have now been released and talked together. It was like a silent magic that the time devoured. Now everything seemed to be exactly like back then when they im Schloßhotel Fuschl had said goodbye - at that time, the other day. - Antonietta said: "I will now announce her with Dr. Jörg Löw and then withdraw. Then I would be happy to go with you To eat at noon. I think we will be more quiet at the end of the week Meet again to discuss some others, especially when it comes to the matter of my daughter and her husband. He is the CEO of our company consortium founded four years ago. A very efficient man. You can find out what it is doing there. Now But, "she rose," you will get to know the new generation, so to speak. Meanwhile, I leave them alone. " Antonietta called Jörg Löw into the room, put The men forwarded each other and then retired.

Jörg Löw was an elegantly dressed, tall blond man from At the end of twenty. He reminded Lukowsky from afar from Hugo Weiß. Maybe was This was Susanne Löw's brother, as he was in the cemetery at the time had the impression. The view of Jörg Löws unusually bright Eyes were clear, but not cool. It was the very safe look of a man He knew what he wanted. He was wearing a dark blue suit, a white shirt With gold cufflinks and a light blue tie with many Small dark blue dots on it. Löw had a gray leather folder brought with you and placed on the smoke glass plate of the meeting table. This Folder he took two fed -out leaves and explained: "It is about The charge of the aircraft, which crashed twenty -seven years ago - And in general by some relationships in this regard. There is a lot Refridid. Although the report that has become accessible to us obviously tries to obscure, it should be clear that the machine has exploded. So It would have been an attack, as they initially assumed. I hope you can bring light to this matter. " He looked at Lukowsky and emphasized: "It is completely veiled for us, like something that is very likely From a V system of the Z-Plan, could get into this plane! In other words: how beekn came to these things! Thanks to Mr. Fischers We now know that Alfred Beekn the

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Wound in Cologne survived. At that time he probably got under the name Wegener accepted a new identity. As far as we know, he went to Egypt. It would be pointless to look for him. If he still lives He would have to be over five years old. So on this side is certainly no more information to be expected. Lukowsky asked: "What was in that now Boxes on board our DO 28? " Jörg Löw leafed into his papers and Saused one of them Lukowsky with the words: "Only some could be Rümmümmer can be found, but which made a reconstruction possible. The disassembled prototype of a cruise mission. From 1944, but a so far only known by the hearing consequences. However, one developed German company now an amazingly similar device - the construction Then went to the U.S.A., as usual. However, that would be a topic. " Dr. Löw leafed into papers and then looked up again: "Her former business partner, Mr. Meißner, who, as the main owner of the former air freight company, is also the main person responsible, was already on the matter Authorities interviewed. Serious difficulties hardly grow up because The customs seals on the boxes were fine, the transport company - So you and Mr. Meißner - is besides oblige. On the other hand, they are, Lord Lukowsky, possibly still in connection with Z-Plan affairs record. It would therefore be wiser if they did not appear - Especially since nobody demands for it so far. Please talk to Mr. Meißner Above it, but hold back to the authorities if possible. However, we assume that the documents in question disappear there are also all about Antonietta, Mr. Fischer, Mr. Busch, Miss Jörgens And others, also about my parents. We are on the file, so to speak, Wonderful way almost unknown. A gratifying aspect. The explanation It is simple for that, and we probably owe it to Mr. Busch's consideration that Valtines' elimination could lead to such a situation, as well as the events that he then, you and Mr. Fischer at the Gothic Chapel went through. It seems that Valtine - using Bolds - had brought all the important documents above us in order to make themselves indispensable. Valtine was not clumsy. He should be for that have ensured that this material remains without it. Well, Lord Valtine died, as you know. By the way, also Mr. Bolds. This died completely undramatic of pneumonia. His office was dissolved or incorporated into a higher -level. A third person who

still had essential information, but apparently no documents has more, is the main commissioner Cornelius. He spends his retirement years in seclusion on the island of Rügen. So it happened that ours Opponents out of personal greed for us ensured that we are free provide, which of course was not in their intention, but the pleasant effect is. We can probably assume that at most marginally marginal be." Löw pointed to the paper: "A puzzle is naturally, how unquestionably real real Customs seals could come to the conscious boxes - unless one The state was in the picture. Or - that is the personal assumption My employee Ms. Földi - in the boxes has never been more than A few prepared, completely meaningless rubble. The whole thing is one Completely opaque matter. In addition, there were remnants of a package wrapped in green wrapping paper in the machine. The paper Had received in the ice of the glacier, but of course there was nothing from the content to find more. The plane has exploded; everything widely scattered. This in particular gives Ms. Földi's theory a certain probability that we should talk about later. Interesting Also: It can be considered certain that Valtine years ago as bait for beekn a Motorous of the green package. In the original, it was As you know, the Figura, she also contained plans from BY.2. In the During the dummy, on the other hand, was certainly nothing of value. But this was after one Airplane explosion hardly find anymore. " Dr. On the one hand, it is important to arouse dogs that may not be sleeping - on the other hand but no less or even more to clarify where there may be an open one Place in the Z-Plan structure. We know that two are still planned have not been completed, or not more in operation. They found one of them, this we were also aware of it. Antonietta's father's young father Daughter Julia had already recovered there, which was to be mounted. " Of all things Now that we have a successful development with the Neoenergen consortium have initiated through which Antonietta will teach her even closer Reliable foreclosure on all sides is particularly important. Play Even the recent events that they are still about with Julia Beckmann, Antonietta's oldest daughter and her husband will talk. He is the CEO of the Neoenergen, as they already know. An extremely capable head. " Jörg Löw submitted another sheet of paper and explained:

“This is the lapidare, but most likely manipulated report about The aircraft wreck found - with recognizable details. Thanks to Mr. Fischer's relationships, this paper got into our hands. I am sure that your former partner Bernd Meißner was the same Handled - but with the omission of even further important points. I ask You to check this with him. Mr. Meißner is not a man we trust could show. He now has two marriages and divorces and lives from the heirated assets the existence of an aged playboy. His orgies sometimes fill the gossip columns of the local press. He likes I didn't know that in the past, I don't know, but now he is a person at The trust is out of place - I repeat myself, but it is important. ” Lukowsky said: “I don't see it any other way. Bernd Meißner is certainly nobody, The intentionally did something wrong, but it happens to him. But he is not a bad one Guy. Life never gave him the chance to prove to his own forces. ” Löw nodded: “possible. According to our information, he has an equally bad As if necessary dangerous trait, which means addiction to validity. ” Lion Leaved in his papers, pulled out another one and put it in front of Lukowsky on the table: “Please take a close look at this. It is the attempt on our part to reconstruct the path of conscious boxes. The Manday Limited in Istanbul still exists. Our French partner Robert Rolland has Bought it, and the majority on Rolland & Löw belongs to my mother and me. Please visit the Manday Limited in the next few days. The business Now leads there, a Turk that has lived in Berlin for a long time and therefore speaks well German. A good man is relying on him. Try with his help to trace the path of the boxes further. That should be possible. Beekn also owned a warehouse building in Urfa, which has now been sold. Maybe with that too. We take however, the trail will lead to its flying milieu, because beekn always has with Free transport pilots like you worked. There has been a lot of time, but Finding the trail would be important. You will probably come across a similar accident to that of your comrade Felix Schäuer, just that the the former would certainly not have been an accident. ” Lukowsky asked: “Which one Do you see priorities? ” The younger man thought: “The official matters in Düsseldorf are going at a snail's pace. No Miracle, it was so long ago that you don't put any pressure behind it now. Küm

So first mend to the traces of the boxes. They fly as soon as possible according to Istanbul. The costs are of course our thing. Possible that you then also have things in Düsseldorf under better conditions can see. " He considered: "Do you already have Mr. Meißner about yours Return to Europe? " - "Yes," Lukowsky replied, "but without an exact day of arrival. " - "That is good," said Löw, "then call him And tell him you will be coming next week. Maybe otherwise he will restless. He doesn't seem to have a particularly good nerve. I'm afraid of Rowlays are the order of the day, and therefore Mr. Meißner fears every contact with the police, although they hardly will be interested in this. " Lukowsky said: "I only want to go to Düsseldorf fly. I have a little of my own plane here. I want Peter Fischer there meet. He will get there from Munich. I can't give him up My plane is a single -seater. But then I could have a little order in bring my return. " Jörg Löw nodded: "How they want. But it would be Better if you settled in Munich instead of Düsseldorf. Become there They will probably be needed soon. You could then do Mr. Fischer meet there. We would take care of a suitable apartment for you. " Lukowsky thought for a minute and then decided: "In order why not. I have to build a whole new existence here anyway, if I am in Europe remains. It is not certain whether I want that yet, but at least for the time being. Munich would not be an unfavorable location. I just want to Have my car from Düsseldorf. An old Mustang. Peter Fischer has him Especially lifted for me. I'm hanging on the thing. " Löw promised: "I'm talking with Mr. Fischer and make sure that your car in three days at the latest in Munich is waiting for you. " He packed his documents together and showed For the first time a relaxed smile: "For me, Mr. Lukowsky, the increasing responsibility is not yet a matter of course, I say that openly. But I try very hard! If you agree, I suggest that we meet us again this afternoon, let's say around 4 p.m.? If we I would suggest everything well, you would suggest that you spend the night in Vienna today And fly to Istanbul tomorrow. If you are back, in Munich will be prepared for you. Now ... "he took a look at His wristwatch: "Antonietta would like to eat with you for lunch. You can expect you against one in the 'three hussars'. So there is still so much time

that Ms. Földi, my closest employee, is the complete documents to you can hand over and explain that we have so far have. Elfi Földi made this compilation, she knows herself on Best with it and also made some interesting consideration - Even some that are absolutely in need of clarification. She has been working on this for some time and is better familiar with things than me or Someone else. " Jörg Löw called the beautiful black -haired man with name Lotte in his office and said that Lukowsky should meanwhile at their desk should Take a seat to discuss things with Ms. Földi in peace.

Elfi Földi was the blonde lady with ballet node and a beige ruffled blouse that at one of the two desks in the salon -like anteroom Saß, whose side of the window was directed towards the courtyard with such numerous high -ranking ornamental plants that were in the room between the leaves falling sun rays received a greenish shimmer. Jörg Löw announced Lukowsky with his employee and then went to his office back. Elfi Földi was one of those women who, at first glance look pretty, but without noticing, on closer look and through the way to give yourself, but increasingly win. She had calm and At the same time expressive eyes, as dark green as the silent ocean. Original Way looked out of a pencil from the blond hair node, which apparently enjoyed special rights there. The woman looked at Lukowsky from her blue -green eyes And said: "I hope you have a little patience. There is a lot of you what you should know! " Lukowsky assured that he would not only be patient, but also listen with interest. In the following an hour and a half he received from Ms. Földi first an astonishing report on the career of the boxes From the 28th she spread well -sorted papers in front of him and interpreted With the pointed pencil, which she had now pulled out of her hair, on the Carefully noted stages to find the starting point of the boxes. This started from the aircraft wreck and overlooked The airfield of Mönchengladbach and a warehouse from Schenker & Co. Keep back in Cologne. Ms. Földi explained with a factual and But pleasantly soft -sounding voice: "In this warehouse, Herr had Beekn housed the boxes, which are supposedly erroneously brought from Istanbul. However, there was no mistake, because the boxes from Istanbul were scheduled for a large commercial house for Orient carpets in Ham.

Castle delivered. However, there were other boxes of the Manday Limited in the warehouse - just those who then transported her crashed aircraft; With a goal in turn Istanbul. It is about these boxes us. They were followed by the company 'Aero-Concept Bremen GmbH' by truck Cologne delivered, to the freight forwarder warehouse. The Bremen company no longer exists, it has now risen in a larger company. But it was found that boxes of the same scope and weight were brought to Bremen by unknown starting location via Bari were - presumably after tests with the content that may have been carried out in the front Orient. Furthermore, boxes of similar scope and weight had been transported two months earlier on the apparent detour Baribremen-Köln towards Istanbul. The machine belonged a Belgian air freight company that is no longer existing, a very small one Company called de Vogt in Antwerp. The plane was very old, one Beechcraft UC-45. " Ms. Földi looked up: "Maybe that tells you something?" - "Uralt," replied Lukowsky, "but solid. That said my died -up Friend once. He knew this rare aircraft type in Europe. Today flies like this Hardly anymore. " The woman smiled. Facial features. With the middle parting and her ballet knot hairstyle she saw Little as if you dance in the State Opera 'Schwanensee' would. She said: "It was over a quarter of a century!" She was looking for A photo of the plane out, put it on one of the neatly ordered Paper stacks and continued: "Even then old aircraft fell For unknown cause in the Adriatic - it is said. The general assumption was A technical error. The wreck was not found. " Mrs. Földi looked On: "Although - and that is remarkable - even units of an American fleet association in the Mediterranean searched for it - unsuccessfully. That would probably be a starting point." She looked at Lukowsky thoughtfully, let the pencil bobbing their well-kept fingers between and noticing: "I personally it would not rule out that this plane did not crash at all, But landed somewhere else where it was hidden - for example! Dr. Löw thinks this is unlikely, but it's a matter of feeling. Perhaps Do you consider this option? " Lukowsky nodded: "That could be possible. " Elfi Földi folded a card and showed open a circle drawn with circle: "This is the area in which the flight

Stuff disappeared. As you see, it would not only have crashed over lake, but also can also land near the coast. It wasn't a very large plane, think I." Lukowsky looked at the card. She emphasized: "If it were as I think possible, then would have Perhaps there are not two box loads, but only one - their content However, recently not the original one! " Lukowsky agreed: "That doesn't seem illogical to me." Elfi Földi nodded thoughtfully, stuck the Pencil back into her hair knot and said broodingly: "There is another one completely different perspective that we have to talk about. " Lukowsky asked: "Which?" The woman hesitated before she replied: "Leave us about it on In the afternoon speak when I have put together the synopsis. I Would like to look through some things very closely. " Lukowsky said: "Me Find it very nice that they make so much effort. " She smiled: "It is yes My job and I am interested. It's like a difficult, exciting one Puzzle. And I like it! "

Anyone who knows Vienna also knows the 'three hussars', one of the best food venues the city, and its history: After the First World War, three impoverished professional officers, three former hussars, had teamed up and one Restaurant opened - just the 'three hussars'. There was the best of everything Not cheesburger with Frenchfoot and also no Buren sausages. Lukowsky put on No special value on gourmet food, but he was looking forward to it for calm to be with Antonietta for an hour and a half. So they were now sitting at the set table and told each other. Antonietta first spoke of Her family, who now took first place in her life. Her Man was a member of the board of her old Munich company, which is on the new founded 'Neoenergen' kept a silent minority stake. Antonietta explained, whereby it was about a new source of energy that should be able, among other things, to the dangerous core fuel rods in the more and to replace more controversial nuclear power plants. The new technology is Completely different, Antonietta reported that there would be no Disposal problems. This sensible invention promises on the one hand, a very To become good business, but also call for aggressive Resistance on the part of the nuclear and also the oil lobbies- because the Neoenergen also develops new drive systems. That the legacy of the Parents from the last years of the war essentially delivered the template,

Antonietta emphasized that it should not be shameful, since the winners of the second World War II still all German inventions and patents War prey considered, and even completely new German inventions with the greatest DRIPATION simply confiscated if they seemed valuable to them. The Recently, even for once, the public has reported that Bavarian television had reported in detail. Had a cheated inventor Once not kept his mouth well, but tried to rebel. He had invented a new parabolic level system that the Americans for theirs S.D.I project. So he was expropriated - without compensation -Despite the European and already valid U.S.PATENT. At the same time it was that Germans were forbidden to at least also their own invention to use. The German inventor was able to look at his stolen work from afar behind fences in America. He had turned to the Federal Chancellor and also received the message from him, so you couldn't Make the circumstances that are like that! In addition to his financier, the injured inventor should have understood what the Germans freed from 1945 had been - from their sovereignty. "And therefore," said Antonietta, "many German companies do not even bring significant invention out of the laboratories, otherwise she would are very likely to be stolen. Italy is not going much better. The Japanese behave a little more skillfully. But in principle it is the same everywhere. For this reason, the Neoenergen has their relevant Development center moved to the distance, to a country that still has a certain way Security offers: China. There are great opportunities there. We have there Another special project. " She emphasized: "This is strictly confidential - very Strictly confidential! It's about a freedom for us in Tibet! That would all be Served: us because we are under the protection of the last sovereign Power can work undisturbed on this earth, the Tibetan because they are by it receive some special rights, and the Chinese who are in the successes of our Should participate. Dr. Löw has conducted the pre - negotiations. In two I fly with him to Beijing for weeks. It is good for this matter! " Her face was noted that she was very happy about it. "The government of the People's Republic of China," said Antonietta, "shows itself quite accommodating. That harmonizes everything quite well! But again: These things are on the strictest confidential! " Lukowsky promised: "I have

it never heard. " Antonietta smiled: "Very good! The Neoenergen can mean an important piece of future for this whole planet! - For us in But special means this: power! Power, Mr. Lukowsky, because the decisive means of the next gun gear are that of the economy be!" She now came to the point, over which she particularly with Lukowsky wanted to talk. She opened her handbag, some family photos and handed it over with the words: "This is Julia, my eldest daughter. The picture became Only recently recorded in your garden in Bad Homburg. " The woman on the Photo was very pretty, but the mother was only similar at second glance. Julia Had bright eyes as far as this could be seen on the small photography, And light brown hair with a side parting. The hair was as long as that Her mother, but Julia's face looked more serious, even though she smiled. Antonietta said: "Julia has been doing a lot with Astrid in the past. She has been interested in their special areas right from the start and a lot of her learned. Therefore, she has developed some skills that are not commonplace are. In many ways she has become an advisor to her husband; He does Nothing without asking them beforehand, and that has proven itself very much. However, as I said earlier, Julia has almost quite the family now facing, she is now a mother herself. "Antonietta smiled:" And I'm grandma! "The view of her dark eyes came serious:" Now, in the past two months, things have happened there that followed them must be. A development office with connected laboratories burned down. It is generally called through an accident. We lost one of our most important engineers, a man from the inner circle. Officially he came to the Fire killed. But his body could not be found. Julia is The conviction that arson was available - and she believes that Lothar Borch, that engineer, lives and is being captured somewhere. Also Marianne believes that - and she has a sixth sense. There is a criminal officer who takes the same opinion. This Mr. Löffler has one Heavy stand, because apparently his view is undesirable. We have to do something and have already initiated a lot. But we So far, have not got any further. It was astrid that Julia advised her to To ask for assistance, dear Mr. Lukowsky, and I think that was a good idea. You have certain experiences that are now necessary - and also the necessary Decisiveness if it should be necessary, just what is

does not let at universities and academies. That's why we need She." He asked: "What should I do in detail?" - "Please talk about it personally to Julia," replied Antonietta, "and of course also with Max, yours Man. I also advise you to speak to Marianne - she will be you especially particularly liked personally! - But first they will be with others Things be busy. From next week, I think you would have to have time for that. Julia is now in Berlin, she sets up a second home. Please meet my daughter there, she is very busy and also leaves The children don't like to do it alone. I give you the address and telephone number. Julia is waiting for her. " Antonietta wrote a few lines on a leaf in her Notebook, tore it out and there was Lukowsky. There were two addresses with Telephone numbers on it, one in Berlin and one in Bad Homburg. Lukowsky folded the note and put it in his wallet. He promised: "You can rely on it, I'll make a lot of effort." The woman smiled: "Thank you! I know that!" She heard a quiet sigh and said: "There is probably never a real private life for us!" -

Antonietta didn't want to go to the office that day, she drove home. She Had offered Lukowsky to bring him to the opera ring, but that Weather was not uncomfortable, and so he liked to go the little path Fuß to get the impressions of the city of Vienna on this occasion in 1999 to let yourself work. Compared to other major cities, it was still Always mostly pleasant impressions. But here, too, to the dismay of the locals, already uninvited guests, among them Numerous blacks, and the fear of violence on the streets also had in formerly so peaceful Vienna. After all, it wasn't that way yet Bad as elsewhere. Lukowsky noticed empty business several times. Probably the assessors could no longer afford the rents, or the Small personal shops were under the pressure of anonymous supermarket chains has been suffocated. But there were still tobacco tobacco shops for tobacco products and magazines. Who might know when these little ones, from their owners with personal grade would be eaten up by the everyone who is sold, in which only the big ones would be multinational companies had advantages. But for them the system was yes also made, not for individual people with personality. Still, Vienna was still a beautiful city, a city with a special atmosphere,

A really European city, despite 'Mc Donalds' and 'Burger King'. What it But here too, we were all over the so -called western world: many people drove unnecessarily aggressively -looking off -road vehicles, and always More cars were painted black. People wanted to be frightening - intuitive - they were in an unconscious fighting on the fight, as if they should always defend themselves. And they had to.

When Lukowsky passed the Goethe Monument, a tram passing over let and then crossed the busy opera ring, the sun was shining, it Was windless and almost warm.

The second round of the meeting with Dr. Jörg Löw carried in his office to. It was not nearly as big as the boss, but still remarkable. Everything that was desirable in terms of technical equipment was also here. On the screen saver of one of the two computers, steady ran Dog around and shredded everything he could catch. But he was just one An cartoon figure, and the sound that certainly too was still part of this piece of office entertainment. Jörg Löw attached a map to a stand with a three -foot and explained: "Here See where the two in question are in question could. " A wallpaper door opened without a knocking, which may be because of the nature of the door would not have been audible. Elfi Földi contemplated the room. Löw said: "It's good that you are coming, Elfi! You are even better teaches as me. Maybe you want Mr. Lukowsky about the question Place systems and so on. " - "Gladly," replied the petite woman, And came to the card: "Only one of the unfinished systems gives us uphill, that is in the resin." She pulled the pencil out of her hair knot and pointed to the area concerned with this: "Here in this area search we. We can now forget the others. Eight plants were planned, only four were finished, two hardly started. About the resin system we know that the construction was set, presumably in advanced Stadium, but it was too late to complete them. Probably they had Working until the last moment, so that not even more Time remained that all things already brought into the facility remained. According to our information, however, both entrances are blown up The traces were still sufficiently thoroughly covered.

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Since this system was not functional, it was deleted from the internal documents. ” Ms. Földi got on the visibly comfortable armchair the still running computer and said: “It would be imaginable that some underlying things are left behind in the unfinished resin system had to. It was not small, seven floors. From the point of view of Chain, would have heard conventionally powered marching aircraft, further developments in V 1. at around seven hundred and fifty kilometers. That such devices in the planned resin system should have been stationed, has one certain logic in itself. You would have directly from those hidden in the rock massif The system is fired out or started. The relatively high location would certainly have been accommodated. From there If important goals were within the reach of these marching aircraft, according to the most important interaction of the enemy troops in western and Central Germany. So that was good. ” The woman played with the pencil Between their fingers and considering: “I imagine that the current development on the fronts was confusing at the time and in detail not at all easy to assess. It could have been that the resin still one or stayed in German two weeks longer. Then it would have been possible to complete this system. It shouldn't be, the front shifted Unexpectedly quickly. The emphasis lies up: unexpectedly. There were only everywhere People at work who might be wrong in the assessment of the situation, Especially since there was certainly no question of comprehensive information. It must also have been very unpredictable. At this or that point suddenly it was possible to stop the enemy or even throw it back at short notice. That could have happened here too. I imagine how thought back then was: the construction of the system was very far. Your completion would be was important. Therefore, one might get involved in a VA Banque game And just tried it. When it became clear that it could no longer succeed, the time to evacuate was most likely extremely scarce. So what was unnecessary. ” Elfi Földi put the pencil back into her hair and closed: “I think it is happened have. How it was then possible later, the unauthorized system Found - maybe by chance - that is in the stars. ” Dr. listed all the time. Now he sat down and nodded in agreement:

“That's how I see it. Probably a stupid coincidence; similar to it as it is It was a coincidence that two climbers now found the aircraft wreck. But there was People who systematically searched for such information - like Alfred Beekn. ” Löw clapped his hands slightly: “But it happened and we have to Now take care of it. We do that too. ” He addressed Lukowsky directly: “The Harz facility is not concerned, Mr. Lukowsky. There should be there too definitely nothing to be found. What worries us is the uncertainty Regarding this, whether there may have been unauthorized persons of the chunks of knowledge that they alone would not do much, the but could trigger unwanted consequences. ” Elfi Földi set again A: “We come to my assumption: If the first plane crash is not took place when he was a bluff, then there are people who know more than we can be lovely. There has been a lot of time, the pilot may not live More - I personally do not believe that he still lives, which I justify become; I get to this point. But maybe he could have passed on his information. ” Löw nodded to her and then said: “That is about that some. I am not faced with this theory without skepticism, but - the more I think about it ... We also have to expect this possibility, the woman Földi should now explain in more detail. ” The woman grabbed her pencil again, let Raised him between his fingers and emphasized: “There is on this matter Another very important aspect. ” She looked at Lukowsky and said: “Mr. Lukowsky, I dealt with everything very detailed. Also with them, with their partners at the time, the background of the order for The flight - I was very thorough. ” She saw him out of her sea green Eyes and asked: "May I speak openly in everything?" Lukowsky was surprised, but he nodded: "Of course." The woman returned the nod Thanks to the suggestive smile, and began: “The order for the two Flights - the first to do, and the second, in which Mr. Schäuerer crashed - was by the Manday Limited in Istanbul via the Mahlberg company, Gabler & Wenzl in Munich. We now know that Mr. Beekn Compared to this Munich company, which is now only called Wenzl GmbH, the The wish expressed that a company based in Düsseldorf should run the order - namely that just founded by them, Mr. Schäurer and Mr. Meißner! ” The amazed Lukowsky. Elfi Földi nodded: “Yes. And if you follow my further explanations, this is also

Not so disgraceful. " She pushed the pencil back into her hair, pulled A tiny notepad from her belt, leafed into it, stuck the block Again and asked: "Mr. Lukowsky, how long did you know Mr. Schaurer already? " He replied: "About two years, maybe two and a half." The woman continued to ask: "Do you know what he was doing before?" - "yes," replied Lukowsky: "He flew. Old van. Especially in the front Orient, as a whole Mediterranean. " Elfi Földi nodded in agreement: "In the Mediterranean! Quite right!" She threw Löw A look at and then looked at Lukowsky again, her voice sounded a lot Sure: "I am convinced that the old Beechcraft, that in November 1969 the first of the two conscious flights for the Manday Limited and supposedly fell into the Adriatic, the Schäuer flew ... " Lukowsky wanted to interrupt, but the woman did not allow it, she continued to speak: "... that he ended up with this machine somewhere, has made the load to a safe place, by appointment with Mr. Beekn and made the plane disappear. Probably simply through Sales to a country where it could reappear with other papers. If it behaved as I accept, then Mr. Schäuer knew exactly who the Manday was limited. He might only have the connection with the good intentions made to the new joint company for orders help - maybe, let's accept it that way. Well: as Mr. Brünner for The Manday Limited ordered the order for the second flight, the accident flight, he learned from them that they would not fly the machine because they were busy with administrative work, but Mr. Schäuer. " Elfi Földi waved Lukowsky's intermediate question and explained: "You yourself Vera Jörgens told this! This mentioned it in a conversation with Antonietta, when they met at their bedside down after their wounding, Mr. Lukowsky. So it's true! And now: This resulted in the Opportunity to get rid of a man in a simple way who has a lot about him knew. He disposed. Only worthless parts came into the boxes - recognizable, what it could be, but also not more - plus a bomb that is with a The detonator was probably on pressure difference, i.e. at flight altitude, reacted in combinatio with a delay. I have known myself done, there was something like that, there was already back then. But it may also have been a simple time die. Beekn had thus potentially dangerous

his transaction from 1969 unlocked. " She raised One hand: "And: He would have found the plane immediately, of which Beekn certainly ended, due to the charge the rest on the Z-Plan Interested parties signaled that the trail is now lost, so give it up would have to be able to research alone in peace! Therefore found Under the rubble of the Dornier machine, remnants of a green package. So I see this matter! " Lukowsky remembered that Busch had actually reacted to the pencil around and completed: "Of course that doesn't change the other one now Interesting question, because even if beekn only worthless individual parts Such a marching aircraft packed, so it was original parts that in all likelihood could only have from the Harz system! But We should look at one and the other separately. " Löw showed one Doubtful gesture: "It has a lot for itself." The woman continued to poked with the Pencil around her hair knot and saw Lukowsky expectantly to. The latter slowly said: "What Ms. Földi thought about ... it could Maybe even apply. I don't want to miss it now. Simply because of Felix Schäuer. I'm just saying there are a few points in these Details that I would never have come up with, but now I am now very thoughtful. Maybe it was really like that. " - "It was definitely So, "the woman claimed in a calm voice: "The logic speaks for it - and I also have it! " A moment of silence occurred. Then Jörg Löw said: "Well. Elfi, please give Mr. Lukowsky all the documents." The woman rose: "I prepare everything," and left the room. Löw handed a chocolate: "There is one in it Recommendation letter to Mr. ünöt. I also called it and Announced your visit. In addition, the envelope still contains the necessary for The travel expenses and so on. You can set it up in three days back to be?" Lukowsky nodded: "If nothing unforeseen, I am The day after tomorrow. " Löw got up and accompanied him to the door: "That would be good. You know that something else is waiting for you. " Lukowsky said: "Me Hurry me. " They gave their hands.

The salon -like anteroom with the many ornamental plants was still Flooded sun. The young girl named Lotte was not there. Elfi Földi

Stewing papers in two large KUVERTS reinforced with cardboard. As they Turned the head, the pencil slipped out of her hair knot and fell on that Parquet. Lukowsky picked him up and handed him over to the woman. She thanked her, put it He on the desk and stuck hairpins. Lukowsky said: "Yours Reflections seem very conclusive to me, Ms. Földi. I never thought that way, I didn't know a lot either. That it is such an old Beechcraft Was ... Felix told about a plane. And of them really exists Not many. " The woman said: "Your friend doesn't have to think anything about it!" - "No, he certainly didn't have that," replied Lukowsky, "but something now touched me strange is that so much that I thought was chance, none was. " Elfi Földi showed a barely noticeable yet perceptible smile: "There is no coincidence, Mr. Lukowsky, not in such things." She held him The two Kuverts. He took the documents, said: "Thank you," and: "On See again. " When they gave their hands, the woman said: "Be careful in Istanbul. I have no specific reason to say that. Just again Once a feeling! " Now she smiled more clearly.

The course with the well -known fuel stops was currently not possible. The tough Serbs should be bombed in the free market economy. There had First of all, the Albanian minority - because minorities were always more important than the majority - then against the Serbs To protect to protect, who remain in their own country in their own country wanted. And you already had a profitable war. Bombardment the Americans worried. The Europeans, especially the Germans, had to pay. The U.S. government made several on each bomb and rocket A hundred percent pure profit, and then Europe was also allowed to finance new American weapons - for the next lucrative War in the name of democracy. The legitimate index finger of the old Karl Marx waved out of the clouds again, and then also that of Friedrich Engels. Two unpleasant guys. Lukowsky was forced to first avoid the current war, then more would follow, according to the motto: 'Do you want to democrat not be, we put the skull in you '. Maybe it fell soon Bombs on Hamburg or the already particularly well-tested destination Dresden, so-

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Far from the Federal Government, contrary to expectations, the Berlin-Kreuz-Berg should refuse to resign to Turkey, even if the Turks themselves themselves such a fore would never be. But the poison could be injected from the outside. After all, after all, Istanbul was once the Greek Konsantinopel been. It would be a suitable new name for Berlin let; With the symbol of the Sultan Wilhelm memory mosque.

Lukowsky took a path over Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria. The western society has already been there. Especially in Bucharest and Sofia was unmistakable even at a fleeting tank stop. It was already So, the senior makers in New York now viewed themselves completely as the Lords of the world. But the Russian bear only held a little nap and the Chinese dragon collected his strength. The German eagle was also there To become fledged again and he got on very well with the other two cute animals. The supposed world masters saw this in Nothing to your glass houses on the Hudson River. Her heads were already too High in the clouds. They didn't even notice that even more and more Americans of all skin colors gradually ball against them - the fist in their pocket - And there were solid shooting iron in many American bags. The spring with which the 14th chapter of the Apocalypse wrote to the sky would be, was already pointed. No flying saucer was needed to do so, it was enough for the momentum in history. But maybe it would be in give two crucial forces with which none of the currently prevailing expected because they were outside the range of their thinking - one Magical power of light - and simply the nature of people.

When Lukowsky flogged Istanbul from the northeast, he felt in his Displaced his own life by decades. The view of this city conveyed the magic of the Orient. From here a great empire was once ruled became in which there was no Kurdish problem, but some sultan themselves Kurd had been - such as Salal et Din, the famous Saladin. But then the winners of the First World War had dismembered the Ottoman Empire and loudly unnatural borders, as well as on the bar and in Central Europe - the prerequisite for many profitable wars.

It was later afternoon when the Bearcat on the little makeshift flight

Place on the outskirts of landing, the meeting point of the 'wild transport flying' of yore. Now there were much fewer machines than before looked sad. Lukowsky let the Bearcat roll to a familiar place where had stood with other aircraft in earlier times. He climbed out of the The pulpit, stopped on the wing root and looked around. There wasn't much going on. Two Russian Antonow doublers stood there, One of them without a screw, a ruin to be added to it, then an old one 'Ukraina', also Russian, in a miserable condition. At the very back was one DC 6, with closer look no more than a turned off wreck that here leisurely rotted. Then there were some small machines relatively newer. The majority of them hardly looked like flying. Only a well -groomed yellow 'Bonanza' seemed to be as old as old. The Special atmosphere, which once hung up here, was complete gone. But the corrugated iron scales still existed in which coffee Was that nothing had changed, except that there was now also one Labeling in Arabic letters. Lukowsky went there. The host Was a young man now. He didn't have much to do. There were only two guests. The One sat snoring on a stool, the other was with the boards, which represented the counter. Lukowsky started a conversation with this guest. The man was about in Lukowsky's age. An Englishman named Henry Barker. The yellow bonanza belonged to him. Everything is no longer like In the past, the Englishman said. That is due to the countless now issued Laws and regulations of the European Union. Only in the Orient was that running Business of the free planes, also a little with Russia and the Caucasus states. But hardly enough to survive. In Europe no longer. The many requirements required investments that the matter Would have withdrawn soil. That would have been the intention. No Competition of the little ones more against the big ones. Behind it in turn were The banks. So most of them had to give up, others flew than employees of the large companies. Only anonymous capital everywhere. So it is Just, said the Englishman, gave a melancholy look out of the tiny Window. He dropped an indecent word, cursed the current time And said that the English had to fight on the part of the Germans in the Second World War, then everything would have turned out differently, then would England and Germany in this world set the tone, and not the wall Street and their rabble. He brings an empty beer can accurately into the two

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Standing bin a half away and repeated his strength expression. They exchanged addresses, as was so common for the old days - Ernst Lukowsky gave Henry Barker from Aurora GmbH in Düsseldorf - And then they said goodbye, two veterans of the last adventure. Who May know it, maybe you can flow together, everything was possible ...

Lukowsky went to the street to stop a taxi. All suddenly he felt misery. Here the time had closed a chapter of his life. That was not one Airfield more, that was a cemetery for aircraft - and a cemetery for Lost dreams of daring and freedom. A very unusual one to date Feeling came up in him: he would have loved to put himself somewhere right here, To die quietly - just as the world of the wild planes had died from the He had always believed that she had to be immortal. He had many years ago to say that if there was a matter of this, he would go to an airplane climb, up again in the clouds and then down, a big hole make. The second taxi drove over. Lukowsky didn't wave. Than that Third came, he raised his hand. There was still something to do. He had it Promised Antonietta. This was over now. Or? Maybe there would be A resurrection, the situation could be in a few years change. Before he got into the taxi, he turned over, threw a defiant look on the square and thought: I'm still there, the old Englishman there is still there - We still exist! '

On the way to Kadiköi it was also shown that Turkey belonged to the Orient, also if she had set a foot in European country by conquering. Except The autotypes had hardly changed for decades - except for one, This had to be noticed: Again and again signs were in Arabic script see. That hadn't existed thirty years ago - but a hundred and ago More years, and Turkey returned there. But that wasn't that either Old Turkish culture, but again a stranger: Islam.

The vague agreement according to the late afternoon was entered Lukowsky The Manday Limited rooms. Almost everything had changed there, the company offered the impression that she was in Germany, and the View from the windows is only a backdrop. Two young Turkish women worked on PCs

the latest generation, the entire office equipment did not require anything left over. One of the two young women welcomed Lukowsky and led him to that Chief room, where Lütif was already waiting. He was a man of early fifty, in a light suit with a white shirt and ocher tie. Mister Lukowsky rose, his hand, said: "Welcome to Istanbul, Mr. Lukowsky!" He not only spoke perfect German, he also saw like a German. He was probably one of the numerous Janitscharnache. The desk decorated with magnificent carvings was still the same, Bekn had also sat behind, but the room had also changed. The Coral claims had disappeared from the walls. Possible, that Mr. ünöt didn't think much of religion, at least not from Islam, this one Third sprout from the pentateuch. Instead, there was a large photo of Berlin On a wall and on another the framed historical poster for Paul Left operetta 'As once in May'. Memories of Mr. ünöts to his second Hometown. The wall opposite the window was provided with a large map. Mr. ünöt indicated the highly backed chair on the Lukowsky had already sat for many years and asked: "Please take Place! Senai will bring us coffee right away! " As on keyword, opened Even the door, and a pretty dark -haired girl who is obviously Senai was called, served coffee on a silver tray and everything that belonged. When the girl had gone back and the door closed, Eünöt began: "I am in the picture of what it is about, Mr. Lukowsky. I would like to explain some things from our local point of view. Dr. Löw told me that they come directly from the United States and have not been in Europe for a long time. I don't know how well they are in America could inform about political and military events? " Since this sentence ended this sentence in the sound of a question, Lukowsky replied: "Not particularly good, Mr. ünöt. You will know that the Americans are primarily interested in themselves. The country is also big enough. Of course there was a lot to hear about the Gulf War, for example, but probably More in the style of propaganda than information. " The Turk nodded smiling: "I think that too. I was never in the U.S.A., I don't think it I would like there, but I can make English in a fair and sometimes have with me to do American business people. So I know that Americans often are very bad or wrong. " He leaned forward, put the forearms on the brown leather pad on the desk plate and said: "Because

They mentioned the Gulf War - it forms a background of what I am want to speak. " Euenöt offered cigarettes from another decorated box than at that time, but the variety was similar. said Ünöt, "that this war, which still continues, still lasts, initially had a very good job of business for our company. Iraq and Iran - Iraq first - were and are the most important for us Countries in which we were shopping. Although these are very unmilitary things - antiques, carpets, handicrafts and so on - but also this trade the democratic powers try to prevent, They are concerned with hung up the Iraqis. This leads to a decimation of the people, because in particular many toddlers die. Something similar, that I know from German friends, you have it in the first years after 1945 yes also made with the Germans. But Iraq is not defeated, that's all clear. I also don't think the Americans and Appendix Baghdad ever will be able to take. Most Turks are on the heart with the heart Page of the Iraqi. With the political leadership, however, it looks different. There Half promises also play a role, Turkey could possibly soon all the northern Iraq including the oil - rich areas around Mossul get and so on. Of course this is a dizziness, but politicians are not always smart, neither with us nor in other countries. Then comes now also the Kurdish question into play. Iraq was the only country in which the Kurds had certain self -government rights. So they were Baghdad loyal. The Americans didn't like that, so they sent C.I.A. troops to the Iraqi Kurds to make great promises if they are against Baghdad. That also happened. In the meantime the Kurds have understood that Saddam Hussein is still a better patron than America. So the conditions have turned. Our government is thriving In the Kurds wherever she can. The Turkish Kurds have with the Iraqi together, and Baghdad leaves it to the Iraqi Kurds, to grant shelter and support to their Turkish compatriots. So the Turkish army undertakes advances in the Iraqi area, again Covered by the Americans. In addition, our government has the Israelis Air Force base points on the Iraqi border are given to the Americans, or the relevant Zionist lobbies, who prevail, make it popular. Because nothing more than their inter-

Food is all about all of this. Iraq is to be destroyed, this country is that West became too progressive. The thing with Kuwait was just a theater. The Kuwait area has been part of Iraq for thousands of years, only that the British In 1926, it used to be used as potentations. We But Turks have now finally become a warlike party, although that None of us wanted. This makes a reasonable balance with the Kurds now moved far away. If all Turkish Kurds in northern Iraq would be baghdad right, because in these new citizens would have Saddam Hussein many loyal fighters. But they could, citing the History want to have parts of Türkiye. That would be a Turkish-Iraqi War in prospect that America and Co. would like, but neither the Turks the Iraqis still want to lead him. So maybe it will become something Completely different: The Kurds of all people could go to the link Between Turkey and Iraq, the alliance instead of war. ” Ünöt showed One gesture with both hands: “But that would be America and the like most unpleasant. So our situation is not with regard to the coming years easily manageable. The specific Turkish problem comes to all of this: we are Not a uniform nation. Many come from the Janissaries, i.e. from Europeans, like me. They do not want Islamic theocracy that But many other Turks are increasing more and more. - it is truly not simply! Very different developments are conceivable, and the risk of war is one way or the way, because we hang on the goose band of NATO. "He hangs Smiled: "We, I can speak for both of us: Germans and Turks alike. It would be high time that we stand on our own legs." Lukowsky said: “I can follow them. In what connection But is that with the purpose of our meeting today? ” - "In one whole Direct, ”the Turk replied:“ My predecessor on this chair, Mr. Alfred Beekn - and some others - were temporarily part of the effort Oriental countries to do something for their independence. That was an idea which, by the way, also included Israel, because the state of Israel is also through the Depending on ambitious circles in America, the religiously motivated Magicing to be driven, not able to pay a policy of peace operate that would otherwise have been possible. I know that through menahem Kaufmann, an Israeli German descent, who has just mentioned Freundeskreis belonged. Unfortunately he died a few years ago. He was

About the seventy, but I'm still not sure whether it is a more natural Death was. Menahem had just arrived from Cologne in Tel Aviv, as he suddenly died of heart failure. He didn't have it easy. Because of the increasing influence of religious in Israel, the situation in this country becomes more and more difficult. The problem is only religion - Judaism and Islam, the dispute over the legality of the inheritance of the Thora between the Descendants of the Sara and those of the hagar. An absurd story, but That lies the irreconcilability. " He sighed: "Do you know what to do?" Lukowsky poured his head and the Turk explained: "The story is The following: Abraham's wife Sara was too old to get another child. So Abraham took a young Egyptian, she was called Hagar, and she gave birth him a son. The Arabs derive their origin from him. Then Sara got But also a son. The Jews come from him. The dispute between Arabs and Jews is who has the right to the offspring of Abraham. The Arabs say they because they from the firstborn son of Abraham Down with Hagar. The Jews say because Hagar was an Egyptian, So did not belong to the chosen people, her son was worthless, Abraham So I and the child have violated them. The only rightful descendants of Abraham are those who are on the second son of Abraham Sara, went back, so she, the Jews. This is the first insurmountable Space between Jews and Muslims. Then the next comes: The Muslims say that Christ was the greatest prophet next to Mohammed, he Will also be the judge at the Last Judgment. That is why Muslims can with Christians also get on quite well. But not with Jews, because they call them Jesus the 'manzer', a son of a bitch and blasphemy who rightly crucified has been. In addition, the Jews claim to be specifically chosen by their God and therefore stand higher than all other people who they call 'goiim' flat rate. That goes with Islam and nobody at all. They are these religions that cause mischief. Otherwise the peoples would not have anything against each other. " Ünöt looked at Lukowsky: "Mine You don't that it is? " - "Yes," replied Lukowsky, "I agree with them completely too. Let us hope that such religions will be overcome soon. " The Turk showed a sad face: "I'm afraid Mr. Lukowsky before the People become so smart, the disaster spreads even further. Islam is In the upward, even here with us, in Israel, the Orthodox Jews are with their

shy rites on the rise, and also on dogged Christian sects There is also no missing. In addition, there are no less bullied in their own way Buddhists, all sorts of ominous charms! ” He heard a sigh again: “I don't know where it should go! There were people in the Ancient so far, the Chinese, the old Indians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Romans - and then this crash into the dull darkness! ” He set fire to a new cigarette and said: “I know in the circle of friends of Ms. Kern and Dr. Löw is hope that a bright spirit will soon be again spreads above the earth, similar to in ancient times. Maybe that's how it comes. But before that, that is my opinion, the dull ingredients must be fought down. What has eaten so much is not without fighting! ” Euenöt shook such thoughts, got up and stepped onto the wall The map: “Here,” he pointed to the point in question, “lies Urfa. Kurdish, militarily controlled, but by no means under control. At the moment. advanced people from Arab states, the Iran and also From Israel. She all combined the idea of overcoming you separating Mosaic religions and, in a way, to the tradition of ancient orientation to build on. That sounds like a fantastic dream now, but it had some cornerstones. At that time, Islam was not so aggressive factor Like today, and also the Orthodox Judaism played not such influential Role. Beekn knew people everywhere. He had some valuable Germans Weapon constructions from the time of the Second World War procured. With it he undoubtedly also connected business interests, but not only that. At least he was also an idealist. Beekn was a convinced Nazi, but he had nothing against the Jews as a people, only against their religion. The The most important of his liaisons people were murdered by a wide variety of Secret services. As a result, the business interests in him then The foreground, or the other, had nothing left. That seems to have bitter him. Beekn is then probably over Correct. I don't see all of this exactly, it is now also back too long to bring light to these affairs Let. ” Ünöt's fingers on the map hiked to the Iraqi border and on to the south to Nedhef. “Here,” he said, “later has another one

the meeting of like-minded people from different countries. Also The already mentioned menah merchant and other Israeli have been there. Together with a German company, a research center was set up that is still rumored to exist today - but underground, The Americans are desperately looking for it. The idealistic structure broke due to a new series of murder attacks by various secret services Soon again. You witnessed the assassination attempt on beekn how I do learned. As soon as he could, he withdrew from the matters. " Ünöt sat down again and continued to report: "The research center in Nedhef was basically the work of Alfred Beekn. It was probably that What he considered his life's work. He defended this idea with everyone available funds. When Ms. Földi assumes that he blew up an innocent pilot because he was for security reasons considered necessary, I can imagine that, but of course it has to be have not been so. Beekn could be very hard when it comes to this thing went. I know for sure that he has not revealed anything of it, although C.I.A.Leuten has taken him in the shortage several times. He was hard against himself. Somehow he came to Egyptian citizenship and changed his name. We don't know exactly how he has died. Maybe peaceful in Cairo, he was already very old. " The Turk again heard a sigh: "In a way, I admire Beekn, although I hardly knew him personally. " Lukowsky said: "I remember me that he promised a lot from the green package. I could do it View. " - "Yes," confirmed üöt, "beekn hoped to the last German To get a miracle weapon. It was good that he couldn't do that, because because Beekn would certainly have used it on the first opportunity. " He gave coffee, offered cigarettes again and then said: "That Research Center in Nedschef ... "ünöt hesitated" ... I don't know to what extent They are oriented there? " Lukowsky shook his head: "Not at all." Ünöt thought that he seemed unsafe, he asked: "You are never after Nedhef flown? " - "No," replied Lukowsky, "How do you get it?" The Turk showed an apologizing gesture: "Then I have to confuse a little have. It would not be important either. " Lukowsky involuntarily thought about what Antonietta had said before the flight with the Ju 88: In case the Landing in the Marchfeld should give difficulties, they would have to be

Go through the goal - south. This goal was possibly Nedschef in Iraq been? But then this consideration seemed too far to him be. He did not speak to it. This explained: "Soon there will be others in The research center project started by Beekn, which has occurred At least not completely far away. Later various companies were added, German, Italian, also a Japanese as far as I white. The matter must have accepted other forms than it originally thought. But I don't know much about that either. " He leaned forward and put the forearms on the desk plate again: "What the path of the boxes in the crashed plane is concerned, so it should correspond to what Ms. Földi has developed. I received this morning this morning Detailed fax from Vienna. I know about the earlier flight with Beechcraft few. In this regard, too, Ms. Földi's assumptions come logical to me before. If you want to get to the bottom of it, Mr. Lukowsky, you should Read the only person who still lives on Beekn's old friends. He means Igor Kopsa. A Croatian who in a tiny place called Groschnije The Adriatic lives. There is no phone there. Mr. Beekn's last instruction I was, possibly important messages for him to his friend Igor Kopsa to lead. I never saw this man. He must now be ancient and is very inaccessible. Maybe he doesn't live anymore. I don't know. If you think it is necessary, look for him. It is best to fly to Trieste and rent a car there. The small town is in Istria, not far from the Italian border away. I prepared the address for you and Also an old seal from Beekn. He had a seal ring that he was for Confidential mail used. Mr. Kopsa certainly knows the seal. Perhaps he will talk to them when they show him. He didn't receive me, me I tried that once. " The hands spread out: "This is everything I am Can do for you, Mr. Lukowsky! I would like to go to a good Turkish Invite food and don't want to appear unnecessary because I don't do it. Much suggests that I am under observation. Your visit here in the Company is not yet suspicious, you can do a supplier or customer be like others. But if we are in a personal get -together Seen, other conclusions could be drawn from it. It I'm sorry, the conditions are like that. " Lukowsky replied: "Me I was still happy to meet them. Should I the mysterious

Find Igor Kopsa and learn something about what could be worth value I know it. " -
"Yes, that would be nice!" the Turk said: "Incidentally: Senai Make a hotel and bring it
with my car. Today you can no longer fly. "

Miss Senai was pretty, she was wearing an apricot -colored dress, her shines The
black hair reached to the back. Senai brought Lukowsky in A white Audi to the
Sheraton Hotel, where a room was reserved for him.

Lukowsky drove from there to the airfield again to the right To see and also get a few
little things. He asked the taxi driver, to wait. Only two individual lanterns burned on
the airfield. There was none here Control tower. You landed first at the international
airport and was Then forwarded from there, after completing the formalities - or, As
this time, just let it through. That was no different now than before Thirty years, no
landing before, no passport, no customs - Orient.

The hotel room corresponded to what they look everywhere, whether in Istanbul,
Düsseldorf or Los Angeles- comfortable and according to international corporate
Identity guidelines of the hotel group met: carpet floors dark green, Wän de white,
bed light brown, bed linen and curtains light green, phone same Color, also minibar
and television apparatus with an internet connection. The bed was Comfortable,
Lukowsky stretched out. He had wake up at six o'clock in the morning arranged. If
possible, he wanted to land in Trieste the next afternoon. Not a difficulty under
normal circumstances, but because of the war Another detour necessary. This could
possibly be unpredictable Hold. Already at the way it was a matter of luck that he was
had received fuel in Sofia immediately. But Lukowsky had it now Made to look for the
mysterious Croatian. He stimulated him Also the seal of the late Lord Beekn: It
showed a relief of the Egyptian Tischen goddess, which instead of the sky key a small
swastika held in his hands.

Lukowsky was just in the bathtub when the phone was on the bedside table ring. With
a towel as a lumbar, he went on. Mr. Lütüf Ünöt said: "Please excuse the disorder and
please understand my question

Not wrong: my young employee is not with you? ” - "No," replied Lukowsky, “although I find her very pretty. She brought me to To the hotel and drove back without getting out. ” - “She is still Not back, ”said Ünöt with a noticeable concern in the voice, and advised: “You should leave this hotel immediately, Mr. Lukowsky. I can't now come to them. Take some simple quarters for this Night. Something is wrong! ” Lukowsky asked: “Can I help you after to search the young lady? - "No," replied Ünöt, "I do that. But thank you very much. As I said: leave the hotel, as soon as possible. We Should make calls tomorrow morning. " Lukowsky put on the listener, stuck A cigarette and went to the bathroom to dress. When he was done And came back into the room, he heard a quiet sound on the door, as if a castle will be operated. Lukowsky went there and pressed the door handle Was closed from the outside. The warning seemed to be a few minutes to have come late, and Lukowsky remembered the dull idea that Elfi Földi had said: 'Be careful in Istanbul!' Female Intuition. It was not difficult to get a rhyme on the locked door make. There were probably a few Turkish police officers in front of it and waited on the fact that other people appeared on the scene that the commands granted, but most likely no Turks were. Lukowsky examined the window. As usual in such full -climatized skyscrapers, it was firm closed. But that was not always true for the toilet window. Lukowsky saw after. To do this, he had to climb onto the toilet lid, whose plastic questionable gave voice cracking noises. In fact, the small square window could be opened. It was attached high in the wall and Small, but not too small to squeeze through it. Lukowsky thought Peter Fischer's secret hiding place in the Aurora office, and also because Buildings like this hotel were geared towards efficiency. Sure Always a bathroom closest, so that the water supply of two always was accomplished by a line. If this happened, it had to be possible From this bathroom through the probably very close next to it to climb lying windows of the adjacent. In the height of the eighth Stockwork is not pure pleasure, but the only chance. Lukowsky bumped the small window completely and fought up. Below was swarming Road traffic of the nightly Istanbul with its constant hup concert. The

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House wall of this typical imaginable modern building consisted of smooth Concrete slabs. And as expected, there was a handle next to this window that of the next bathroom. It was ajar and let himself be bumped. Lukowsky didn't think long, because there was no time. Despite the narrow The neighborhood of the two windows was risky. There was no one A different option to grasp the grip -like lower edge of the next window, let it hang on it for a moment and then With a pull -up there. The danger was in the pendulum movement, in which his body would inevitably get over to overlap. Lukowsky had to think of the joke of the man who fell out of a skyscraper and meant from the fold from the floor to floor while falling Everything went well there ... he took a look at the sky. The full moon shone brightly, so brightly that he could dare to start with the editor - If he did it to get to the next room from this small window through the neighboring. He thought of Vera. Perhaps If he would see you again instead. The night air over Istanbul was Cool and dry, no danger, from one rusty by moisture To derive the window frame. Lukowsky thought of Astrid and what they 'that Light 'called, the special powers gave. He would now need. Then he just thought of wanting to go over there now. - it succeeded, and it was relatively easy. As a Lukowsky already half in Window of the dark neighboring bathroom was under which Safety was a toilet, he hoped that the tenant of the neighboring room might Be a decency enough to make the toilet lid. It turned out that it was. Lukowsky carefully opened the bathroom door and scored into the adjacent room. What he could not have used now would have been the hysterical screeching of a scared hotel dweller. But the room was empty, either unpopular, or the guest enjoyed it Nightlife of Istanbul. Lukowsky went to the door that led to the hallway and opened a gap. Before the next, the door to his room, Bored two Turkish police officers. Others could appear at any moment, probably C.I.A.Leuten. Lukowsky didn't think long. He decided to play American tourists. He stepped onto the hallway, went Series straight towards the police officers and talked to them in the broadest American. He asked about 'girls' and nightlocks, at night slope so

ruthlessly loud, as just an American tourist could behave - Or maybe some Germans. It was completely credible. The Both police officers understood nothing but 'girls'. One tried to do something about it say, while the other tried to understand by hand signals make that the hotel guests might want to sleep and therefore a less loud speech could be appropriate. The U.S. tourist Lukowsky understood that Detailed not, but spoke louder. When he was around a minute Palaver turned and went to the elevators, the two Turkish were Police officers noticeably relieved to get rid of this annoying person. There was Two elevators on the floor. A shining arrow indicated that one of them just came up. Maybe with the wrong people. Lukowsky opened a narrow door behind which he suspected the emergency staircase. The staircase was dark, but from here it went down. Lukowsky Castle The door behind it when the elevator arrived and he stepped out two men saw. He knew one of these two, even if the years had changed it, it was without a doubt Mr. Thanner. Hurrow did not. Lukowsky took the zigzag-shaped staircase to the next Stock-Werk and then the elevator. Few Minutes later he breathed fresh air and climbed into the first taxi offering. It was a red Opel. During the trip to the airfield, Lukowsky again noticed that the most important part of a car in this country was the horn too his seemed. In addition to the two pathetic, attached to high wooden stems Funs, there was no light. Why, this was not a real airfield more, and if a flying machine is still here again strayed, the pilot had to write it himself. Lukowsky was lovely Because apparently the gentlemen who were interested in him also calculated Not with the fact that he stands an airplane on this lost stain earth could have. Lukowsky climbed into the editor, closed the cabin and covered whether the plan he had now laid out was okay: He still had enough fuel to get Saloniki. There was everywhere Flaches country outside the airport control. Besides, it would be Nobody cares about what ends up and would like to start again. There he would have to wait until morning and then get fuel. Administrative assistance The Greek for the Turks was also unlikely, as it was vice versa would have been, and the Desor-Ganization there effortlessly in the shadow. But the Greeks were even more than the Turks on the American Kandare. But everything took a long time. The danger of such

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Boeing landing was not big. From there he would then the old way take - war, war - so far possible via the lake to Dubrovnik in Croatia. Retire there and to Trieste, Italian side. His machine flew under the nationality of the verse states. That liked him unpopular do it, but hardly calculate Thanner & Co. Lukowsky left the engine. A Grumman Bearcat was not a night hunter, she did not have any blind flight equipment. But the sky was bright, that Contours of the barren hilly landscape around Istanbul were clearly evident. It should go - in deep flight under the radar recording. The Bearcat made in Low heights still at six hundred kilometers per hour. This He could not use performance all the time, otherwise the fuel consumption would be too large to achieve the goal safely. But they would be tricky anyway Only the next five to ten minutes. He had to go with the According to the humming hunter over half the city. But it would go well. Lukowsky let the Bearcat roll into position, accelerated and abandoned.

From Saloniki he had accessed Manday Limited. Lütif was Not there, but Miss Senai. She reported that she was in the past Night. Now your boss would be interrogated. But he would be back soon There, the company's lawyer, there would be no serious difficulties. Lukowsky asked to align greetings and said he wanted to report again. Due to the recent message, Lukowsky disposed. He would not from Trieste, but take a rental car from Zagreb. That liked one Longer ride meant, but it seemed safer to him. Who could know if his Goal trieste would not be beaten out of the same way, maybe one would sit down Also under pressure with pressing against his family. Lukowsky had himself used to billing all eventualities. It took until late in the morning before the necessary flight petrol in Saloniki was. Time didn't matter here. For this, Lukowsky did not have the impression that any reports about his landing would be forwarded.

The flight over the war zone went without any significant incidents. Only Once the Bearcat took light Serbian flak under fire, but with the high Speed in the extreme deep flight without a chance to hit. Lukowsky Could hardly resent the Serbs. The devastation through Western democrats Air strikes were recognizable everywhere, tens of thousands of people

had to have been killed. The enthusiasm for democratism, which is missing as missing, is likely to be in the Serbian people hardly increased.

Things worked in Croatia. Lukowsky left the Bearcat in Zagreb. On Airport he rented a car. It was a tiny VW 'Polo'. Lukowsky drove to the next petrol station. The gas station attendance was full of all hands do. A young, Croatian officer who wanted to pick up his car from a repair, said Lukowsky in a linguistic mixture from German and English the way. The tiny place was not known to the officer, but but If it was on the Istrian coast, there was only one in question Away. A look at the clock showed Lukowsky that it will be too late to the destination dignity to disturb an old gentleman through a visit. He was also in did not come to sleep last night, and the deep flight over The war zone had continued to concentrate continuously. Direct There was a hotel opposite the petrol station. Lukowsky decided, only on to break up to Istria next morning. The hotel was not big, but Very well maintained. There was good food and nice hosts. Lukowsky did it comfortably.

In the morning at around half past eight he started and soon had the coast reached. He stopped at a petrol station and asked for the tiny place called Groschnije. Here people knew in an ample hour would he be able to be at the goal. The sun was shining, the weather was friendly, the Day wanted to show itself from a good side.

The village was actually tiny, but very nice, it looked like it had Nothing has changed since the 16th or 17th centuries without anything being neglected. The Italian influence on architecture was unmistakable. The time seemed to have stopped here, on a very pleasant Way. But there were only a few residents. Many of the old buildings stood empty. Apparently the state ensured that they did not fall. Lukowsky wondered, asked about Igor Kopsa. Understood some people German. And they knew the old man who lived right behind the church In one of the houses that had the meter -thick walls that the door was always open.

Lukowsky left the car. He walked over the ancient pavement. It was a Place of calm and a breastfeeding, romantic -looking peace.

The always open door to the house inhabited by Igor Kopsa was arched at the top. In fact, the walls had a good meter. Lukowsky entered the house. The air in it was of a pleasantly mild coolness. In the same in the Second of the small rooms was sitting in a huge, leather -related loan chair very old man. He held an open book in his hand, but his look was directed out of the open window. Before that, the branches were too see and the picturesque landscape. The man's hair was snow white and also his full beard. He had grown very old, and yet Lukowsky recognized Alfred Beekn immediately. Beekn looked at the look. He took off his reading glasses and Set up one instead of this. Then he smiled and said: "You, Mr. Pilot?" He took thick books from a scheme that is the only furniture except that Feeling chair was present, and pointed to this: "Take space! Lukowsky was her name - or I am wrong?" Despite his old age, Beekn seemed completely clear, almost awake. Lukowsky settled on the scheme: "Yes, Mr. Beekn. How is it that I now see her again as an Igor Kopsa? " Beekn showed a fatalistic gesture with the right hand: "How do they come Things of life?! - Igor Kopsa was my son, my illegitimate. His Mother, a beautiful Croatian that I loved very much died early and he came after the war. Probably murdered by communists. You don't know anything exactly, not where it is buried. So I thought it would be good to do this To choose names. I speak quite well Croatian. That made it easy. I also like the country and its people. A proud people with a lot of culture. " He jerked a little in his large armchair and asked: "Well, Mr. Pilot, What about the things of the Z-Plan? I'm no longer interested in the world I have enough with my friends. " He pointed to the books that are now Partly on the wide windowsill and partly on the stone floor: "The old Croatian seals of the 16th and 17th centuries have it to me particularly impressed. - But now tell me about the things that have been an important part of my life! What happened now? "- " Me Think things go their way, "replied Lukowsky, " in detail I don't tell you much about that either. " Beekn nodded to himself. His cigarettes and Beekn held the open box. The old man Skill your head: "No, thank you. But smoke if you want. There ..." He pointed out on an empty plate "... you can use it as an ashtray. There is a nice woman who cares me. Your name is Stanka. She makes orders

nung, cooks, washes and so on, I'm not feeling bad. In an hour If I expect them again, I can also host you a little. " Lukowsky lit a cigarette. He looked Beekn in his eyes and said: "I want to know something about them. That is the reason for my being there. They remember to the crash of our DO 28, in which my comrade Felix Schäserer came up. Were you responsible for this? " Beekn indicated a shake of the head, But then hesitated with the answer: "Responsible? I would have to ponder. Not guilty! I have no explosive body on the plane Leave or do it, I didn't want the crash! But, I have to admit that, I expected it, at least thought it was possible that Something like that could happen on the part of Valtines. Therefore only a fictional Charge came on board the machine. I thought to myself if Valtine she in let the air blow up, that should lead him to a wrong track - and everyone others too. Because then I still had a lot of ambition. " Beekn lowered the Head, nodded to himself and then raised the look: "Yes, Mr. Pilot, if You want to see it that way, I am not free of responsibility - what I do for you Still should say what you may not like to hear: your friend is not a whole Areiner boy! Like many these days, he would like to be simple Wise wise quickly became rich. But I don't want to talk badly about him. It gave worse, certainly. " Beekn again showed a fatalistic gesture, This time with both hands, and concluded: "But what the hell it is so long here! I didn't expect the assassination attempt. I thought it was possible, but not for likely. Seen in this way, I can say that my guilt is great not there. In addition, I never left Schäuer in the unclear that My affairs are well paid, but can be risky. " Lukowsky asked: "Felix Schäuer flew an old Beechcraft for her in 1969 and make it disappear? " The old man in the huge armchair frowned A forehead: "He hadn't told you that at all?" Beekn let a quiet laugh hear Before he explained: "It was a good maneuver! The plane finally became sold to Egypt. Schäuer was allowed to collect the profit. - What the hell! It was so long ago! And ... "Beekn smiled with a strange superior acting face: "... things like that do not happen to anyone who does not I want! Would you have got into this matter if you didn't do this Adventure would have wanted? " Lukowsky replied: "For me, Vera Jörgens has played a major role. You knew vera? " Beekn nodded emphasis: "Yes! Vera

Jörgens! Nice, clever - and incomprehensible. How is she? " Lukowsky, unexpectedly, cost a lot of overcoming to respond: "She died twenty -seven years ago." To his surprise, the old man seemed from this Notification to be affected. Several minutes passed in silence. Then Said Beekn pondering: "So. Then the Valkyrie is home to Walhall gone! I am not surprised, no, actually not. " Lukowsky asked: "How do you mean that?" Beekn had the view of the window directed. He considered a while and then said: "You know, Vera Jörgens once have some Studies on Greek-Roman ancient ancient to work for me. Or for Rolland & Löw; I was temporarily there. She was a very educated young woman. They were interested in antiquity, especially Romans and Teutons, Then she had a tendency. You also noticed this from how to externally gave. The connection had come about through the old Emmerich Löw, who is no longer alive. He had Miss Jörgens' father Well known. It was after his death. Miss Jörgens stood with her mother Cross and wanted to go there. It must have been a bad relationship. She proved to be very capable and efficient. Also in discussions with customers, too who sometimes came. She could have made a career. But I noticed that despite her youth she always seemed serious, but without being the impression If she would be sad. A Saturday afternoon, I remember Exactly, we were in the exhibition rooms from Rolland & Löw in Cologne, I then said it. She said, just like everyone in the Hoeing ears to hear screeching railway brakes, she hurts them whole current era. You have no inner connection to this I don't want that either. In doing so, she looked very confident and by no means unhappy. I realized that it really was that this young woman - how should I express me - that you like by providing providence in this time had got into it - and that knew! Vera Jörgens was difficult to understand. But I had the impression that she was very sure. The thought, It was infinitely distant to adapt to the current time and fashion. She Never wore pants and had a very long hair. Quite different from what it was modern were. I only understood that after a while. Maybe, sometimes I almost think it was Vera Jörgen's last Walküre when the she once called herself. Maybe, yes, maybe she was actually A strayed leap, possible that there is something like that, a lot is conceivable. I

Having a painting from her. A young restorer at the time at Rolland & Löw painted. It has a secret! I urged him to sell it to me. He initially refused, but then said that he would copy it in small, Since there would be no place in his apartment for the life-size original. So I got the picture. For me it was not about the lover, but about that Presentation of the Valkyrie. This idea fascinated me. I still think Now now. Not to Vera Jörgens, but to Wotan's Valkyrie. If You can understand how I mean that. I am not religious - but maybe there are wotan and the wivles ... this is a nice dream that I go And like to dream again. " Several minutes passed in silence. Then Beekn noticed as casually: "That brings me to it: Mark Valtine suffered his fate, I heard about it. I am not interested in how it happened in detail. He's dead. I assume By enforcing the will of Miss Vera Jörgens. Basically it doesn't touch me. Or anyway, from afar, because I could end as much as he was. Although I'm already old. We only stood on different sides, otherwise the difference may not be that big. Maybe he had Even luck, he does not need to fear an ages. If it is with me Hopefully I will have Courage enough to end it. Where there is no more vitality, life should stop. This is a law nature. " Finally Beekn turned back and asked with a firm Voice: "Don't want to - if you have already broken me up here - Finally learn what all of this is really about for which they are for hit?" - "I would be grateful for that," replied Lukowsky, "that from her View to be heard. " - "All right then!" Beekn just sat up and began: "1944/ 45 and in the years after that there was something like a not necessarily warm but mutually loyal rivalry, maybe one could say, collegial, Between two secret formations that essentially the same, or at least similar, pursued goals. Both went out of the Third Reich or from war. At first there was the organization that the code name 'Sechmet' wore. After the Egyptian goddess of war with the Löwinnsam. This also had a mythical background for that However, the whole thing was not important. Someone probably remembered this name, Maybe out of sympathy for the old Orient. That is unimportant. In any case: 'Sixmet' was National Socialist. The threads of the Reichsführer

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SS, Himmler, and Schellenberg, Head of Department 6 of the Reich Safety Main Office. Everything happened in direct coordination with the guide, although I believe that until the very end hoped for a miracle that a sudden Would bring about the use of the war. Maybe he hoped a change in power relationships in America or Russia, as they are Time of the old Fritz had occurred after the death of Katharina the Great. I have no idea. Perhaps he was simply lacking in realistic information. Since Canaris was no longer there, there was no one More that at least attempted to make a clear picture to the Fihrer convey. I think there were people who did exactly the opposite. Why this I don't know. Certainly not out of betrayal. Maybe more out of stupidity. It is difficult to understand. The goal of 'Sechmet' was to fight fighting for a To create the last battalion, how the guide is said to have expressed himself. The Everything went from the assumption that the inner mechanisms of the empire would Also in the event of a interim surrender of the Wehrmacht on various secret levels remain intact, which means that a recovering in a relatively short time should be possible. The empire itself surrendered Therefore not, but only the three Wehrmacht parts. - By the way, that's too An important fact of international law! - Various precautions had been taken, especially by using our well -developed base of Neuschwabenland in Antarctic. It is now long ago Leave and orphaned. At some point researchers will discover him by chance And wonder. What the hell. In addition, there were also well -functioning connections in the Orient, to India, East Asia, but especially after Latin America and last but not least in the U.S.A .. We have it, the SD - like this I and my colleague Fritz Busch, too - work intensively. It There were two points where 'Sechmet' finally failed. The first, but The secondary one was technical in nature. The backbone of 'Sechmet' should be the new electro-submarines and the flight discs. The submarines were Well, but there was a lack of quantities. After all, this part of the whole worked sufficiently. In the course of the flight, an illness worked of the time: mistrust in combination with narrow -mindedness. The first A small private company had created functioning flying disc. A Tiny thing, called 'tour aircraft'. The manufacturer's company was called 'Society For drive technology and metaphysics' - or something like that. She was sitting in Munich.

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This company did not have political relationships, but still in some influence Good contacts with the traditionalist officer corps of the Wehrmacht. Already Therefore, it was considered a suspect. There were also esoteric backgrounds. Associations of this kind have all been banned since 1941. But that was one Company. These people should be held out of the strictly National Socialist Sechtmets plans. They were said to have monarchist tendencies; Just like Generalfeldmarschall Erich von Manstein, August von Mackensen, Ernst Heinkel and Claudius Dornier, with whom they somehow in Connection may have been. The boss of the Munich company, one Born in Vienna, Adolf Hitler knew personally; from times of the Thule order, which was also partly aligned, also aligned. But that helped Probably nothing, their circle was considered to be reactionary and maybe it was too. Nevertheless, instead of this company that had invented that new technology and in who were undoubtedly active patriots to have others were put on others to it. The same or similar has been operated several times under mutual confidentiality. There were different parallel developments with different drives, including several incorrect constructions. That cost valuable time and narrow raw materials anyway. Finally the technical team of the SS in Wiener Neustadt and Augsburg, Building aircraft that met the requirements. But also this one Were probably not completely satisfactory, especially with regard to their durability. Only a handful could be completed. The building proved as complicated and complex. These devices were quick, had one Large reach and probably had all the required properties, the new, quite sensational, exhausted beam cannons could not be installed, because they needed more space than in the so-called 'H' devices of the SS were available. In the hustle and bustle it had to be smaller, However, less effective power -beam guns are also built, Which was just an emergency solution. But that it was possible at all, such new ones Developing and producing weapons was remarkable. Likewise the ANSE -based computer systems. Our people already had something on that Crate! But the 'V' devices of the officially switched off Munich company were far superior to everyone and also big enough to the strongest To be used. 'Sixmet' passed what but was only a subordinate point of failure, not the rash

bend, no. The second point was much more serious: at 'Sechmet' Nobody expected the German people soon after 1945 would subdue the new system quickly and completely. How did it Sigmund Freud also once said: It is always easier that the low in To wake up people than lead him to the higher. And that's the principle the so - called 'western society', which arouses the low. This failed 'Sixmet'. There was no basis for this, a intended one To put the liberation plan into practice, let alone for a National Socialist revolution. At least the West Germans were completely satisfied with the new conditions, they felt great in Sodom and Gomorra, and and The Central Germans only wanted to go there. Therefore the 'network Sixmet 'at the end of the 1950s, there was no more basis. Subsequent It was previously working with the Americans in the then West-East conflict came. I was sporadically involved in that too. We thought they should support the West against the East. Anti -communism formed a bridge between 'Sechmet' and C.I.A., Many of us took the West party. The old goals may be Not quite forgotten, but have been given up. It may also work Still Hitler's attitude, ours in the Anglo -Saxon peoples to see closest relatives. In terms of blood, it liked that, but now I think the Russians are much closer to us. And of course too The French. Incidentally, Adolf Hitler later commented on the Russian full of recognition and even admiration. But just too late. Regarding the I have my own theory: when King Attila's army once after West stormed, the Germanic tribes stood for defensive fight - except the Anglo -Saxon, the fleeing to the island and let their brothers down. That is why the relationship is so disturbed. This is deep in the unconscious, so to speak. I believe that. An Englishman who returns to Germany to the home of his ancestors quickly becomes German. That works really well. Just think of Winifred Wagner, for example, This really big lady! But on the island is just deep in the unconscious of people who have not understood shame because of the cowardly betrayal to Attilas Times. That is why they deny their origin, their origin, an excuse to have. The British as humans are fine, only the island is not." He sighed, showed a hand movement that was aside and returned

his real topic back: "Well, parallel to the one just described Development of 'Sechmet' had formed another group that the continuation of the war after a surrender of the Wehrmacht thought. This had formed from various private circles. Also that company Was part of the game from which the first flight disks came. Built -up Had this other organization Admiral Canaris. He was definitely loyal But was not a convinced National Socialist. However, he did not commit a betrayal He became the victim of an intrigue, and unfortunately he was not the only one. Canaris Had wanted to submit his considerations to Hitler, but did not receive any Opportunity. The guide was apparently surrounded by people who prevented, that he could gain a clear view. He even denied proven, Faithful people of the Wehrmacht and almost only relied on the SS. This was also shown, but only part of the necessary bandwidth; and Not all guides from this environment were good. In the ranks of the SS At that time, National Socialists from many different countries fought. The guide had long since had the need for a pan -European Future recognized. Anders Canaris, he thought nationally in an outdated sense, He wanted to see everything alone in German hands. He only trusted foreigners in selected individual cases, some Italians, Hungary and Japanese, and also Only if he knew them personally. From Hitler's point of view, Canaris was one Reactionary. He was probably too. He came from the mentally, so to speak, Kaiserzeit, was a representative of the traditional officer stand and educational citizenship. The Nazis were upgrading for such people, even if they Adolf Hitler may respect personally, especially because he Contract had overcome. Nowadays most people overlook the Consideration of this story that National Socialism is primarily As a revolutionary force, which is completely devoted to the future, what he was too. There were ideas with really fundamentally new perspectives, especially in social and economic policy. But to many who then Careers made it, but the term gave up, but there was no To them in education, world experience and culture. Men like Canaris and many Others of the active officers didn't really fit into it. In the eyes of such people, National Socialism was loud, raw and immature, they liked whose patriotism also appreciate and consider some ideas to be sensible. Hitler and Canaris have understood humanly exceptionally well that

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There is no doubt. She probably also had some common interests about Wagner's music. Wilhelm Canaris was a man of format, he had. Despite possibly reactionary views, no more viscous view. So he warned. For example, in 1937 before the British and American armaments policy, from whose technical conception, such as the development of long -haul bombers, could be clearly seen that these powers War planned that could only be directed against Germany, yes, that they have one Second World War prepared. Nobody in the then German government wanted to admit it. Germany did not think of an effective one against it Strategic armor. The studies written by Canaris penetrated to the guide. Probably not at all, which in turn did not know, and the climate of conversation between these two men, who used to understand each other so well once got worse. I personally believe the said Emporing agents feared that the leader, who was a very cultural -sophisticated man, could approach the educated officers. The would have moved the weights. Hence the intrigue. Still, between Hitler And Canaris remained a mutual respect. How the betrayal notification and Canaris' conviction later occur, it is still unclear; Most original documents about it are no longer available. The There were accusations from the ranks of arrested resistors. After War was claimed by some people that they were treacherous diaries found. But that was a plumper dizziness. Nowadays want one declares him to be a resistant because that would be propaganda, Exactly we at Rommel. One wants to give the impression that everything is against Hitler was, of course not true. Canaris was arrested in February 1944. Despite imprisonment, he could do a lot, especially Heinrich Himmler provided this. Himmler then wanted a push for a separate peace with the Western powers. Of course that was unrealistic. Canaris Apparently a connection to the very polular American Making Genmereal George Patton, which was considered latent German -friendly. Stoner Then actually occurred for an antisovy alliance with Germany. He Didn't even want to disarm prisoners of the Wehrmacht and Waffen-SS, but march against Moscow with us right away. But he could do not prevail. Soon after the end of the war, he was murdered. The plans of So Himmler failed. Canaris continued to pursue his Z-Plan as much as possible.

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He had certainly had the support of the SS. At the beginning of April 1945 Canaris was executed. Probably without the guide and knowledge of the guide; A self - authorization of an overzealous. All of this is not really transparent. Canaris may even use the accusation of betrayal to consciously to To deceive the enemy. Who knows, possibly in a silent agreement with Adolf Hitler, who recently made Canaris' friend Dönitz as Reich President called. Canaris was considered a traitor, it was the best camouflage for His thing. It is necessary to look at the relationships, only then does it result The whole picture. "Beekn silent about half a minute before he continued to speak in a fresh sounding voice: "As early as 1941, Canaris began his security measures for that Rich to meet - long before 'sixth'! I assume that happened in Consistent with the guide. We were now also with Russia and America in war. It was a milkmaid bill that we were this war could no longer win. Hitler certainly did not recognize this at the time, But he will also have thoughtful moments in this regard. He was A clever man. Canaris developed a comprehensive study. This was the beginning December 1941 finished. As is now known, Hitler was embezzled this important paper. A conversation between him and Canaris therefore led to misunderstandings. The study said included precise information About the technical and productive potential of the U.S.A. and Russia. Both Countries worked on new aircraft types and also tanks that ours would be equivalent or even superior. Were at the American Caners With the P 47 and the P 51 hunters, the ME 109 and FW 190 in which explanations would be superior. And had it You a range that allowed them to accompany the enemy bombers to Germany. Göring thought that was completely impossible, because this man has never grown beyond the era of the double -decker of the First World War, And under this influence, Hitler also said that he couldn't imagine that. But it came! With regard to the number of pieces, the Americans could easily do that Reach ten times the Germans. The new new ones to be expected at the Russians Jak and Lagg types would be approximately equivalent to our hunters. In terms of number, the Russians could reach the German six times. Between mid -1942 and early 1943, the appearance of the new American and Russian planes in large masses. Teen one

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still the considerable English production on our machines almost equivalent Spitfire and the new type Typhoon and Tempest, so must Germany for around eighteen times superiority among fighter planes can be found that are not fended off with the current own types could. The enemy aims to achieve the air rule in order to be able to use its huge bomber fleets against the empire. So it will be decisive for war to bring the new, technically clearly superior hunters to the front very soon, because in the air it would be in the air War can be decided. - the details of all of this did not penetrate to Hitler before. Göring prevented a critical view of the upcoming Location in the air personally. Adolf Galland had to be scolded by him. The mischief started. Due to the initial success in Russia, Hitler expressed the opinion that the war had already been won, After a final defeat of the Soviet Union, the West will also be Close peace. That was completely out of reality. But then the order was issued not to develop new weapons that were not Could be finished within three quarters of a year because you are firmly calculated with the victory. It is incomprehensible, but true! Although Hitler, at least with regard to the aircraft Keep an eye on guys, Göring explained this to unnecessary. And that Was the death sentence for the empire! Because the new aircraft types would have about needed for a year until the front ripening. You would be in good time before appearing the American P 47 and P 51 were there and could have been completely dismissed the enemy air offensive. American analyzes have after The war clearly showed that the German Air Force is used their technical possibilities would have been relatively easy to Allies in the air to prepare a real disaster. But unfortunately - with us the false people said that! Göring certainly wanted the victory But he simply lacked expertise and understanding of understanding. And When we finally technically superior in the last half of the war Having hunters, the factories were bombed in which they were sufficient Parts should have been made. In addition, due to the lack of fuel, the training of young German pilots was so fleeting and have become bad that they also have machines against the best machines Often trained Americans did not arrive - but at least they could

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Now fly away if necessary. I remember this whole drama like that as if it had been yesterday. It was too late - everything too late! - just like with the U-boats where the new types were delayed by almost two years. - Mistake About mistakes! - and not, as some people like to say, out of betrayal! No, Out of inability! It was a tragedy! All of our victims in vain! " Beekn interrupted, he sighed softly, massaged the root of the nose and took then his thread again: "The foreseeable development of the air war To our disadvantage, the triggering point for the secret preparations formed. That's why I went into these details, especially since it Aviation, maybe interested. Canaris undoubtedly had a view. After tragic decision in 1941, with which our armaments policy Soft had been made wrong in such a fateful way - already to Second time after 1936 - there was no question that we lose war would - this war against enemies that against the annihilation against the German people were obsessed. In anticipation of such a situation, founded Admiral Canaris an organization that later received the name 'The Chain'. Their first goal was to have the new weapons developments that through the Missing decision of the government of fallow layers, checking and the best of them in To achieve the part of this strictly secret organization as far as possible. Among other things, Canaris ensured that the original inventors could continue to work with the covering. With the help of Swiss connecting people, he procured material, necessary raw materials and so further. In this way, a few of the really perfect flying panes could be completed - or rather freight aircraft, as you can do at the time said. There were two very large ones that can be referred to as space ships. The attempt to produce small flying disks as a hunter was abandoned because there was no suitable armament. This Aircraft creates their own power field around them. This means that they are like that Good and invulnerable. No floor made of coarse matter can do that Pierced force field. But that also applies from the inside out. Such one The flight disc could therefore neither throw bombs nor the usual for hunters Use fast -fire cannons. Without the beam gears that were only in the early stages of development, they remained military speaking For the time being worthless. Since the first nozzle hunter, our me 262, as a quick bomber Canaris should be used in terms of airspace defense

Kurt Tank, the chief designer of Focke-Wulf to one push new fighter aircraft. The result was later the TA 152 and First the FW 190 D. In parallel, tank developed a completely new one Jet hunter who was the P.101 created at the same time at Messerschmitt looked similarly. This machine was still finished. In 1945 she got into enemy and was built by the Americans under the name F 84 and at The Russian as Mig 15 and Mig 17. - Yes, we had everything! At least The Americans certified that we had a technical lead in aircraft construction. The fantastic fast Fernbomber AR 555 and FW 1000 were close to the completion. But what came to the front was mostly around five years back. - We didn't use our great possibilities! " Beekn interrupted and asked: "I don't bore her?" He sighed Again: "It was so long ago!" Since Lukowsky assured him that it Interested, Beekn continued with his presentation: "Well. Well. So Canaris had built up an organization. Whether really entirely off Own drive or on behalf of the guide, that can no longer be clarified. In particular, industrialists and scientists, high officers, especially the Air Force who wished for hell, and a mystical women's circle who gained an increasingly influence were involved. One of the young women was probably the real initiator of the whole, a childhood love of Canaris. The sign of the 'chain' was initially an industrial tooth wheel with the Reichsadler. By acting the young ladies of that mystical circle, If the gear was replaced by the magical black sun - Canaris was probably unimportant, he was certainly not a mystic. But this symbol became a sign of the 'chain'. Later, even now, is often claimed that this 'black sun' would be the symbol of one of the SS founded National Socialist secret organization. That is a mistake. This sign has not been used at all in such circles. After Some people came up with the war or wore together because a simplified representation of the black sun can be seen on the ground of the group leader in Wewelsburg. The explanation for this is simple: in the beginning of the Third Reich, even before the Seizure of power, two mystical associations played a role - nowadays one would speak of esoterics. There was the Thule Order, the Adolf Hitler belonged and from which the National Socialist movement

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preceded, and in the environment of which the 'All German Society for Metaphysics', which is said to have been unofficially also called Vril Society. Whether that That's right, I don't know, it's not sure. In this association, women gave the sound. The background is the magical circle of the 'Panbabylonian Society' who was on the goddess Ishtar, the Venus, and their upcoming rule in a new world age. Everything very mystical. This was also the basis of the conscious Munich company. In any case This association used the symbol of the black sun. However in Their original form, which, as far as I know, comes from the Sumers. There soon all clubs dealt with mysticism were banned, all of this moved in the subsoil - also within your own National Socialist ranks, As far as there were such appeals to esotericism. This was actually always the case in certain circles of the SS, and this explains the black sun in Group leader hall. Most of them who saw that had no idea what it meant. The few, however, to whom something said, took the initiative to 'Sixmet'. And when the war situation was obviously desperate for everyone, the heads of the two secret formations - 'Sixmet' and 'chain' - sat down at a table to pull together in need. Canaris no longer lived, the management of the 'chain' had two Women, a Munich woman and a Viennese, as well as an Italian naval officer, a confidante of the Duce who personally friends with Admiral Canaris was. Himmler should have spoken personally for 'Sechmet'. These two groups that are not necessarily friendly, So agreed to work together. The 'chain' put it from Canaris developed 'Z-Plan'. The higher one stood on your side Quality. In contrast, 'Sechmet' still had despite the difficult situation over more quantitative means and also had already prepared underground Plants that were very accommodating to the Z-Plan ideas. " Beekn interrupted again. He shook his head and said: "I am about the details Not closer to the picture. It must have been the case that political questions were asked out of dispute for the time being. The 'chain' assumed that after one Military defeat would take a lot of time until a return of the empire and the axis would be possible - I say, the axis because it Not only with the Italians, but also with the Japanese, connections must have been made, although I don't know much about it; But were determined

Hungary, Croatian and Finn. Well, the two groups will be have probably agreed to let the time decide a lot and, that if one of the two organizations are lost and give up their goals Should the other inherit her. I think Vera Jörgens' father is from Pages of the 'chain' a liaison to 'sixth', at that time, earlier.– yes, and now there is only one of the two formations: the Chain." Beekn hesitated and noticed: "I notice when I am now Think about: Eberhard Jörgens' daughter, Vera, she would have fit quite well in the metaphysical women's circle of the 'chain', as she gave herself from her appearance. But maybe that's a coincidence. " He wider his hands, sighed Again quietly and said: "I have been one of the others, to SS and to 'Sixmet'. I firmly believed in our cause, to the program Adolf Hitler - Not only for Germany, but for this whole earth. There are many mistakes was made. The unfair Jewish policy, especially, would not have may be. I tried to make up for something in my own way. For me, being a National Socialist does not necessarily mean being anti -Semite. I I am not. We made a lot of mistakes. In the war we would have on Hollands And Denmark's neutrality must be considerate - for example. There was So many mistakes, so many mistakes! Also the wrong procedure in the east. i mean But, most of us, the honest idealists, never wanted all of this. I think Hitler basically didn't want it either. Especially after the so-called Roem-Putsch 1934, bad people came up. Hitler became At that time, forced from abroad to give up the revolutionary socialist ideas and to demonstrate the idealists - because we were socialists! We wanted to overcome capitalism! But there were none back then Choice. In 1934 Germany was completely defenseless. - yes, a lot went wrong So much! But we only had a few years in peace to do our ideas develop, no time to correct mistakes. Communism had seventy Years, and failed. Democratism had more time and is currently falling The whole earth into the holy chaos. The conspiratorial is not behind it Do omnipotent Freemason lodges or the like, like some people mean. These are marginal phenomena, something like that would fail because of their self -frame. No, it is very easy to dynamic the system. Would have National Socialism had at least twenty years in peace, maybe would we do it better then. - Who knows. - to the basic

Correctness of our ideas, I still think. We will see what they Future brings. - What are a few decades in the face of Story!" - Beekn was looking out of the window again. to have come over him that was invisible and yet impenetrable. Without looking at Lukowsky again, he asked: "Are you satisfied? More I couldn't tell you! " It was clearly noticeable that Alfred Beekn, the Now called Igor Kopsa to be alone with himself and his thoughts wished. His gaze was now rigid on the white cloud structure over the Tree crowns in the sky, as if something wonderful in between must come from - the mirror images of lost illusions. Lukowsky rose. He only asked one question, the one that was still open: "You have had a cross -drive body, maybe more, from the secret systems. Can it be there Give a hole? Do others know? " Beekn replied, and his Voice already sounded as far away: "That was only left 'Sixmet' that 'Z-Plan' could not use, nothing else. In the chain There is no leak, there was never one. You can be reassured. " Lukowsky hesitated. He asked: "Only one more thing: I would like to see the picture of Vera See Jörgens. " Beekn replied with increasingly quiet voice: "Die Ruin of the palace on the hill towards the sea. The building belongs to me. It is not closed. Nobody steals here. If you go - be surprised not." The last words were hardly to be understood. said: "Thank you. Live well!" He left the old house with the meter thickness Walls and the always unlocked door.

There was no inn in the romantic tiny place, and Lukowsky also felt no appetite. He didn't know exactly what kind of feeling it was that moved him, depressed in an indefinite way. Maybe it was the echo the lost illusions of the old man behind his thick walls an constantly open house that reminded him of something, of something completely different, that But also seemed to be lost: the dream of seeing reunion with Vera. Perhaps, it rose in him, he too would once in a loan chair sit, stare out of a window and unsuccessfully between the cloud structures Looking for what was not there in this world. That made him for a moment Fear. Because this had all the illusions together, which Great from the world improvement as well as the little ones from the return a deceased lover - there remained illusions, dream structures between

the clouds. Perhaps one of them hung on the wall of a dilapidated palace in the form of the portrait of a long -died woman. Lukowsky considered whether he should look for it. He didn't want it, and still looked for the Höhhe that had to have spoken of the beekn. There they were obviously good to be seen, still stately remnants of an old palace, possibly only repaired not too far ago. None seemed there To run car road. So Lukowsky went on foot. The path was neither steep nor Otherwise arduous and not too far. The weather showed itself Mild and pleasant. Lukowsky stepped over a broad, from time to time to time Folkly covered path. It would have been possible to get by car to drive. But the little hike was good. After less than a quarter of an hour, Lukowsky came to the flat summit the little hill. Now the foundations of the formerly right Recognize large palace, picturesquely surrounded and overgrown by bushes And wild flowers. A wing of the building was completely preserved and in very good condition. There were also carefully created flower beds there And some fruit trees. The large front door curved on the top was open, just like the small door to Alfred Beekn's apartment that Now called Igor Kopsa. There was neither a name tag nor a Bell. The door consisted of a good ten centimeters thick wood. Lukowsky entered the old but well -preserved walls. Inside the air was cool. He went slowly forward. There were a few furniture that certainly as antiques had their value, he was apparently in the fermentation tract of the former Palace. Then there were a few steps and the sandstone floor was from Marble replaced. Lukowsky entered a large, high, bright, almost hall -like space. This was equipped like a small exquisite gallery. The few but good paintings predominantly of Italian origin were certain Several centuries old - with one exception. On the wall on the side of the At the beginning, not immediately in the field of view when entering the hall, a life -size picture of Vera Jörgens hung in a narrow golden frame. The woman On the painting, an elegant ivory -colored dress, high shoes and Pearl jewelry. The red -brown hair was open and parted to the side. She reached only to the elbows, where a straight cut edge could be seen. This picture must have been painted at the time when Vera's mother was her The hair had cut a bit. They were still very long

But not quite as it belonged to Vera Jörgens. Maybe her face worked Therefore so seriously and even a little repellent in this painting. The woman Lukowsky was not familiar in the picture, although Vera is quite was similar. It impressed him less than he expected. The background The painting was dark and indefinite, the lightly dressed woman shone from him. It was easy to understand that the painter in his model had been in love. If you look closely, behind the shape of the Modern dressed in modern times a second recognizable, like a fine touch: vera Jörgens as a walkway! 'Astral body', Lukowsky had to think unwillingly. The walk door, which was only shadowy and yet easy to see, was wearing a long one Guard, Brünne, helmet and had hair reaching to the back of the back of the back of the back. In the Right hand she held a spear - Brünhilde. Appeared in a strange way Lukowsky This second picture Vera more than the first. A very strange painting, excellent in terms of craftsmanship, not far from art The old master or maybe a Ernst Fuchs'. Lukowsky came closer. There Suddenly the Valkyrie was no longer visible. He strictly strictly on his eyes Looked at each of the careful brush strokes. All details were up to the The smallest. But nothing was up close from the Valkyrie recognize. Lukowsky took two steps back. The walt door remained disappeared. For this he appeared the picture of the Vera Jörgens, dressed in modern times once more lively, and he noticed that she was a small book in her hands held; It recalled the poetry album that she had given him. Lukowsky Taking two more steps back - now the Valkyrie was back. Lukowsky could be sunk into a look at this double picture. He didn't know how long he had been in front of this picture, whether minutes, hours Or days - the sun no longer seemed through the windows - than it was out awakened this strange condition. Then he felt that he was quick to go away.

Lukowsky went back to the village with quick steps. Maybe came He was just like this because the way back led downhill. Or it was something other. He got into the car and drove away. When he drove a piece Was, it suddenly felt like grinning the face of Alfred Beekn behind with an expression that puzzles.

From Zagreb he initially called Eünöt in Istanbul. This was in his office

And explained that things could have been brought back. Next chose Lukowsky the number of the Neoenergen in Vienna and reported Elfi Földi. She was satisfied with the result of his tour and said he should now fly to Munich. Mr. Fischer, who is already a suitable one there Took care of him for him would pick him up from the airport. Whether he Fischers Münchner phone number? Lukowsky had her. And he was happy to see Peter Fischer again.

Fischer came and picked him up with the Mustang. He looked as rejuvenated as if the Ford company had only left him off the assembly line yesterday. Peter Fischer, on the other hand, had grown older, a little gray and no longer as slim as earlier. Nevertheless, measured by time, he hadn't changed too much. After talking to each other the first sentences, it was like being not two days apart. Everything was so natural, so natural, again as always, as it had to be.

The apartment that Fischer had worried for Lukowsky was bright and pleasant, It was completely furnished and was very close to the castle Nymphenburg, in Wotanstrasse. Lukowsky would have a more modest quarters Performed, but Fischer said that it would be enough to do in the coming time Giving that he also came up with a lot in terms of business. That had In fact, he played a role, and the Wenzl company played a role in which Fischer now had shares. He was just a good businessman. The evening was still pleasant and so they sat on the balcony of the apartment In Wotanstrasse, played chess and looked at the sunset to. Fischer was an excellent chess player, he made his famous one Name cousin Bobby Fisher Honor. Lukowsky, on the other hand, was cheapest Apprentice. But that didn't matter to that. Fischer took a cigarette, lit it and said after a little one Pause: "I want to talk about it now, serious about what I am about I have never spoken - not even with Fritz - and also wrote I never. It always seemed to me that it was impossible. I mean: all of us Three did not survive the fight at the Gothic chapel! This is factual

che! I was prepared for it. Maybe you remember, Astrid I had predicted that we would die soon. And so it came. But then We lived again - here, very earthly. Astrid and the old gentleman, the Leopold Wiesinger is called, did that. You have restored us repaired. The principle is now clear to me. Astrid dealt with it. Through special strengths of the inner body, the astral body, the exterior was made functional again. A closer look there is a lot of logic in it. In addition, the fact is that we on earth Live on, unmistakable. But what keeps grasping me in quiet moments is the feeling during the time of being. There were Certainly only minutes, and yet - I felt like a long hike. And it was very different from what different often speak dubious books. I read them all. The subjects there, me wants to call it that, hadn't really died, they had at most The threshold touched, but nobody had crossed it - like us! " - "Through The green country, "added Lukowsky. Fischer turned his eyes and nodded: "Yes." He watched the sunset again and said: "That's why wanted Then I get married so quickly and children. It was de facto a second life A second chance. I am grateful. And - I'm very happy now. " He silent. In the sky, the clouds formed a landscape, such as mountains and lakes Among the purple rays of the evening sun. Lukowsky suspected what Fischer would say next. Fischer asked: "Why don't you marry and Starting a family. There is still time. We were born again. Perhaps..." He looked at the embers of his cigarette, which shone almost as red as that Heaven "... maybe born again from the spirit to be in a Christian To grasp the word. That's why we are younger again, younger than looking at us is." Fischer avoided looking Lukowsky in the eye when he said: "Believe me, it's very nice to have a family, it's very nice. And you Have written to me in several letters what Vera told you - that you herself wanted from you! " Lukowsky understood the thoughts and feelings of the joy And couldn't follow them. In the cloud landscape, there somewhere, had to be Vera - and wait. And yet, she hadn't really asked him to take a woman who was similar to her and a good life too lead? This was how her expression had been. She had nothing with that other than what Peter Fischer had just said. And yet, That was very difficult.

It gradually became cool. Fischer expressed his cigarette and suggested: "Let's go and hear like a little music. I have something Special, not easy to get. For me one of the most wonderful Works: The Sinfo-Nia in D minor by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach. Just a small one Piece - and yet so big! I feel about it now. " They were sitting near the Balcons window, and it sounded the music of Friedemann Bach, the elders that had been mysterious and unknown in a young age Son of the great master. A legend claims that he was in a nice one Gypsies in love, everything left behind and was through with her family the country traveled. There was no evidence for that, but why shouldn't it have been.

When they separated for the day, Lukowsky wanted to Ken, but Fischer banned it, he said: "You know: The God alone It is fate that acts! We are the instruments for which he the symphony composed of life - the score together - and conducted. "

The next morning Lukowsky announced his visit to the evening Bernd Meißner. He spoke the notification to an answering machine, probably still slept Bernd and had switched on this device so as not Calls to be disturbed. Lukowsky drove the Mustang towards Düsseldorf. It was a good feeling to sit in this familiar old car. Lukowsky took the well -known route over Stuttgart, although it was said that the route was over Würzburg has now been better developed.

Relatively little had changed in Düsseldorf. There were some new ones Hochwäuser and a television tower, but all in all Lukowsky didn't have the impression of not being here for a long time. He first visited Wellmayer in his Erkrather Haus, he had planned. He was happy About the visit and almost as much about the old Mustang still in operation see. His car ratio has long been in a different place, on the former In the meantime there was an office building, the property had become too expensive. Wellmayer's sons were doing business, the daughter had long since been married. She Ate together, talked until the early hours of the evening and promised each other not to lose sight of each other. Then Lukowsky set out To meet Bernd Meißner.

It was already the right time around half past ten in the evening to see Bernd Meißner. Lukowsky entered his Düsseldorf bachelor apartment - which she apparently still and after two marriages again was. This apartment consisted of four large rooms in the second and at the same time The top floor of a house in the Zooviertel, which had been new Meißner moved there. The impression of the modern still prevailed. A melodis sequence flamed through the rooms. Not loud and not quiet. Meißner had invited a good dozen guests, mostly young people. Bernd Meißner introduced Lukowsky to a great speaking one: "Mine Ladies and gentlemen, friends and friends, brothers and sisters! Here You see, for the first time and unique, my friend Ernst Lukowsky, a heros The present, warlord of Africa and Indochina, hero of the air and conquered of our tired time, which does not live in warm rooms, But get into the clouds every day to win victories! I ask him to celebrate! A triple hipp hikra! " Meißner laughed at his stupid lecture. Voices shouted and slam a mess. Meißner put on His left arm around Lukowsky's shoulder and led him through the big one, Half -dark room equipped with black leather furniture. Sitting everywhere Small, layer and crouched people. Lukowsky's greeting went down in the tangle of voices. As a result, Meißner raised his right hand: "Silentium, Brothers and sisters! " He screamed and roared; Listen here! " - it Was calm, finally there was silence. Meißner introduced Lukowsky people: "Hermann Berst. Confused studios of philosophy and theology in twenty -six semesters - our most excellent genius. " Hermann Berst was wearing a full beard. He looked Ernst Drein and looked like John the Banger before the beheading. - Meißner presented more people to: "Ah! Here: Marion Keller! In ancient Venice, she would be a big course Gewor-the-if it weren't so brittle. " Marion Keller heard and showed Meißner hint of the bird. This woman had to notice. Lukowsky she liked immediately. One of those women in the classic ideal of beauty could let the flash hit. Marion Keller liked in early twenties be. She was more than pretty; She was beautiful: big and slim, expressive Dark eyes, a lot of long dark hair, beautiful hands, a flawless grown body, but not thin, not thin, wrapped in red silk. The beautiful Woman looked at him with big dark eyes, her eyes met on the Fraction of a second. The woman moved into the dark of the spacious

Rooms. Meißner further introduced: "Mae, a dear guest from the states ..." A funny girl nodded friendly and waved a half -full glass. - "Jan Kirchberg", the host of this illustrious society continued: "Was one real miracle boy, false clamps at the age of three years Father's piano. And here Ellen, his slave and first Harems lady ..." All Meißner introduced all of his friends present as far as they were not senseless: "Anne, bored at the art academy, too Home is in Lyon ... Kurt, our master of technology ... - Jimmi ... - Harald ... - Elsa, not from Brabant ..." - Lukowsky felt inappropriate in this round without feeling disturbing. A look at the young woman named Marion was the end of the rest of society. There was something about her that reminded him of Vera Jörgens, Although there was no immediate similarity between these two women. Lukowsky searched and found Marion Keller with his eyes. He looked over to her. That was one of those women for whom a man did everything. She bored Very obvious. Lukowsky planned to get to know them. First off He drank with others, had little trouble talks, had to go to Meißner's Demand to tell flying stories, the more or less dramatic course of which had to throw an interesting striped light on the landlord. He felt a bit strange, but it amused him. Soon the society was completely distributed. Lukowsky kept Meißner at his arm when He also wanted to go to another corner of the room: "Bernd!" Meißner turned around: "Yes?" Lukowsky said: "I just wanted to Due to the crash of the DO 28 Talk to you and look at the documents, that you certainly got. It was important to you, you called So even in Los Angeles. " Meißner freed his arm and set yourself: "Listen, that can really wait now! Amuse yourself first." Lukowsky said: "I need the papers for that." Meißner left a stretched Hear groan.: "So well! Afterwards I'm looking for the stuff, yes. Wait just wait a little. OK? I have to search! Meanwhile, talk properly. Drive you At least one and snap into two kitty! " Meißner went Murring to look for the papers.

Only a few couples danced, although the huge room everyone danced at the same time had offered the opportunity. Observed without attention Lukowsky Meißner's colored or half naked guests. The half -darkness

made everything appear indistinct. But his gaze was inside anyway turned. He also found no clear pictures there. That strange and as it were His thoughts also seemed to have a soothing half -darkness. As the Pictures in front of Lukowsky's eyes, so the music fiddled in his ear. Everything, What happened around him, flowed over without participation. - The young woman named Marion remembered him again. He could still look at her eyes feel. He looked for her and discovered her in a depth Black leather sofa. She looked tired and unpleasant. A drunk boy Man made a pitiful approach. Marion pushed it badly drunk admirers from the Sofarand. The man tumbled too Soil, stayed on the carpet and fell asleep. Lukowsky went there. He Town the now snoring drunk on the belt, pulled it to the side of one and a half meters and then stepped to the sofa, on the Marion Keller bored. He asked: "Allow you to sit down with you?" She sat still There, in a long tight dress made of blood - red silk. The woman raised the eyelids The long curved eyelashes and looked Lukowsky with big ones Dark brown eyes up from the bottom. She eyed him for seconds and Then said: "If you promise not to get me on?" Lukowsky said: "I promise it!" He sat down next to her. Marion turned his head To and examine it again. Her Look was directed into his eyes, she seemed to estimate him as precisely as possible to want. He said: "You are a beautiful woman! - The most beautiful far and wide." Marion indicated a head nod thanking for the compliment and said confidently: "I know!" In her eyes and on her red lips it was written how exactly she knew. Lukowsky looked at her: a beautiful face, a very beautiful face. As painted by Botticelli. Full of mouth Silent longing. The dark hair was on the right side with a Red clasp from the crown, extremely strong dark brown hair, Almost black, smooth, matt glossy and evenly long to good to that Waist. This waist was slim and high. This was shown in a deep Deafé splendidly trained breasts. The slots in the red silk of the Rockes gave the view of long, well -shaped legs up to the Thighs. Light smooth skin shimmered between the silk. The The woman's dainty feet were stuck in bare red shoes. Jewelry glittered On Marion's neck, wrists and fingers. Lukowsky looked at this woman

calm, he took his time. For a long time he had no longer looked at a woman, and The woman enjoyed being considered with a reserved admiration. Be BLICKEN RENTED ON OF THE NEW Formed hands, on whose fingers for a long time red -painted nails shone. He took the rights of these hands into his rights Hand: "My name is Ernst Lukowsky. How can I call her?" He raised his gaze back to her eyes. She withdrawn her hand - slowly, emphasized slowly - and replied: "Marion. And you can say. Everyone says you anyway for each. " Lukowsky replied: "You are not everyone! – Tu!, Marion. " Now She smiled. A small, fine smile full of red lips. An invisible Swarm tiny sparks jumped between Marion Keller and Ernst Lukowsky Back and forth - no hot currents - but a first quick spark flight. On the opposite side of the large room, a girl lit Four high candles whose wax columns illuminated red. Marion explained Lukowsky, which was now ahead: "The crazy Berst is now making a zombi." Lukowsky saw The woman asked questioningly and put his arm around her. Marion said: "You will already see. I find it hideous. Berst is a crazy. He prefers to play with sleeping women. He claims that they then gave him the illusion of purity. But I think he imagines that they are dead. - he spins. "She moved Hardly noticeably a few centimeters of poets approach Lukowsky, those Centimeter that made close body touch. Lukowsky pulled the woman Gently but firmly close. His hand slid to the waist on her upper arm. There His fingers felt the ends of filled women's hair over red silk and Including the meat of the beautiful woman, which is covered by soft skin. The pressure his hand was firm. The woman next to him had to feel that the man, to that This hand belonged, not planned to let it go again so soon. A faster Schauer trembled the flexible female body, so fast and so on weak that the men's hand, which were particularly sensitive at this moment, could feel more perhaps more than more than That. But Lukowsky felt it: the hot currents started to flow, And it was a strong, very honest feeling, a feeling that still knew heartbeat and was called falling in love - more than horny greed. A sad baritone sang in English in an old woman in one Church, of a pastor who wrote at his sermon that nobody hears Wanted to, of Tister loneliness. He didn't sang well, but the melody was fair pretty. Bernd Meißner had raised himself again and appeared flanked by

Two girls who wore high red candles, which they are now in four places of the Place the room so that they formed the corners of a square. The candles burned with large, undisguised flames. The candlestickers moved away. Meißner pathetically announced in the middle of the field limited by four candles: "The sublime master will immediately lower ourselves to us a zombi too make!" Applause. Requiem: "Domine Jesus." Also gave way to these sounds. Atonal drum and Flute play hub. Hermann Berst step into the middle of the room between the Candles. He had put on a white cowl with a black cord. The Eye sockets were black or dark blue, what his face gave the appearance of a skull. Berst ran up and down in the Caré, as he is looking for the intersection of intended diagonal. His deeply out of the caves wandered and finally anchored in a remote niche of the Big rooms. He turned his gaze to the ceiling and called with deeper, grumping Voice: "Ellen! - - Ellen! - I call you! Ellen! I'll command you here!" Except for the candles, no more light burned. A girl of eighteen or Nineteen years in a short black dress and with black stockings hesitated to him. The girl's face was at dusk indistinct. Comprehensive trains were only recognized in the candlestick; absurd fun of a bizarre game. Wavy dark blonde hair changes Cheeks of the girl. Now the focus was on the candles, Berst, on the other hand, just outside the thought square. He hit the hood over the head. His organ became even deeper and more gentle: "Ellen! Dirt The you are! Disgust that whips you! Gray that chokes you! -Recke yours Arms of heaven and do not deny the dirt of lust on yours Hands! " The girl obeyed and bend a smile. scream Then the man in white cowl: "Zombi!" Gröst or flolished part of society, partly of alcohol and partly of noise. And Berst called Again: "Zombi! Zombi be! Smile your body! Don't call yourself a woman anymore. Don't call yourself Longer man, satan fruit! Credit yourself, zombi! Prohibit yourself as cattle, that You have always been! Carrage, animal, crawl on the floor, sip the dirt From your mirror and pass! " - apparently reluctantly leaned on Girls the body, touched the ground with both hands and lowered it

Main. "Deeper!" ordered Berst with the screeching voice. His Arms described in the air, his breath became difficult, His shoulders remembered, he stood there like a hunched old man. His teeth Crunch: "You should go to the ground, you should stay on the ground! against skulls! Wipe the floor with your sinful curls, win In the dust, the most miserable worm, related to the eklen poison, which curved and broken. Breathed out is your hideous ordem, from the blood Your horny body is emptied - broken! - broke! " Berst now entered the In the middle of the Caré to his victim. His hands began to tremble, he whispered: "Break! Sink yourself into the mode of the bones of your sin! Dunst of your poison! " - a quake shrugged by the welding glittering bent girls between the flickering candles. Overwhelming There was silence in the room. Berst around the Caré 'with long steps around the Caré' His movements seemed unnaturally and grotesque the giant steps. He jerked in front of the girl and stared out with glassy The eyes of the painted caves occur. Slow, infinitely slow, felt his rights under the white fabric of the cowl, lingered there briefly and tore out a bare crisis. Its falm -shaped blade straightened up The streamed figure. Berst step before and also leaned. In turn Slowly emphasizes as if it were a secret rite - Berst put the sharp dagger at the girl's return collet and slowly slashed the Dress on. It looked as if he peeled it as if he was pushing the fur of a killed game away. Piece of fabric around fabric fell to the ground. Then Berst separated the stockings. It looked as if he detached the skin off his legs. The girl trembled. Long ago This spectacle no longer seemed to be a joke. But society Persecuted every gesture of the man in the white cowl. This directed now. A shaking frost seemed to be grassed through his limbs, but he caught Quickly and was completely calm. He raised the crisis with his right hand. The Left grabbed the girl and tore her face in which no one Expression lay. "Zombi!" Berst screamed fervently: "Zombi be forever! Cover You never anymore! Melt in endless agony. O, pathetic animal! " His Voice swelled and became hot: "But I want to suffer and bleed you, Cry and see you see in cramps, want to moan and groan, Gurgel and listen to grunts! Recare yourself in the bubbling vibration, you should be Roll in the world droppings, bloodless and dishonor! " Berst grabbed the girl again

During the hair and pulled his head up. Lukowsky saw that small wounds on Body of the girl. Blood ran out of it. Marion Keller put A hand on Lukowsky's thighs and pinched him into the meat. She Whispered: "It will be disgusting again this time." Lukowsky still pressed the woman A little firmer, then loosened his grip and said in a half -veneration: "Sorry me For a few minutes. " Lukowsky rose. of the Carés formed by red candles. He grabbed Berst with one hand in Genick and with the other with the cord of the cowl. He pushed Berst out of the Caré, put a foot on his butt and stepped on. Somewhere in near Dark could be heard. Lukowsky turned and announced: "End the idea! " There was completely silence. The girl's soft whimper on the ground between the candles. In the shadow This candles got up. Lukowsky stretched an arm, showed up the man in the cowl and said without special emphasis: "Another one Those of them and they die! " Berst looked at him without understanding. Lukowsky leaned on the ground on the ground and called Bernd Meißner in "Bernd! Take care of her! Immediately!" Only now did movement come into the Company. Lukowsky turned away and went back to the sofa in that Marion had sat. She had gotten up. She said to Lukowsky: "Me want to go. It pisses me off - sorry - it no longer conventioned me here. It I lack the tolerance offered today. " Lukowsky nodded her And took her her arm. From loudspeaker boxes somewhere a woman sang in French of two pearls that she had lost and could no longer find.

Ernst Lukowsky and Marion Keller left the scene. In the elevator Asked Lukowsky: "I'll take you home now?" Marion leaned his face into his hands and massaged his forehead with his fingertips. She was a little drunk. She looked up and said: "I live in Buderich." Marion felt better in the fresh air. It was deliberately slowly. Lukowsky led her to the parking lot of his car and helped her to the passenger seat. Marion called an address like a taxi driver and then fell asleep immediately.

It had taken some effort to shake Marion in Buderich, she was firm

fell asleep. But then she woke up and quickly became surprisingly cheerful. Now she had disappeared in the bathroom of her apartment. After that she had put on coffee beforehand. During the coffee, and the woman freshly made herself, Lukowsky put a cigarette. He found ash cups, but a usable onyx bowl. Lukowsky discovered a music system and switched on to it. A nice one. Italian entertainment music sounded. Marion Keller's apartment was spacious, expensive and quite tastefully decorated, very bright, cream-colored leather furniture, with a kind of decoration on a white high-flower carpet. On the walls hung watercolors of landscapes and a large-scale mosaic in Roman style. Marion had done this herself, as he later learned. Everything was generous - cozy in a special way. The whole front side of the room consisted of windows. There were a lot of ornamental plants and pot flowers. During the day, this room had to be bright. Now only an indirect one came lighting from somewhere. It took a while for the woman to show up again. She was now wearing one floor-length white bathrobe. She had put off shoes and jewelry, too. The hair clip and obviously all clothes. For a moment she stopped and seemed to do something. And then she reminded Lukowsky suddenly to the painting of Vera Jürgens in the old palace. The stature was the same. The face of the woman here in the room looked at him with dark brown eyes, they didn't look quite as serious, but yet related. Her hair was not reddish, but almost black, but as strong as Veras and had a straight cut edge like in the old painting. It saw and did it look whether a piece of the woman was missing. But Marion Keller offered the noble sight of eternal women's beauty. It was exactly that picture that could pack and inspire a man and probably also from the grave. If you had jumped up, such a woman would have passed. The beautiful woman had to notice Lukowsky's sensitive thoughts infallibly. Their dark eyes shone. Despite the still not completely denial of alcohol, she made it, a tray with coffee and everything. Access to balance on the low table in front of the sofa. Marion Keller had a good grip. She sat down on the sofa next to Lukowsky. Light leather and gift coffee in the cups. She gave him a cup with almost calm hand, and said: "Berst is a Viech!" Lukowsky took the

Cup: "To the hell with him!" The woman kept Lukowsky the sugar, took Also himself, touched, drank a sip of coffee and put the cup on the Table. She sat down comfortably and looked at Lukowsky from the side. She smiled: "Berst needed the kick! This time it ran out." Lukowsky said: "I don't like things like that." Marion explained: "Who to Zombi game provides explained that it can get that far. All know what it is about. Nobody is forced. At the end of the process, the zombi then gets every man she wants for the Night. Berst is crazy, but he thinks something about it. A girl, He would never do that that is definitely not a hurried way. On the contrary, he would Dive his life so that a decent no hair is curved. - So is He too! " Lukowsky replied: "I only experienced his lousy side." Marion Turned a thick strand of her beautiful dark hair between the Breasts clearly visible in the half -open bathrobe and looked Lukowsky on their dark eyes, with a very clear look: "Maybe I'm too Hurös! But I don't let myself be made a zombi! " Lukowsky held Your gaze during several silent seconds. Then said He: "Don't worry. That is nonsense." She played challenging her full hair and ensured it through a clever body tension, that your beautifully educated breasts are discreetly but unmistakably out of the bathrobe quoll. The view of her dark eyes under the curved eyelash rays remained in Lukowsky's eyes: "But I'm not a whore! I am I am in the process of cheating on my husband - in the first year of marriage! He's on Business trip in London. This apartment belongs to me, a gift of mine Parents. And here I'm with a man! - not with mine! " She supported A elbow on the sofa tendon and her head in hand: "So I'm not a whore? " Lukowsky looked at her calmly: "You are a woman full of feeling to distinguish with an honest heart and a clear feeling Between right and wrong. That's why you also left the scene of hideousness with me. And now we are sitting together harmlessly. I'm going to leave you alone and you go to sleep. " Marion tended a small one Little the head: "So do you see me?" She lowered her voice: "Maybe I'm just with me because I had the idea of still having ahure with you tonight? " Lukowsky said: "It's not true." She was just looking at him: "Mine Man loves me, but his adventures only play in conference rooms

away." She pushed her left hand and stroked with indescribably gentle Fingeles over the back of his right hand. She nodded him with one Slow head movement: "I am glad that we met. But It's true that I don't want to play the whore. " Lukowsky said: "You went with me because you wanted to get away from the swamp, in which you Don't fit in, neither according to your outer nor according to your being. " The Ms. leaned back a little: "What do you know about my nature? And Don't I look like an expensive Venetian Kurtisane? Maybe like that Julietta from Hoffmann's stories? " She turned her shoulders back and Spread the breasts so that they became completely visible. Lukowsky tended close to her. His hands pulled a lot of Marion's dense dark brown hair and covered the bare breasts with them. He said: "Your appearance is like that of the beautiful Helena of Sparta to the men War for ten years! You are beautiful, Marion. And your being Is that of an enchanting child who got lost in a dark forest. But now you have found the way out, return to you: you are! " Marion looked at him thoughtfully. She said: "Maybe that's true. And you You are right, I'm not a whore. Sometimes I do it that way, but that's not true. " She interrupted, said after a tiny break: "But it is true: you want me! I felt that when our eyes met the first time and I knew It exactly when your hand reached my waist. I like you! " She tended A little closer to him: "You like my face, my body, mine Long mane - is it like that? " Lukowsky stroked the silky soft skin of her Armes: "It is like that. You like me very much! Everything about yourself." He reached in Marion's plump Hair that was so dense and heavy that it suddenly very much about Vera reminded, so much that it suddenly touched him very strange. He indicated They end and asked: "Why are you cutting them? You are beautiful!" The woman replied with a hint of despite: "You are like Roßhaar! But I've always had her waist long and so stay that way, and so stay that way they always and forever. It belongs to me. I snip one every month Tiny. I do that myself. That's why everything always stays the same. Now Would be due again. But today I'm tipsy. I will do it tomorrow. " She looked at the ends of her hair thoughtfully. Curried what Astrid had explained to him. He asked the woman next to him: "Listen With the snipping on! " Marion shook his head: "I have my exact

Measure. In addition, I always want to have them evenly. But shorter it won't. I'm not a slave! Free women will not be the hair cut. That was the case with the Germanic tribes, with the Romans, the Greeks - and It's the same with me! " As she said this, Lukowsky reminded it again very much Vera. It said: "It is special about women who are like You! The self -determined exterior is the visible of the inside. " She looked at her hair ends again and said: "But tomorrow morning I'll be back a little snip. I maintain my eternity! " She saw Lukowsky on and smiled: "Or maybe - maybe I'll leave her ten more Centimeter longer. As a sign of my freedom! " Lukowsky stroked her with that Back of two fingers over the cheek and said: "I'm grateful to you!" Marion looked at him questioningly: "So?" - "Yes," he replied, "Therefore - That is also why. It has a special meaning - beyond beauty. I'll explain it to you in peace. " She let her look back on him. She asked: "Are you really in love with me? Is that?" He stroked her loving About forehead and cheeks and then through the heavy matt -gloss hair: "Yes!" He drove all gently with the tip of a finger along her lips: "That there is!" She spread her arms and said: "I feel like it with Kara Ben To ride nemsî through the desert or through the wild Kurdistan! " They kept each other firmly in the arms. Dark eyelashes. Her face was very close to Lukowsky. Their both Lips met each other and their kiss glowed wonderfully during a first Second of eternity; In a second they forgot the world, they grazed their Dresses and became one. Even when the morning red through the windows Keyed, loved each other for the other.

They were together on the soft, white high -florent carpet. Lukowsky lay on his back. The woman sat on him and tended her head. The Dawn made her silky skin shone and shimmered in her dark brown hair that hung down in front of the right shoulder and on Lukowskys Breast was picturesque arabesques. Marion said in a quiet voice: "Everything is Different than usual - as if we really loved each other! I've never experienced it that way. And yet there is probably no love between us? " Lukowsky replied: "If there was no love between us, we wouldn't be together!" His hands slowly slid up from her hips, along her waist to Up to the shoulders. His right hand lowered her breasts and the

Left strokes tenderly through her full hair. He also did not speak loudly: "You I was right when you said I wanted you from the beginning. I love your face, Marion, your eyes and your lips and the sound of your voice; I love your slim neck, your body, your soft skin, I love Your gentle hands, your arms, who are like swan necks, and everyone Centimeter of your beautiful long hair. Marion, what the future we don't know. Soon your husband who loves you and Gives you flowers. - Maybe we'll never meet again. - or it comes Something new, now, out of the morning red. We won't be after fate Asked our wishes, let alone our dreams. " He took The woman firmer, they turned around each other - and they loved each other again in bright staircase of the sun.

They said goodbye - there was later in the morning and the sun was shining bright. They were close to each other. Lukowsky said: "For me there is now Some things to do and I don't know what will come. But I'll get in touch Call yourself. Are you happy with your husband and yours World is okay, so I wish you all the best and straighten up again. But if it is different, I visit you. " His hands touched her hands: "I will think a lot about you." Marion dropped her forehead against his chin and said softly: "I am so insecure in many ways." He kissed her crown. She raised her eyes: "Whether we love each other? Or was that just once? I think I don't know how love is! " She saw him researching with her great dark Eyes that now seemed sad. He put the woman into his arms and pressed her itself - a few moments they held each other. Slowly he loosened its hug. Marion stood upright in front of him, she looked at him: "You know I am strong in my own way! " He stroked her arms. I will notice if I love you. Maybe I'll forget You very quickly? " His hands held their arms, they tensioned more firmly than was aware of him. The woman said: "If I know you will come back I will expect you here - and snip less! I will be there exactly Be as now: barefoot, in this white bathrobe and with open hair. It will be as if you never continued. Then we will know what is. " He stroked her hair: "I'll come back! - If your wish is." - They kissed again.

When he left the house in which Marion lived, the sun beamed out of one Blue sky on which little white clouds stood. Lukowsky looked up involuntarily and it was as if Vera spoke in his thoughts For the first time in a very long time to tell him that her Marion Gefalle.

Lukowsky drove to Düsseldorf. He found a parking space on the Kö. He put the Mustang off and went to Café Bittner. From there he called Bernd Meißner and agreed with him in an hour in the coffee house.

Bernd Meißner appeared in Jeans, a colorful shirt, a custody jacket and with bedroom eyes, but on time; and he also brought them Papers regarding the plane crash. Lukowsky saw the documents through. There was nothing that should have put him excited. But Meißner asked restlessly: "What do you think, can there be trouble?" Lukowsky went back the papers and said: "Why? In terms of Nothing is mentioned at all. You already have the client Found yourself - Brünner is given. The files that could say something about other connections are destroyed. Longer than ten years this is not lifted. Where do you see difficulties? " - "Well, because of of the call, "replied Meißner," they wanted to know if we were still there in the books, and that's no longer there! " - "Needs Not it either, "said Lukowsky," it was too long ago. So don't worry. Nothing will come. And if so, you know from nothing. Remember, no company is obliged to lift documents for so long. " Meißner put the papers back into the envelope in which he had brought them. But it seemed to me that the te who called. " Lukowsky asked: "What was it called?" Meißner rummaged the Leaves out again and searched on the back until he found a note: "Löffler. Commissioner Löffler. He sounded very nice on the phone - but somehow unusual." Meißner tore a corner from the leaf and handed Lukowsky the Crats with the words: "He gave me the phone number. I should Call if I think of something. " Lukowsky looked at the number. The area code of Frankfurt am Main. And Antonietta had the name Löffler mentioned. Lukowsky said nothing about it. He inserted the note. Bernd Meißner

said goodbye that he wanted to go to bed again, the party would have been in The morning hours took.

Lukowsky wanted to go back to Munich quickly. He had to have a decent Finding the Bearcat, where it was now, she couldn't stay. With Flying would be little in the near future, the fuel costs were simply too high.

From a petrol station on the outskirts he called in the Vienna Neoenergen office, to speak Antonietta. The young lady named Lotte said the boss was In her house on Lake Starnberger, and gave him the phone number there. Lukowsky chose this number. Antonietta went on. Lukowsky said: "Hello. Sorry for the disorder if it should be." The woman assured that it was none, and so Lukowsky continued: "I'm still in Düsseldorf. They mentioned a Commissioner Löffler in Frankfurt am Main. The has also been interested in our crashed aircraft! We should be discuss."

Antonietta considered a moment and then said: "It sees as if the phase of calm would come to an end when we accepted had. Maybe the finding of the crashed aircraft has something triggered. It gets serious again. Please forget any Thoughts of returning to California. I need them now and in here next time! Can I count on it? " - "Yes," said Lukowsky. Frau said: "Thank you. I would be nice if you are as soon as possible would meet my daughter Julia. She is in Berlin. Max, her husband, as well. You should also talk to him. You have the address. Is it right to you if I call Julia and tell her that you will visit you tomorrow? " - "Yes," said Lukowsky, "that's okay. I drive straight away from Düsseldorf. Would you be so friendly to ask Peter Fischer, around my plane to take care of? He knows where it is, he can also fly. " - "Naturally," Antonietta assured, and it was Lukowsky as if he could see her smile, When she said: "I know that you have to take care of men's toys!"

He drove to the bank of the town hall and to Aurora GmbH. Peter Fischer had from that Sentimentality - or in predicament - before now twenty -seven Years received for him. There was still in the desk there His revolver. Peter Fischer had cleaned him every now and then and carefully

Z-plan

Sprayed with weapons oil, he had written it. If it is again As Antonietta said, it couldn't hurt the weapon too have thought Lukowsky.

To his surprise, there was still in the Rosi Bongratz company Meanwhile got married and was called Schöller. Rosi was a mature lady of At the end of forty and the mirror-bare blonde hair now wore high. She recognized Lukowsky immediately, led him through the company, provided everyone new employees and then wanted it to his office Leave alone. But he did not intend to sit behind the desk. He Only took the cardboard box with the revolver and the cartridges from the Desk drawer. A quiet shower ran through it when the door frame saw in which Vera - was published. But then he had the feeling that she was Satisfied with him, finally: Marion was a little similar to her.

When he was sitting in his Mustang again, he suddenly had the feeling that this city to leave quickly. It wasn't that far to return - still not. It might never be that far. -

He broke up towards Berlin. From the first motorway service area, he telephoned to Julia Beckmann. This was in the middle of the move and was waiting Also on information about the topic she wanted to talk to him about. So they made an appointment in ten days. Lukowsky turned over, drove back to Düsseldorf, not to Munich, where he now had his preliminary residence. He would have loved to flown back to Los Angeles - far away. But he stayed. For what reason? - It was too not clear of this hour. Something would bring life again - Necessary or unnecessary. As Vera said: 'There are only in this world A single god, he means fate and does not know his name '.

He drove through the streets of the city without a plan and finally out into Bergische Country. The evening sun lowered the trees of the forest and threw a Light dark gold against the clouds pulling leisurely in the sky. The 2nd sentence of the Concerto de Aranjuez from Jouquin Rodrigo. Vera particularly liked this piece liked. That is why the music cassette was in the car radio's recorder - still always. Also 'Tritan' and the 'Valkyrie' were still ready on cassettes. But The mood was not for that now, now the mood for the concerto de Aranjuez, 2nd set. It sounded like the fire of the evening sun. Soon the gold of the evening sun would turn into glutrot. This Lukowsky reminded thought of the last hours before the break -in Darkness in the Gothic chapel of a forgotten cemetery. It was there For a long time and the moon was in the sky when Don Quijote for Dulcinea killed a kite. But the glowing red appearance was still there; he moved from the flames of the burning church. That was for so long back. The memory of what was happening was faded. Only the feeling of Victory, the promised promise, came up again. The evening red also reminded Lukowsky of a defeat, the last Hours from Saigon. That was also a long time ago. Sunset - this may have been more than a symbol, at least for Ernst Lukowsky's life. And yet he liked this mood. Maybe because she was so similar to the new morning red? Or no, improved his thoughts: Because something of the beauty of dying in this The mood was, from the way to the green country - from reunion with Vera. He hadn't seen her for so many years, almost three decades It has been in the Aurora office since she had shown herself at night. Or was that was just imagination? - Aurora, the dawn, lukowsky once remembered: dawn - evening red; Stair and downfall - or vice versa? Yes, The other order had to be the right one: staircase after the downfall!

A freight path offered itself that led from the main street in the middle of the forest. Lukowsky turned there. Slowly he drove on, over the increasingly narrower path between increasingly dense trees. The autumn -colored mixed forest remained, here there were green conifers, spruce, fir trees and pine. Symbol of unchangeability, a thought of Lukowsky urged. As if becoming and passing, downfall and stairs, here none Could exercise power. The painting of Vera came suddenly in the

Meaning that hung lonely in a castle in Croatia, that enigmatic picture that The this on this side and the woman on the other hand showed at the same time - sometimes, from a Very specific perspective, which was not easy to find. For those who had discovered this, on this side and beyond once at once close together. But maybe this was just a fiction and that Painting a kind of Vexier picture; Just like Veras appear in the Aurora office probably only an imagination had been caused by the words in Her last letter that she will visit him in due course. But she was never come back, not over the years.

The forest path became bumpy. After a few hundred meters, he apparently ended abruptly with neatly resistant tree trunks. There was an age there White -haired man with a white full beard and a thick gray turtleneck sweater. He sat quietly and read in a book. Lukowsky stopped, presented the engine off and got out of the car. The old man saw from his book on, greeted and read on it right away. Lukowsky replied the greeting. Then If he followed on the tree trunks behind the stacked tree trunks narrow path that will soon be out under a thick carpet Brown needles and isolated as if they were sprinkled with pine cones completely disappeared. A delicate smell of Harz filled the air here. So Lukowsky went through the forest aimless, and yet not without the indefinable feeling that there must be a goal at the end of this pathless path. He listened to the barely noticeable sound of his steps over the soft forest floor; In which the soft crack of a crushed durren branched twin. But Lukowsky was like something still To be different, not the wing strike of the glans, the fleet over, but something else, significant - he didn't know what. Lukowsky had lost the feeling for the time. The gold of the between the Tree tops through the sun rays had become darker, however It was still gold, not a glower. - And then it was suddenly there The goal of the path. She stood barely a few meters away and waited for him: Vera. She was wearing a long red -brown dress and hair open. She smiled one Very quiet smile. All noise, including the quietest, fell silent. Lukowsky noticed that he had stopped. For this, Vera came up to him until she was very close to him. She said, "Dear Don Quijote! How nice that you Didn't forget me! "Lukowsky felt that it cost him all the strength The one he had to talk about at that moment. But then it broke out

him out: "Vera! You! How could I forget you! What would my life be Has without you! Everything is you! Each of my hopes, each mine Dreams! You are my fate! And now, finally, let me go to you come! My life is lived, it was enough! I am so happy to have again! "Vera smiled her so strange smile again. She tended A little bit of the head and replied: "It is not that far, dear! It is True, we are our fate - you until mine and I am yours. But our fate is not yet fulfilled! See most people If another than we do, have it easier. We - we have to the kite Defeated! "Lukowsky wondered, he said:" But Valtine has long been in The hell. "Then Vera indicated an almost amused look of the head." Don Quijote, "she said," now is of the big kite that Speech, not of one of his many little minds. "Her face became serious, Her voice accepted a strict yet cheerful sound: "Time is approaching the revealed turn! It will be ready soon! The big dragon, the old one In line, it will be plunged into the abyss! "Lukowsky said something too understand. He asked, "You think of the Johannes apocalypse?" - "Naturally!" Vera replied, and she smiled again: "This last fight is true to lead now! From the Ernst Lukowsky in this world and from the Vera Jörgens' in the other! This is our fate, yours and mine. We Are the full plugs of the apocalypse! And you also have a good one Fighting in this life - not just for me! But if everything is done, we become together, then we belong to eternity - and it will be beautiful! I promise you. But only fight! "Lukowsky stretched out his arms after her, but Vera was no longer there from this next moment. He only heard her voice again, light like a mild one Wind: "If everything is done ...!" Now the sky between the tree tops was glowing. Lukowsky was wrong the forest, in a feeling between delight over the reunion with Vera and doubts about his senses. But he saw her living picture in front of him Always, and warm waves continued to flow through it.

The dawn approached when he finally reached his way back, his car saw and the old man who still crouched on the tree trunks and read, although it was already too dark. The old greeted again, and how Lukowsky looked closer to now, he recognized Beekn, who called himself Igor Kopsa. Lukowsky was surprised that he hadn't noticed it before. The old

Man who was definitely a bekn, giggled and said: "Yes, yes! So you meet again! How are you, Mr. Flieger? You should have a little bit to me Set! "Lukowsky did it. The tree trunks were hard, but that seemed to be nothing. He said, "Sometimes short distances are very much long, isn't it? Or actually: The paths are of course always the same, just one of them puts them faster and the other more slowly back that he finds them at all! "Lukowsky didn't really know how he should interpret these words. His thoughts were still too much in the appearance of Vera, the reality of which his mind now wanted to doubt. " "But it is not difficult to understand," said Beekn, "it is completely simply interwoven everything very closely! I didn't tell you how I did already saw it about sixty years ago with its own eyes that beyond? At that time on the Wewelsburg in the hall with the black sun? There she is green! Why? Because that's the reversal of violet! This lies the secret of the Way between the worlds! Of course not alone, also in the form and the arrangement and some more. You have to be familiar with things a bit. "He waved himself away and added: "Strictly accepted but that's children's stuff, there are much better ways! "Beekn started in his book to leaf through. Lukowsky noticed that it was the New Testament. He noticed: "I didn't think they were Christian." Beekn looked at him and giggled again: "Not either! But it is true. I wouldn't have believed it if I haven't seen it! " - "What saw? "Researched Lukowsky. Beekn looked in astonishment at first. Then he laughed at once and replied happily: "Oh, you don't know that I have died in the meantime! I have my old appearance for this meeting; Because like me over there, like in the early twenties, they would have hardly recognized me! Yes, yes, That is the whole secret, it is nothing more! "He leafed into the new one Testament and explained: "I have to read something to you. That's why I am came. They are just a few sentences. Ah yes! Here! Evangelium Matthäus 24.30, word of Christ! Listen to: 'The sign of the Son of Man will be there appear in the sky; Then the peoples of the earth will whine and complain and you will see the son of man on the clouds of heaven with great power and glory. '"Beekn the book worked, Lukowsky looked firmly in the eye and spoke lively: "They should be about that ponder! It is important! The 'son of man's son' is called Christ himself. And the sign of the son of man, the sign of Christ, what is it? It's the cross! And originally and correctly the even cross. Now think about it: Whose planes always wore the cross - that

Sign of the Son of Man - in both world wars? The us! The alone Germans! The enemy has cocards and stars - but we carry the cross Christ! "Beekn let a giggle heard again." Yes, yes, "he emphasized," it will be come back! We will come back! With great power and glory! And then the peoples of the earth will complain and complain! Yes, yes! About it Should you think Mr. Flieger, because that comes in not too distant time, It will soon be so far! "Beekn beamed calm certainty and satisfied Happiness. Ernst Lukowsky's head pulled incomprehensible thoughts like Golden and glowing red birds. He hesitated with the question: "You know if ... have I saw vera earlier? Vera Jörgens - was she here? "Beekn showed an astonished expression:" But of course! It is one of us, one of the executors The apocalypse! Just like her father and some more. " Lukowsky looked at the clouds of heaven. They colored themselves violet. When he looked at the old man next to him again, he nodded. He had Hardly resemblance to bekn, and the book in his hands was a ruffled Ganghofer novel.

How Lukowsky climbed into the car, he closed the door carefully and quietly - around not to wake the strange old man on the tree trunks - or also A few more reasons. He steered back to Düsseldorf. The darkness came quickly, a cooler took the place of the warm evening sun Moon. Lukowsky thought of Vera, the unreal and real real and real Encounter with her and the fact that she lived in another world, unreachable For him - as long as he was up. And then something penetrated him, cool as from that Bred by bleaching moonlight, which was called the longing for dying. Hadn't he done enough for an earth's life? He had vera's eternal closeness not yet deserved? No, she had said, no! The first thing to do is To defeat big kites! To do this should, he had to contribute to this - on whatever. That was Vera's wish, Vera's command! So had to It is so, a very last meaning and purpose in this its earth's existence that no more knew. Of course, the moonlight seemed to be from heaven - and cold. The sun had gone down and the dawn did not want to show up.

For the first time Lukowsky drove to that house on Rheinallee, Vera him Once when her hidden private address had called. He shouldn't go there come unless she would expressly wish. But meanwhile This bid was certainly no longer true. Probably the house had long since

New residents. This assumption seemed to be confirmed from afar Because light burned behind the windows of the ground floor. Lukowsky held Still and got out. Above the bell button at the front garden gate Still the cover name that Vera had mentioned at the time: Wagner. Should that mean something? If so, what? But there was a second one Name: Berninger. This name said Lukowsky. That was called Astrid since their marriage. Could she live here now? That seemed very unlikely to him. But he was too excited to be able to classify everything clearly. There was here Something strange, he felt in the blood. Lukowsky noticed that he got palpitations - a cool palpitor like out of the light of the moon, because Vera couldn't be here. He pressed the small, silver -colored bell button. Almost at the same moment a buzzer opened the low gate, almost as if someone already had it noted. Lukowsky stepped between rhotodendron bushes over one with Pre -square stone slabs covered the path through the small front yard to the Front door. This was opened by a woman without the time ringing would have been necessary. For a tiny moment, Lukowsky joined through Hot flash. But the woman in the door frame was not Vera Jörgens. She was too Not Astrid. Nevertheless, it was known to him in an inexplicable way. She might be in the end of twenty. A pretty slim woman with light eyes and Sidewalks -brown hair that ranged to the elbows. She wore a dark brown carmine skirt with a wide belt and one Suitable bolero over a beige blouse. The young woman showed a very Astonished, but also delighted facial expression, just as if she knew who He is and is happy about a long -awaited visit. Then, on Once, he knew everything, because the young woman said: "I'm Siglinde!" - Siglinde, Astrid's first child - Ernst Lukowsky's daughter! And involuntarily he thought The aria from the Valkyrie: 'So blooms blood!', And almost at the same time: 'Vita nova!' Suddenly he now also understood the further sense of Vera's words when she said: 'You also have a good reason in to fight this life - not just for me! ' Vera had from his daughter Knowing - what or wherever. In the sky there was still the night and the cool moon stood between the pulled clouds, but warmly outshines from the ancestor of the morning red, that already approached behind the horizon. Siglinde smiled and said after a little hesitation: "Of course I know from You photographs - from you, father. "He felt this salutation so unusually.

that it wanted to be difficult for him to relate them to himself. Father - mother, saint Words. How far was he from being a father to whom this title was due. It was difficult for him to tame the inner turmoil that rummaged in him.

Siglinde now went forward into the interior of the house. Now Lukowsky could quickly smash some things together. So here was his own daughter to the He, as he now felt with shame, had never thought much. However, that was Astrid's declared wish was also that she had never had a photo of sent to the child - from the child who was now an adult woman. Before you remembered in the cozy, reminiscent of Astrid's style Living the living room, Siglinde came to this point: "I Know, Mutti didn't want me to grow up between two fathers. My stepfather was always like a real father for me. You, says mom, have to do other things. I think it was right, mom actually never makes mistakes. It has always been clear to her that you with Vera Jörgens belong together. She told me some things about that. You know - She sees more than other people. But I'm very happy that you are there Are you! "Lukowsky asked:" Do you do that too, this magic of your mother? " Siglinde smiled: "A little. But rarely. I'm also engaged, already As good as married. That proceeds. Children will come soon. - Now worry First of all for fresh coffee! " Meanwhile, Lukowsky looked at the room. Hung on the light walls Paintings, several landscapes and one from Vienna from the Biedermeier time. In addition to the width of the width of the front garden, there was a photograph of Vera Jörgens in a narrow silver frame. Then Siglinde came with a tray, and soon they sat over coffee, cookies and the cozy light of a floor lamp. As comfortable as the light brown armchair was, he still came Lukowsky like a nail board for the time being before. This gradually passed, while Siglinde told in the best of atmosphere. The House had actually heard Vera Jörgens. In their will was determined that Astrid's first child should inherit. Why, Vera has Jörgens Certainly knew or guessed with a safe feeling; Because basically have You always look at how Ernst Lukowsky's wife, but she knew that she would not have children and yet wanted him not to be without offspring Stay. Vera had left her different, enough so that she hardly can ever get into financial needs. In addition, of course, she also has a profession, albeit none with which one can get rich, they have Studies linguistics because she was very interested.

As for Lukowsky's life so far, his daughter was through the Mother teaches well. Since she was friends with Peter Fischer, this had that other added. Nevertheless, Siglinde still asked numerous questions, and that Hours passed almost unnoticed. It was well after midnight when Lukowsky was preparing to break up. Siglinde's proposal to spend the night with her in the house or for a while at all He did not want to accept it, but assured that the connection from now to maintain a very well as far as the well -rehearsed life of the COMMUNIATIONS BERNINGER NOT interfere. Siglinde looked into his eyes seriously and said: "I know why you don't want to stay here. It is because of Vera, who was often here. "He confirmed it with a nod." I can do that Understand, "she said, and gently stroked Lukowsky with two fingers over the Bake, "but that will improve! You can believe me because I have already inherited a little from my mother's talents. Always have vera dear! You notice that very well! "

So Lukowsky left the house on the Rheinalle; full of thoughts to his Daughter and Vera, who had made Siglinde her heir - and with it, Strictly speaking, too. Siglinde had apparently understood that very precisely much better than him, whom he only gradually understood what this was said: 'It is probably true, we are our fate - you until mine and I am yours. ' - And: 'We are the executors of the apocalypse.' Ernst Lukowsky - Vera Jörgens' Erbe. And what did that mean? The big one To defeat kite, fight in the last, decisive battle, the Battle of Hermageddon! Lukowsky steered the car onto the nocturnal highway, towards Berlin. There was something to do there. He had no idea what it might be. secure Just a little on the big way. That was not important either, was important that he would be there if the fanfares sounded and stirred the drums were rose over the Walserfeld and the flag with the sign of the son of man. - But then, afterwards, certainly, he would be in his wife Vera in his arms close. Because this alone was the meaning of life and all fights that, that, What one did for others, not for heroic monuments - but out of love.

Track swaths pulled over the asphalt of the highway. Lukowsky switched the Music that Vera loved most: Tristan and Isolde - love death. There it was suddenly as if she was sitting invisibly by his side - how maybe

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often without noticing it. At that moment he felt it very clearly. And he said: "Yes, vera, dulcinea, then we will be forever Together there - over there, in that light world in which the sun does not go down and the sign of the Son of Man in an incompatible manner - in the eternal Power of love. "A first shimmer of morning red was shown above the horizon.

END

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Important pieces of music that play a role in Z-Plan:

Joaquin Rodrigo

"Concerto de Aranjuez" - 2nd set

Richard Wagner

"Tristan and Isolde" - especially 'love death'

Johann Sebastian Bach Cembalo concert in

F minor Violin concert in A minor

Brandenburg concert No. 5

Tomaso Albinoni

Adagio for organ and orchestra

Wilhelm Friedemann Bach

Synphonia in D minor

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